

## Shapiro "Ecclesiastes"

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Now I know I climb atop a mountain high  
And find a cliff to make the leap  
Off the edge  
And we'll soar upon the air and view the village from  
above  
The wind it sweeps  
Us further down the way  
With brilliance we'll a-wing  
We float higher than the birds and the sun  
Then gently slowing down we start to fall  
We hit the ground  
I look into your eyes and now I see  
Two extremes parting ways  
Drowning  
We've been dead asleep  
Let me be

On the shore we move in circles large and small  
Leaving traces in the sand  
That wash away  
Going back and forth and back and forth  
We trample anything that lies between  
A slate wiped clean  
The ground begins to break and gently pulls us down  
And now a glass sliding with the sand  
We start to fall  
I look into your eyes and now I see  
Two extremes parting ways  
Drowning me  
Dead asleep  
Let me be

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