

From up here the pacific looks like fire and things to come.
I'm a steel rocket; i am a human bomb.
They say we'll be gods..thunder, divine.
But surely we'll only be history--literal and poignative;
Stuck in time and out of time.
I'm sending fingernails and locks of hair.
I'm falling sky; i'm screaming air.
Oh, be at peace as I break into pieces for you.
The end of me; a fiery blossom for you.
Lover, are you looking outside?
Because before I die I'll draw a heart in the sky.
The enemy floats right beneath my eyes
And his little black powder puffs
Pop and polka-dot the sky.
Reason would have me lift up into the clouds and hide,
But you make me mad,
Make me forget how to fly.
Oh! Lover, do you ever wonder why
When we were on the ground
Heaven never seemed so high?