Motif Sky

Camouflage

Feels like elevation of my soul
And feel sensation`s rising out the cold
We`re intimate strangers
And carefully now
An idea is growing
Somehow...
We`re intimate strangers
And carefully now
An idea is growing
Somehow in ourselves

You think you`re in a motif sky

Reach the point of never get enough
Go past a height I`ve never been above
We move in slow motion
And strip raw our minds
A kick, from emotions
Collides...
We move in slow motion
And strip raw our minds
A kick, from emotions
Colliding in ourselves...

You let my spirit fly

Reach the point of never get enough
Go past a height I`ve never been above...

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