(willcox) I cannot sleep The saint in me eludes me This man is not what I think He is a halo of thorns, Spear in his side Coaxing me to earth A parachute eclipses the sun Hovers on the slipstream Hangs on every note He denies me his knowledge Eyes piercing and eagle bright Lifts me from my dull existence Hurls me off the cliff In clumsy flight Falling to earth... The air's so good it Gives nutrients and Your presence builds As you rumble on down the corridor. It's rockin' and I feel as if I'm floatin' in water but I'm not drowning I must be there In every moment 00000 Ten thousand decibels so mean, It pins me to all four walls Opening up my secrets, I'm exposing myself So uncool, I'm storm-torn but it's really exciting Spread-eagle in the air This telekinetic hold Christ, he's the mirror that Reflects my thoughts And he's pulling me from the firmament The sun goes behind the mountain and night eclipses Oh god, I'm falling to earth.... I thought I was supposed to feel prepared Can you hear me calling I'm calling on the esp telephone Falling Falling