

You walk the thinnest of the ice, so easy to hurt  
We drove through the dark in the pouring rain and barely said a  
word  
So dress your wounds as best you can and close your tired eyes  
Try to climb away from here towards the empty skies  
And I'll meet you there, high above it all  
In the kiss of air, the lover's breath  
Visions rise from each little death

As Moses stands and turns his gaze away from the feuding tribes  
Walks towards the mountains and through the rocks he climbs  
God, he orders Moses - 'Bring the people to my will'  
'Leave me be' cries Moses, keeps on walking up the hill  
And I'll meet you there, high above it all  
In the kiss of air, the lover's breath  
Visions rise from each little death  
And should the Devil come and should he say -  
'All of this will I give to you, if you just bow down and worsh  
ip me'  
I'm on my knees.

"The white twisted clouds and the endless shades of blue in the  
ocean  
make the hum of the spacecraft systems, the radio chatter, even  
your  
own breathing disappear. There is no cold or wind or smell to t  
ell you  
that you are connected to Earth.

You have an almost dispassionate platform - remote,

Olympian and yet so moving that you can hardly believe how  
emotionally attached you are to those rough patterns shifting s  
teadily below."  
(quotation from Thomas Stafford, astronaut)