

The Search For Terrestrial Life

Phideaux

A long time ago I was inspired
And now I wonder has it all expired?
Past redeeming, numb to feeling
Where is any shred of meaning?
I don't know why
Now it seems like something's missing
Years flow the story goes
Narration brings the image closer
I know, I'm repeating all the same mistakes

I am the arm that's bleeding
I am the storm that's forming
I am the rope that's coiling
Reaching for the waiting hand
So here I am calling calling calling
For a face in the crowd to shepherd me out
Lead me down the road

I was praying
Someone would find my hideaway
Yes it's a long climb through rocky crags
To my jagged brain
Days of waiting waiting waiting
For a sliver of sound, cascade and rebound
Bring me down

I see victory
Right in your grasp if you want it to be
Always it was lurking
Never very far for your heart to see
This day it is your day, breaking like a wave
In the waters free, taking control
If you'd only agree, coming very close
It's coming, are you ready?

One day the story will unwind
You will move past and leave the rest behind
Now it's retreating
It is clearing from your mind □
Though you can still feel it pulling
You're aligned, there's no returning
You are on your way down and down
Reach the ground

Icy wastes recede, permafrost gone
Spring intervenes. Always it was waiting
Flung like a leaf down to nourish the tree
Far underground where the roots are deep
Always around and watching watching me