

# Fall from the Skies

Vanden Plas

I lay my body down - get lost and be never found  
I'm ready here to die - to bring you back to life  
Yes I hope you come alive ...  
I hope you come back . . . Ivy  
I need the box from Grantham Bain  
To take a picture when they're coming back again  
To catch their noises in the room  
A phonograph from Thomas Alva Edison  
I have so many needful things  
A spider web of fathoms let manjiras ring  
So I'll detect them in the end  
My strange phenomena I'll find the evidence  
I finally start the operation for my Ghost Xperiment  
Search a utopian conclusion of all innocence  
In this murderland  
So I have to repair all the rainbows  
They're tainted with half light

And when they fall from the skies  
Dark falling angels as out of nowhere  
Like from a tomorrow time  
Hold on hold on  
But this day will never come

This song it's all about - how heaven's burning out  
Then a voice on the recorder  
And a cold breath kisses my skin  
And my astral clingfish ghosttrap  
Starts now slowly breathing in  
I've evolved this new brand to capture  
My wicked illusions

And then they fall from the skies  
Dark falling heralds as out of nowhere  
Like from a tomorrow time  
Hold on hold on  
But the day will never come

I'm a thrown away sadness  
in God's castaway land  
Sealed with a lithophane frailness  
And a mindblowing freight in my head  
I once lost my sweet angel Ivy  
With her disarming cyan blue eyes and I know  
That I have nothing to lose anymore  
Maybe they or maybe I  
There is something behind our rainbows  
Now I can see them

And then they fall from the skies  
I'll find the answer to all my questions  
And when they fall from the skies  
Hold on hold on - Hold on and believe  
Hold on hold on - I said  
Hold on believe - That today the day has come