

Pink

"Learning To Fly"

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In to the distance, a ribbon of black,
Stretched to the point of no turning back.
A flight of fancy on a wind-swept field,
Standing alone, my senses reeled.
A Fatal attraction is holding me fast,
How, can I escape this irresistable grasp?

Got to keep my eyes from the circling skies,
tongue-tied and twisted, just an Earth-bound misfit, I.

Ice is forming, on the tips of my wings,
Unheeded warnings, I thought I thought of everything.
No navigator to find my way home,
Unladen, empty and turned to stone.

The soul intention that's learning to fly,
condition grounded but determined to try.
Got to keep my eyes from the circling skies,
tongue-tied and twisted just an Earth-bound misfit, I.

Above the planet on a wing and a prayer,
my grubby halo, a vapour trail in the empty air.
Across the clouds, I see my shadow fly,
out of the corner of my watering eye.
A dream unthreatened by the morning light,
could blow this soul right through the roof of the night.

There's no sensation to compare with this,
Suspended animation, a state of bliss.
Got to keep my mind from the circling skies,
Tongue-tied and twisted, just an Earth-bound misfit, I.

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