

Peter, Like A Seagull

To reach the unreachable
To touch the untouchable
To face the unfaceable
Was the dream of Ikarus
And though he had to fail
He'll remain unforgettable.
In the twilight that the morning brings
High upon the cliff he spread his wings
Where the wind was blowing wild and roaring
And took him up to where the birds are soaring.

Like a seagull he tried to fly
Like a seagull up to the sky
High and higher
with feelings of surrender
Coming far too late.
Flying high he felt so light and free
From narrow-minded mediocrity
And Euphoria led him to believing
That his slimy wings would safely lead him.
To the borders of the universe
To his restless mind's eternal berth
No more yesterday and no tomorrow
No more longing for the end of sorrow.
Like a seagull he tried to fly

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