

Embalmer

"Stiltwalking"

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We drove straight into the morning,
Watched the shadows slowly lift, the blackness shift
And turn to navy, purple, teal and the perfect sky blue
Somehow, the distance seems more real when it floats
into view.
We have come so far, so far to go...
We have had to rise above so much crap,
Strapping on a different world view to cushion all the
mishaps.
And, it's ridiculous to run so we slowly edge along.
The rule is: more fun than frustration; less stress, more
songs
And of course to try to get along with each other.
Sometimes I feel like I am just walking on stilts
(stiltwalking)
Sometimes I feel like I am just walking on stilts
(stiltwalking)
It's a wobbly view.
We juggle time like colourful balls
Changing shades as they cascade in waterfalls.
Days of mornings that act like night, see the light
Dawning on us to rest and revive, to survive this circus
test
This is the life; This is the CIRCUS!
We are at our best; This is our life...This is the CIRCUS!
But, we've got to try to get along with each other.
Sometimes I feel like I am just walking on stilts
(stiltwalking)
Sometimes I feel like I am just walking on stilts
(stiltwalking)
"How? Why? What makes you do it?"
We are asked, we are cast as those who get through it.
It has to be more fun than fatigue, more of a joy than a
chore,
From the soul from a need.
Because, after all, what are we breathing for?
Stiltwalking...
Hobbling, Laughing
Wobbling, Crashing
Stiltwalking...

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