

Soaring

Lana Lane

He, who is falling to the ground
With a bullet in his chest
Was brought down by his own hand
Hardly noticed by the rest

He, who has soared above the clouds
Now will die upon the ground
For he could remember
As a pilot of the war
And the life that was his was war

Death was his only hope at last
And the glories of his past
Follow in his footsteps
As he crumbles to the grass

He was a child before the war
And he thought of nothing more
Higher than the clouds were
As a pilot he could soar
And the life that was his was war

CHORUS

Soaring, soaring 'bove the clouds
That are not so high, not so high
He was soaring, a pilot of the war
He was soaring, a pilot of the war
He was soaring, a pilot of the war.

Ah, there's a trillion of us now
And we burn the world away
Old man on the park bench
Did he have something to say?

Now as the is in the past
We forget, he was the last
For he could remember
As a pilot of the war
And the life that was his was war