

# Intro/Berlin

## Adna

Meet me where heaven marries the ocean,  
I know I won't ever be yours,  
Therefore, neither, no one else,  
But I think of us as birds. Working outside our bodies,  
Being smothered by the sides,  
Through the melancholic air. Meet me where heaven marries the ocean,  
I know I won't ever be yours,  
Therefore, neither, no one else,  
But I think of us as birds.  
Working outside our bodies,  
Being smothered by the sides,  
Through the melancholic air,  
Through the melancholic air.  
(Through the melancholic air)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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