

## The Summit

Beardfish

Are we sleeping in the shadows of life?  
Is a past of shady photographs a past of lies?  
The sun that rise to kiss the skies...  
What I wouldn't give to see it with new eyes

And then what?  
Standing at the summit of a hill  
When the mountain is the thrill  
Makes me so sad...

Cold and dark, forgetting what it feels like, to hold and to be  
held  
But she can't hide emotions, her tears are never far away  
She is hammered by a legacy, long since dead  
Thinks the monster won't return once it's been fed

And then what?  
When the mountain is a hill  
Once you're drained of all your skill  
You fly away?

You left us here to remember  
The scented touch of love  
Drunk and disillusioned  
I stand before you now

I can't take this world for what it is  
There's nothing left to find  
Friends and lovers, are you all  
misprinted in my mind?