

Wingbeats

Steve Hackett

Swift as a cheetah, hyena's sight
Vaulting the bull, a wingless flight
Blood-bond of the tribes throughout the land
A living memory for every clan

Rugged roof of Africa, rivers thunder down
An evergreen valley, wingbeats in the sun

Dancing on embers, footfall spark
Stalking the spirit, moving through the dark
Earth cracks open, a lion's roar
Into the sky an eagle soars

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