

## Autumn "Altitude"

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When we lifted off the ground,  
we lifted up a veil of hesitation  
and stared down on souls that crossed our line  
of sight, of sound, of intuition.

Give me wings, my careless friend.  
Help me climb the cloudless skies and kill the lights.  
Sweet flower bed, lift me up and pass me round,  
for altitude's irrelevant.

We sheered to left and broke to right,  
Knew not what lay there worth avoiding.  
We made our marks, yet left no trace  
And were revered for what we were to them.

Give me wings, my careless friend.

Help me climb the cloudless skies and kill the lights  
Sweet flower bed, lift me up and pass me round,  
for altitude's irrelevant.

Kill the lights, sweet flower bed.  
Kill the taste of my sunset.

Give me wings, my careless friend.  
Help me climb the cloudless skies and kill the lights.  
Sweet flower bed, lay me down and pass me out,  
for altitude's bitterly relevant.

Live it intensely.  
Drag me down with you.  
Experience profoundly.  
drag me down with you.

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