## 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