

Glass Hammer, Into Thin Air

We were children then
Something bid us look to the sky
Saw the hawk that soared
And we saw the sparrow winging his way
Knew that we were meant for something,
Something more
For we would join them
We thought of angels and of jets
Of rockets and capes of crimson

Someone, long ago
Found a Himalayan majesty
Never climbed
Beckoning, its summit towering
Climb
Climb, we must climb
For to this we're born

We knew that we were born to fly
We were oh so very certain of this
Children have such faith
And so we jumped
To fall like stones

Some to break their arms
Some to break their fragile hearts
Healing leaves its scars

We hoped that we were born to fly
For how else could we reach our destiny
Some would leap from porches
Some from roofs
To fall like stones

We tumble and we roll
On the ground that's destined to reclaim us
The unrepentant climbers

Climb, we must climb
We must try
Try to reach the heights
For unto this we were born

We prayed that we were born to fly
We had no capes but improvised
Blankets will suffice for children
Yet we jumped and fell like stones

So our hopes were snatched away
Even as the hawk would snatch away the sparrow
Yet our hopes won't die
If we can't fly there
Maybe we could climb there
Clinging to the side of the highest mountain

Carried upon the wind
The scent of a secret thing
A flower never seen
Yet you know, you know it's blooming
Far to the west of the world
Another sun is rising
Never to set again
And morning, morning is coming
Blest is the heart that echoes

With songs that were sung in Eden

But some would never climb it
And they linger in the shadows of it
Life rears up to windswept heights
Where one false step might send them plunging

When I looked
To the mountain I saw it
I desired
Yet had no name to call it
Like a dream
Or a memory repressed
Of a place
Where my spirit could rest

From the dark
Shadowed deeps of my heart
Came a song
Yet heard only in part

From the peak
Came the answering voice
So I climbed
That my heart might rejoice

I ascend
I grow blind and I blunder
Bitter cold
Does away with the wonder

There is very little air here
Where I stand upon the summit of
All creation
I will close my eyes and drift away

At last I learned to fly
And found the secret name of longing
Climb, oh we must climb
For we were born for something higher
Than we dream

Higher than we dream

Stones must learn
Learn to fly