

Perfect Water

Blue ã-yster Cult

Perfect water - the dark wind braids the waves that grays birds.

'Ware the tree. Is this our destiny?

To join our hands at sea - and slowly sink, and slowly think:

This is perfect water, passing over me.

Do you know Jacques Cousteau when they said on the radio
That he hears bells in random order, deep beneath the perfect water?

Love! That is frightening, but still so inviting.

To drown inside a sound that lay so far underground.

And to think... And to think:

This is perfect water, passing over me.

To flow inside the spiral tide;

To drown my eyes like a blind ride.

And to cross the perils of black water -

It waits for me like mother and daughter.

A life of perfect order! A strange and perfect water!

A life of perfect order! A strange and perfect water!

Perfect water. I dream this dream within my deep and warm gulf stream.

Where two blocks of ice melt into my hands like dice,

And I roll seven on the floor of the sea!

And I roll seven on the floor of the sea!

And I feel the perfect water, washing over me.

To flow inside the spiral tide;

To drown my eyes like a blind ride.

And to cross the perils of black water -

It waits for me like mother and daughter.

A life of perfect order! A strange and perfect water!

A life of perfect order! A strange and perfect water!

A life! A strange!

A life! A strange!

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