

Perfect Water

Blue Oyster Cult

Perfect water, the dark wind braids the waves
The crazed birds raid the trees, 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 he 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, 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 the 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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