

# New Model Army, Too Close To The Sun

I stared at the mountain, the mountain stared at me  
I couldn't hold its gaze, I couldn't bare what I might see  
Tell Mary I never chose to come but all too late  
This time the time has chosen me  
The fields of ice are blinding white  
The crystal light so piercing "there's no air for us to breathe  
Too close to the sun  
Burning up, bleaching out  
Too close to the sun

The calling's always been the same  
To the source of light and beauty cast upon our lives  
And desert hieppies, warrior monks, addicts all  
Staring out from hollowed eyes  
With melting wax and feathers falling  
And far below the old world turning sad and slow  
Too close to the sun  
Burning up, bleaching out  
Too close to the sun  
Sweat cold upon my skin and pounding in my chest  
Reaching out to touch  
too high, too far, too fast, too much  
Too close to the sun