

Antarctica

Hands Like Houses

Father, we fled your house of grey.
We ran from home to seek a place where our bodies would never grow.
Dreamer, child, be cautious of this world.
She has an appetite for boys and girls and she's hungry for your soul.

Little boys with dreams of paper planes were never meant to scrape the sky.
Keep your feet on the ground kid, only birds were meant to fly.
Keep your head from the clouds kid, keep your wings,
Always keep them by your side.

Before you fly you'll fall, before you walk you'll crawl.

You've no need to stitch your shadow to your heels.
No, not this time.

Son you'll walk with no whisper, no sound.
Only the feet of the heavy hearted are held to the ground.
You've no need to draw the curtains son, throw them wide.
Cross the borders between the never and the night.
Find the twinkle in your smile, chase it on 'til morning,
Past the second star to the right.

We'll be the smoke curling on the still.
The airship captains; we wait for sun to brush the hills.

Son, I share your windward dreams,
To soar from this little town of shacked up windows and swinging doors.
The rafters creak and the floorboards groan
While the shadows dance to the tapping of my toes.

There's nothing left for us but altitude.
We'll be the kings of the air.

Stolen, by the wind that turns the leaves to razors.
Holding just a string, our twine and our paper lost to the breeze.