

The Church, Fighter Pilot... Korean War

A thousand powdered parts
Past the sun and moon
The hint of timelessness splashed
On this afternoon
And they tell me I'm inside
When I run and when I hide
I want to touch you

I think my courage must
Never leave this room
It's like the history that
Hides in the monsoon
And they tell me I'm alive
But when I lean into a dive
I want to touch you

At home they think we must be fools
The sky or street, they're both as cruel
When you're running low on fuel
And I ran out books ago
Last night I overheard your prayers
It's emptiness that scares
Or disappearing in thin air
To a lost place down below

Once upon a time
In a distant land
I felt the rising sun
Focused through my hand
And they tell me I'm so changed
But if I ever was the same
I want to touch you

The action calls me away