

Rhoda Morgan

"The Flight"

Visit "[The Flight](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(4:49)

Keys: H. Rhodes

Bass, Percussion and Additional Keys: Kevin Bartlett

He sees her face and is compelled to take this flight

He knows her soul embodies this, his final plight

His heart beats requiem, pounding the rhythm of intent

The night speaks fare thee well, the thrashing sea

Speaks portent

His chest is bared and ready for her hand

His chest is bared and ready for her stake

Burning, longing, nothing could keep him from her now

He flies by the whispering guidance of the clouds

This lonely eternity will end this eve within the

Arms of Gabrielle

The creatures of the night release him to become

The dove again

His chest is bared and ready for her hand

His chest is bared and ready for her stake

His chest is bared and ready for her hand

His chest is bared and ready for her stake

This curse, this need to feed through the centuries

Has grown tiring, so she becomes his history

The fog breaks and she is there wandering on

The jagged cliffs

The fortress comes in view as he descends to meet her

kiss

His chest is bared and ready for her hand

His chest is bared and ready for her stake

His chest is bared and ready for her hand

His chest is bared and ready for her stake

His chest is bared and ready for her hand

His chest is bared and ready for her stake

His chest is bared and ready for her hand

His chest is bared and ready for her stake

