

Hawks on the Run

ASG

Hawks on the run with the sound of a pointed gun

March to the beat of a crooked heart that I must keep

No sign of my name in God's will

Do or die

Trying to get right with what's left

So much for surprise we all got to get off

Kites in the sun ribbon down creeks of solar blood

Waltz with the trees

Touch the pulsing drums on shoreline's feet

Count on misfortunes to peel

Cracks in the eyelids of dawn

White capped with fear

How far can islands move on?

When lonesome the mountain will call

Ice trapped the future will hear