

Song In Flight (III)

*Glide my final slope into the light
Through the icy black of killing rain.
Touch me down on runway swept in white.*

*Towering nimbus sends his crushing might,
My fragile wings his tearing winds disdain.
Glide my final slope into the light.*

*Aloft in hard and rocky places tight,
Perched on ragged razor I remain.
Touch me down on runway swept in white.*

*Downward through the dizzy spiral height,
Desperate my mayday calls refrain:
Glide my final slope into the light.*

*From night's darkened terror, childhood's fright,
Faint transponds the heart's remembered pain.
Touch me down on runway swept in white.*

*Vectored on a course of level flight,
Homing to your beacon I remain:
Glide my final slope into the light,
Touch me down on runway swept in white.*