

## Wingman

Excalion

Here lies the formless world we're living in  
Gravity is finally giving in  
Bad dreams appear to me as cloudy haze  
To lose sight of you is to disengage

High altitudes and still upward we go  
I was never meant to lead but to follow

We are  
Like a double shining shooting star  
Unheard-of things in earthly radar  
One day  
I could speed up and soar too high  
A dying star would light the sky

Sometimes I cannot help but wonder why  
Are there no stronger winds for me to ride  
But to lose sight of you is to disengage  
Arrogance would be my last disgrace