

## Into the Wide

Delta Spirit

At the end of the last road in town.  
At the edge of that wall of trees.  
Further in, past any trail or sign.  
Back to the wide open arms of the Earth.

The wind whispered no name,  
but it's voice cracked off the cliff.  
Almost see it rush right through you.  
Back to the wide open arms of the Earth.

It's a grind, the business role.  
Every new year, a new bell to toll.  
Before it's too late, I'm gonna save my soul.  
Back to the wide open arms of the Earth.