Wings on High
A voice that cries and wings that fiercely beat,
The searing fast winds lift you above clouds,
Not savage eagle's prey nor hunter's meat,
Another summer night you'll someday fly,

Vanish in rising wind, all sorrows past,
You soar above red sand and blue-white ice,
Above grey clouds you'll soar in flight at last,
Never succumb to fate; don't compromise,

Rise from your bed, worn body, and frayed skin,
Fly far from death in evil wars they wage,
Now leave behind a life that's closing in,
Steel nights of silent pain; bronze days of rage,

Fly free of summer's burn and winter's bite,
Spread out your wide wings to the wild, wild night.

Soaring
Through winter chill or searing summer heat,
Fly quietly through clouds without a sigh,
Not savage eagle's prey nor hunter's meat,
The turbulent wind lifts you far on high,

Your life is small; the endless sky is vast,
Take a daring chance and roll the dice,
Your life is small; the endless sky is vast,
The life before you is your paradise,

You feel the many weary hours worn thin,
Dull nights of silent pain; fast days of rage,
Now leave behind a life that's closing in,
To distant mountain heights you cannot gauge,
Close fast the iron door; turn out the light, 
Fly high and don't surrender in your fight.

Farewell  
No ceiling here; the pure high air is sweet, 
You cannot hope to know until you try, 
No ceiling here; the pure high air is sweet, 
Glide silently through clouds without a sigh, 

Bright feathers grow, your fledgling wings spread fast, 
Never give in to fate; don't compromise, 
Bright feathers grow, your fledgling wings spread fast, 
Take a flaming chance and roll the dice, 

You feel the many dreary hours wear thin, 
The crumbs of love locked in a gilded cage, 
Nobody sees the shining heart within, 
Cold nights of silent pain; hot days of rage, 

Far over misty mountain peaks snow-white, 
Open your eyes to the wild, wild night.