

Pink Floyd, Burning Bridges

Bridges burning gladly,
Merging with the shadows,
Flickering between the lines.
Stolen moments floating softly on the air,
Born on wings of fire and climbing higher.
Ancient bonds are breaking,
Moving on and changing sides.
Dreaming of a new day,
Cast aside the other way.
Magic visions stirring,
Kindled by and burning flames rise in her eyes.
The door stands ajar,
The wall that once were high.
Beyond the gilded cage,
Beyond the reach of ties.
The moment is at hand.
She breaks the golden band.