

# The Flight

Destrage

Our leader knows the best for us  
Takes us through the currents  
He lifts high up who follow  
Our leader goes to the back line  
He knows best that we all guide  
Separated, cohesive and aligned

Just one of many  
Proceed in struggle  
And pass the line  
To the front row  
All take turns  
Just to realize  
We are one with the flock

We are a Flight of migrant swallows  
We move fast to leave behind  
The cold and dull hierarchy boredom  
Our system calls for no central control

String in two lines we lift our weights  
To flirt with a prize we smell  
From miles and miles away  
We all gaze forward to the same reward  
Each one calls a different name  
As the game is getting lame  
We raise the stakes  
Spice up the fucking game

Those who stay at the back crave  
To make their way to the front  
Once they arrive there  
Will they exert the effort for long?  
Will the group keep me on the trail  
Now that my beliefs have gone astray?