

The Flight

Destrage

Our leader knows the best for us
Takes us through the currents
He lifts high up who follow
Our leader goes to the back line
He knows best that we all guide
Separated, cohesive and aligned

Just one of many
Proceed in struggle
And pass the line
To the front row
All take turns
Just to realize
We are one with the flock

We are a Flight of migrant swallows
We move fast to leave behind
The cold and dull hierarchy boredom
Our system calls for no central control

String in two lines we lift our weights
To flirt with a prize we smell
From miles and miles away
We all gaze forward to the same reward
Each one calls a different name
As the game is getting lame
We raise the stakes
Spice up the fucking game

Those who stay at the back crave
To make their way to the front
Once they arrive there
Will they exert the effort for long?
Will the group keep me on the trail
Now that my beliefs have gone astray?