

Wingman

Excalion

Here lies the formless world we're living in
Gravity is finally giving in
Bad dreams appear to me as cloudy haze
To lose sight of you is to disengage

High altitudes and still upward we go
I was never meant to lead but to follow

We are
Like a double shining shooting star
Unheard-of things in earthly radar
One day
I could speed up and soar too high
A dying star would light the sky

Sometimes I cannot help but wonder why
Are there no stronger winds for me to ride
But to lose sight of you is to disengage
Arrogance would be my last disgrace