

Ivaana

"Heap Of Feathers"

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She moves,
Deep from her sleep,
[The moon at her feet]
Slow breather,
[Slow slow breather]
Rising from the heap of feathers.

Her hair falls,
All over her face,
Like an abandoned waif,
Sheâ€™ll win you with her silken shape,
Sheâ€™s a floater,
Beautiful floater,
Rising from the heap of feathers.

Youâ€™ll want to chase her
[Chase her, chase her]
As she floats in her blue satin zephyr
But sheâ€™s a shadow,
A mist,
Sheâ€™s wind,
Sheâ€™s air,
An impossible dream,
A virgin prayer.

Sheâ€™s flying with the light,
Sheâ€™s flying with the light,
Flying, flying with the light,
[crossing the bridge of sighs]
And now sheâ€™s lost,
Lost in the feathered skies.

Letâ€™s Dive into the bright
Where the white angel flies,
And in one instant of forever,
Rise with her,
Rise into the high with her,
Rise from the heap of feathers.

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