

# Soaring

Lana Lane

He, who is falling to the ground  
With a bullet in his chest  
Was brought down by his own hand  
Hardly noticed by the rest

He, who has soared above the clouds  
Now will die upon the ground  
For he could remember  
As a pilot of the war  
And the life that was his was war

Death was his only hope at last  
And the glories of his past  
Follow in his footsteps  
As he crumbles to the grass

He was a child before the war  
And he thought of nothing more  
Higher than the clouds were  
As a pilot he could soar  
And the life that was his was war

## CHORUS

Soaring, soaring 'bove the clouds  
That are not so high, not so high  
He was soaring, a pilot of the war  
He was soaring, a pilot of the war  
He was soaring, a pilot of the war.

Ah, there's a trillion of us now  
And we burn the world away  
Old man on the park bench  
Did he have something to say?

Now as the is in the past  
We forget, he was the last  
For he could remember  
As a pilot of the war  
And the life that was his was war