

Axium, Pecking Order

Clip my wings before I fly
Clip my wings so I can die
Pressed against the dirt
You can't feel my hurt
Watch your shadow paint the sky
As I follow in my mind
Forever falling short
Too many thoughts to sort

Flat on my face
I can't keep pace
But someday I'll be on top
High above you all
In spite of my history, this is me
I've got no farther left to fall

Shoot me down, I'm in my prime
Shoot me down, you've done no crime
It's all a pecking order
That we all must shoulder
Watch your shadow fill a space
In spite of all that falls from grace
The circle's spinning
The new's beginning

Flat on my face
And I still need my space
But someday I'll be on top
High above you all
In spite of my history, this is me
I've got no farther left to fall