

The Flight

Happy Rhodes

He sees her face and is compelled to take this flight
He knows her soul embodies this, his final plight
His heart beats requiem, pounding the rhythm of intent
The night speaks fare thee well, the thrashing sea
Speaks portent

His chest is bared and ready for her hand
His chest is bared and ready for her stake
Burning, longing, nothing could keep him from her now
He flies by the whispering guidance of the clouds
This lonely eternity will end this eve within the
Arms of Gabrielle
The creatures of the night release him to become
The dove again

His chest is bared and ready for her hand
His chest is bared and ready for her stake
His chest is bared and ready for her hand
His chest is bared and ready for her stake
This curse, this need to feed through the centuries
Has grown tiring, so she becomes his history
The fog breaks and she is there wandering on
The jagged cliffs
The fortress comes in view as he descends to meet her kiss

His chest is bared and ready for her hand
His chest is bared and ready for her stake
His chest is bared and ready for her hand
His chest is bared and ready for her stake
His chest is bared and ready for her hand
His chest is bared and ready for her stake
His chest is bared and ready for her hand
His chest is bared and ready for her stake