

## New Transmission

Project 86

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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