

## Phideaux

### "The Search For Terrestrial Life"

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A long time ago I was inspired  
And now I wonder has it all expired?  
Past redeeming, numb to feeling  
Where is any shred of meaning?  
I don't know why  
Now it seems like something's missing  
Years flow the story goes  
Narration brings the image closer  
I know, I'm repeating all the same mistakes

I am the arm that's bleeding  
I am the storm that's forming  
I am the rope that's coiling  
Reaching for the waiting hand  
So here I am calling calling calling  
For a face in the crowd to shepherd me out  
Lead me down the road

I was praying  
Someone would find my hideaway  
Yes it's a long climb through rocky crags  
To my jagged brain  
Days of waiting waiting waiting  
For a sliver of sound, cascade and rebound  
Bring me down

I see victory  
Right in your grasp if you want it to be  
Always it was lurking  
Never very far for your heart to see  
This day it is your day, breaking like a wave  
In the waters free, taking control  
If you'd only agree, coming very close  
It's coming, are you ready?

One day the story will unwind  
You will move past and leave the rest behind  
Now it's retreating  
It is clearing from your mind Though you can still feel it  
pulling  
You're aligned, there's no returning

You are on the way down and down  
Reach the ground

Icy wastes recede, permafrost gone  
Spring intervenes. Always it was waiting  
Flung like a leaf down to nourish the tree  
Far underground where the roots are deep  
Always around, and watching watching me

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