

# Step off the Edge

by Erin Crowley

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Notes: The music to this has been finished for weeks now. It was only in setting it to a techno beat that I was finally able to find some lyrics to fit it. Me? Techno? There's a first and last for everything.

This is inspired by a debilitating phobia I've had for years, which I only had the courage to begin to face in the past few months, to amazing success. I'm not cured by any stretch of the imagination, but I have learned some really important things about myself in the process. This is only a small piece.

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Toes to the edge and I'm choking on fear  
There's no one else who can reach me here  
There's a whole lotta air between me and the ground  
I wanna scream but I can't make a sound

Close my eyes and take a deep breath  
Plagued by the certainty of pain and death  
My panic tells me I stand to lose it all  
Which is worse, the paralysis or the fall?

## CHORUS:

If you wanna fly gotta leave the ground  
If you wanna sing gotta make a sound  
If you wanna love gotta take a chance  
Go on prove yourself, go on take a stance  
If you wanna live gotta leave the bed  
Look into the mirror go on face the dread  
Wings were never commodities  
Come on now, step off the edge with me

Everything around me is a lavish feast  
Too much to swallow, becomes a famine to me  
Even my saliva tastes like acid fright  
How hard could it be to take the first bite?

## Chorus

Too ashamed to try when I was sure that I would fail  
But all it takes is once to start to tip the scale  
Faith is acting before you know you can succeed  
Hope is nothing larger than the smallest seed

## Chorus