## The Bridge Is You



Here is sea, and here is land.
On shifting shores alone I stand.
These feet would walk but sink in sand.
The mountain behind me – is that my home on the distant peak?
Or is it the waves and the rushing foam?
Hear their voices speak...

When you stand on the edge the world breaks in two. You may long for a bridge, but the bridge is you. Here is land, and here is air.
My house has roots and stands four-square.
My dreams touch clouds, but do I dare?
This gravity tells me to hold my ground and I dare not fly.
The air whispers secrets, their sound is drowned in an endless sky...

When you stand...

Here is duty, here desire.

I balance on this lonely wire.

Both yes and no make me a liar.

Each choice leaves a loss and it marks my will and my way ahead.

There's no turning back and no standing still once the word is said...

When you stand...

Here is hope, and here despair.
I'll scale the mountain if I dare.
I'd sooner climb the safer stair.
The handmaids of heaven may hold me tight or may let me fall.
A dream turns to nightmare, a fear of heights when the angels call...

When you stand...

Here is me, and here is you.
The seas between us, red and blue.
A path to climb, a house in view.
My feet are on fire, I climb the stair,
and my wings are strong.
I step through the dark and I find you there
singing angel songs.

When you stand...