

## Wings

Then he touches my hand and the wings take me high  
Higher and higher toward the sun in the sky.  
With the wind in my hair, my target is cloud nine,  
My feet had never left the ground, I've never felt so fine.

I've let go of my fear of facing such heights,  
I fly closer and closer up to the lights.

But people are calling to me, calling my name  
"Icarus" they say "love is just a game  
He might love you in the sun, but then when it rains...  
Well, flying that high, could cause you great pain

Those pure wings could be destroyed, in the blink of an eye  
Crashing hard and crashing fast, the world flying by  
Or maybe feather by feather, melting down to the sea  
Falling to pieces, 'til you're nothing but debris."

But mother's words roll forward, into my mind  
"These wings, my dear, are wonderfully designed.  
Even if you fall, and endure all bad weather  
The wings can be rekindled, feather by feather.

And so with every thought of him, these wings bring me higher  
He's the light of my life, my heart's great desire.  
And when he kisses me soft and says "I love you, angel, forever"  
These wings are now a part of me, never to be severed.