

## Strings

Aztec Camera

Falling free, unashamed,  
Couldn't be tied and tamed  
Lost my wings, drawn to danger,  
Unforgiven now I'm bound,  
Found and freed,  
Tethered to hope and need,  
See my strings, tied to an angel,  
Made in heaven  
Freedom calls sea of wonder  
This could be the first one  
First enthralls then draws me under  
Drowning and undone

We will walk the line together,  
Sense it curving by degrees  
It's written in air,  
And nothing can erase it  
While we talk about the weather  
A storm is building on the breeze  
But we won't despair,  
We'll turn around and face it  
See my strings tied to an angel  
Made in heaven