

For the angels dance here in between
The air and that silver moon
Them devils only come to dream of this

For the saints come in with mirth and joy
They shirk a man, dance up a storm
They're turning tables, reciting poems
They speak what comes off hearts and tongues
Hearts and tongues
Hearts and tongues

Well you know they've been here once before
They wore the same old heavy coats
They seek no fortune, seek no fame
Just a few wild horses to tame

Hearts and tongues
Hearts and tongues

These hearts, these dreams, these webs we weave
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