

Autumn, Altitude

When we lifted off the ground
we lifted up a veil of hesitation
and stared down on souls that crossed our line
of sight, of sound, of intuition.
Give me wings, my careless friend
Help me climb the cloudless skies and kill the lights
Sweet flower bed, lift me up and pass me round
for altitude's irrelevant
We sheered to left and broke to right
knew not what lay there worth avoiding
We made our marks, yet left no trace
and were revered for what we were to them
Give me wings, my careless friend
Help me climb the cloudless skies and kill the lights
Sweet flower bed, lift me up and pass me round
for altitude's irrelevant
Kill the lights, sweet flower bed
Kill the taste of my sunset
Give me wings, my careless friend
Help me climb the cloudless skies and kill the lights
Sweet flower bed, lay me down and pass me round
for altitude's bitterly irrelevant
Live it intensely
Drag me down with you
Experience profoundly
drag me down with you