

Ride "Seagull"

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My eyes are sore
My body weak
My throat is dry
I cannot speak

My words are dead
Falling like feathers to the floor
Falling like feathers to the floor

You gave me things
I'd never seen
You made my life
A waking dream

But we are dead
Falling like ashes to the floor
Falling like ashes to the floor

Definitions confine thoughts, they are a myth
Words are clumsy, language doesn't fit
But we know there's no limit to a thought
We know there's no limits

Now it's your turn
To see me rise
You burned your wings
But watch me fly

Above your head
Looking down, I see you far below
Looking up, you see my spirit glow

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