

# 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