

## Burning Rope

Genesis

The warming sun, the cooling rain,  
The snowflake drifting on the breath of the breeze,  
The lightning bolt that frees the sky for you  
Yet only eagles seem to pass on through.  
The words of love, the cries of hate,  
And the man in the moon who seduced you  
Then finally loosed you.

You climbed upon a burning rope to escape the mob below,  
But you had put the flaming out so that others could now follow  
,  
To be out of the bounds and the barks of those who do not wish  
you well.

You must blaze a trail of your own, unknown, alone,  
But keep in mind  
Don't live today for tomorrow like you were immortal.  
The only survivors on this world of ours are  
The warming sun, the cooling rain,  
The snowflake drifting on the breath of the breeze,  
The lightning bolt that frees the sky for you  
Yet only eagles seem to pass on through.  
The words of love, the cries of hate,  
And the man in the moon who seduced you  
Then finally loosed you.

You're old and disillusioned now as you realise at last,  
That all all you have accomplished here will have soon all turned to dust.  
You dream of a future after life, well that's as maybe, I don't know.  
But you can't take what you left behind, you're all alone.  
So keep in mind  
Don't live today for tomorrow like you were immortal.  
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The snowflake drifting on the breath of the breeze,  
The lightning bolt that frees the sky for you  
Yet only eagles seem to pass on through.  
The words of love, the cries of hate,  
And the man in the moon...