

Ride, Seagull

My eyes are sore, my body weak
My throat is dry, I cannot speak
My words are dead
Falling like feathers to the floor
Falling like feathers to the floor

You gave me things I'd never seen
You made my life a waking dream
But we are dead
Falling like ashes to the floor
Falling like ashes to the floor

Definitions confine thoughts, they are a myth
Words are clumsy, language doesn't fit
But we know there's no limit to thought
We know there's no limits

Now it's your turn to see me rise
You burned your wings, now watch me fly
Above your head
Looking down I see you far below
Looking up you see my spirit glow