

Tracing my steps right back to where it all began
Looking for clues to surmise why it is that I am
Uncovering this irony
As I behold this vision in front of me
I'm watching the water erase my steps in the sand

Searching the stars for answers
Never to come back down
Gazing through the smoke
At the cities below
And they watch as I'm becoming just a face in the clouds

Sometimes I've felt like a zeppelin grounded at land
Like anchoring points to this earth are manacles and
In severing strings
To the former things
The anvils binding me to gravity
I'll give them the slip in ignition to infinite paths

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Their faces are shrinking (in the thinning air)
The bonds are breaking (in the twilight glare)

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