Into the Light

Polar Lights

Painted Faces on my ceiling
Staring Down into the night
Songs of hope, the art of deceiving
Gently shivers
Into The LightLooking past these walls of tradition
Will I tremble or will they fall
Will you say that I'm afraid
Afraid to take the fallBut if I roll the dice
Take my chances and swim against the tide
Will you say that I'm afraid
Will you say
Afraid of what we've become
The taste of ink on our tongues
I'm setting sail into the horizon
I'm a sinking ship
But I'm diving into seasons
And if the sands of time don't dry me out
I'll set sail into the horizon
I'm a sinking ship
But I'm diving into seasonsWorking hard
Through the winter snow
Digging into mountains of gold
Drinking out
Of wishing wells
Until it all
Shatters and falls
Painted faces on my ceiling
Lead me out into the light
Before I give into the world's rebuke
Show me what I cannot findBut if I roll the dice
Take my chances and swim against the tide
Will you say that I'm afraid
Will you sayAfraid of what we've become
The taste of ink on our tongues
I'm setting sail into the horizon
I'm a sinking ship
But I'm diving into seasons
And if the sands of time don't dry me out
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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