

# Space

## New Model Army

We walk the thinnest of the ice  
So easy to hurt  
We drove through the dark in the pouring rain  
Barely said a word Now dress your wounds, best you can  
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 ordered 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  
Just bow down and worship me"  
I'm on my knees 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 wind or cold or smell to tell you  
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 And I'll meet you there, high above it all  
Yeah, I'll meet you there, high above it all  
In the kiss of air, the lover's breath  
Visions from each little death The kiss of air, the lover's breath  
All of this will I give to you  
I'm on my knees

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