

SR-71, Over

Fade in eyes catch the light
Drifting shores sands of white
Morning tides touch the sun
Ocean dreams come undone
No reasons for these lies
In red crimson skies

I'll always be the picture of me

Is it make believe is it real to see
Or just fantasy is it over
When the past is found
On common ground
I find myself cause it's over now

Take chance of the face
Will I fall or replace
Lost in soul memory
Times remembered of free

Search the truth of reason
For these winter seasons
Crying eyes lifting shields
Faded fire blackened fields