

Flying

We are flying as swift as a comet
Feathers and furs basking in the hot sun.
Sing like a bird its lovesong shining bright
Escape tonight in a cloud of vision.

We go too far spread our wings above us,
Weightlessness in the art of the moment
Faster than the speed of light and faster.
Quicker than the wind with the clouds beneath
Singing a song carried in the airwaves
Touchdown at last and we must keep flying
Dancing the dance of flowers in the wind.

Gentle breeze lapping through our wings,
We go away, where none have ever been.
No-one can reach us as too far we are
Freedom at last in movement,keep flying.