

Flying High

Arcana

I need a fast train
On a smooth line
Gonna ride it
Into time

Bleed a cold sweat
For a short while
But the feeling
Soon subsides

Found a gold coin
In a bronze grail
Have a lifetime
In the sky

Grab a needle
With a handshake
Make a slow cut
With a knife

See the sunburst
On a red moon
With a cold wind
Blowing by

When the rain comes
Sigh with sorrow
Then tomorrow
Flying high, flying high, flying high