

Lord, let's get the hell out of this rut  
Or solace will surely never come  
Exclaim, sweep discarded words away  
Prophetic they never were

As the crow flies  
We will walk into the gate  
The spring in my step  
As the taste that you make  
My chaperone  
My advocate  
My cloaking device  
I could use your advice  
Cause I don't need proof  
While ever there's you  
Gravity fails  
There's wind in these sails