

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