

Space

New Model Army

You walk the thinnest of the ice, so easy to hurt
We drove through the dark in the pouring rain and barely said a word
So dress your wounds as best you can and close your tired eyes
Try to climb away from here towards the empty skies
And I'll meet you there, high above it all
In the kiss of air, the lover's breath
Visions rise from each little death
As Moses stands and turns his gaze away from the feuding tribes
Walks towards the mountains and through the rocks he climbs
God, he orders Moses - 'Bring the people to my will'
'Leave me be' cries Moses, keeps on walking up the hill
And I'll meet you there, high above it all
In the kiss of air, the lover's breath
Visions rise from each little death
And should the Devil come and should he say -
'All of this will I give to you, if you just bow down and worship me'
I'm on my knees."The white twisted clouds and the endless shades of blue in the ocean
make the hum of the spacecraft systems, the radio chatter, even your
own breathing disappear. There is no cold or wind or smell to tell you
that you are connected to Earth. You have an almost dispassionate platform - remote, Olympian and yet so
moving that you can hardly believe how
emotionally attached you are to those rough patterns shifting steadily below."

Songwriters

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