

FLIGHT

lyrics by dana byrd

produced by adam goldstone

As I look into the vastness of the world standing on my mountain high
I want to reach out to the world below on wings of hope
Try not to repeat the flight of Icarus and go to high
'Cause rules were set down by those who can't see they're reasons why
So they cancel out flight plans denying a chance to reach higher than the Pope

So I'm coming at ya' raised up like 3 days when they say he rose again
Pay attention closely to what I spit so I don't lose you my friends
Like flitting clouds and how they carry me through the lands of the dusk
On wings of hope and charity that should be shared by all of us
And below the leaden sky sweep along like wing over the mountain peaks
I float on miles and miles of air seeing only parts of what I truly seek

I take two to the nose and off I go on a journey with no destination in mind
Flying higher than an eagle above the clouds, the only way to me you'll find
To collab not rehab on which I speak and share with me the joy
That sensational flow which we all seek and take flight like its' our favorite toy
Where coming down is like those burned wings and landing is really hard
It's like death and a darkness you have never seen before the light breaks thru the dark
Described as a freedom of actually being free
To do what you want and to see what you see
Not to be held down and made to follow the rules and the laws
To be what you want and reach so high that you achieve something to be awed
So come fly with me, come fly away, somewhere real, real far
'Cause things down here ain't what they seem and nothing or no one is who or what they truly are

Check it; I compare flight to freedom in the mind's eye
'Cause flight is freedom when you really fly
And those that partake in getting high
Do it again and again, 'cause that is when they truly fly
Take a second...pause and ask yourself... am I
Truly free... or do I... buy into the lie
You never can do what you truly want and have you asked yourself why
The rules are chains holding you down preventing your high and right to fly
We live in a time where it is done in plain sight and we choose to ignore the clues
We don't want to hear or see the real... we really don't want the truth
Instead we're bound by they're rules and do exactly what they say
Continuously feed into they're train of thought... school programs you that way
So ask yourself are you truly free to fly, to roam, and explore
We all have thoughts outside the box... we all continue to want more
I like to fly, I like how it feels... the wind blowing by my ear
I hate that I must remember not to go to high and that is what I call fear