

we`re hunting open secrets
we`re searching high and low
intrepid we might be we`ll never know
under a press of canvas
we`re on the parting of the ways
we lost the trace

we`re gathering life`s roses
we`re in a quandary
but on the sly we never can`t be free
we face the stormy petrel
and beg for wings to fly away
forever away

will all be there
at farpoint anywhere
my visions leading me that far
could we foresee
then we would turn the key
dimensions open who we are

our mascots left us lonely
inmidst our palisade
this ragged garden shows what we have made
we cut the old alliance
we skipped off from our legacy
how could we

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the field of vision grows
your pounding heartbeat slows
the space age has begun beyond recall

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