

New Model Army, Too Close To The Sun

I stared at the mountain, the mountain stared at me
I couldn't hold its gaze, I couldn't bare what I might see
Tell Mary I never chose to come but all too late
This time the time has chosen me
The fields of ice are blinding white
The crystal light so piercing " there's no air for us to breathe
Too close to the sun
Burning up, bleaching out
Too close to the sun

The calling's always been the same
To the source of light and beauty cast upon our lives
And desert hieppies, warrior monks, addicts all
Staring out from hollowed eyes
With melting wax and feathers falling
And far below the old world turning sad and slow
Too close to the sun
Burning up, bleaching out
Too close to the sun
Sweat cold upon my skin and pounding in my chest
Reaching out to touch
too high, too far, too fast, too much
Too close to the sun