

Ropes and Carabiners

I like living on the edge
Balanced on the highest ledge
I like clinging onto rocks
Hanging cliffs or boulder blocks
Exposure is the thing I love
Lead climb on the pitch above
Fingers pressed into a crack
Empty space behind my back
Figure four or figure nine
Stretch my body out of line
Shake the fear right out of me
Pressed up to geology

CHORUS

Ropes and carabiners
The lifeline stretched between us
Ropes and carabiners
Cut-loose to the sky

Granite cliff or old sea stack
Plan the route that I'll attack
Feel the wind upon my face
Step across the empty space
Belay off and belay on
Living now the climb's begun
Pressed into the chimney side
Exposed, alone, nowhere to hide
Excelling in the technical
Crafted on the climbing wall
Balance feet and gripping hands
Swinging on the overhang

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL – Synth & guitar solos

I fell in love with altitude
Evolved into a climbing dude
My goal to reach the greatest height
With just the rope to save my life
Sat upon the bosun's chair
Above the void just spinning there
Looking down to you below
Rigid with your vertigo

CHORUS

OUTRO