Cincinnati

Holy Holy

If you stand on the edge of the cage
Watchin' the lights passin' [?]
When she broke from her pale blue shell
Did you dream you would live to tell
That you'd see her fade like this
You feel cold and you feel sick

As a child you cannot believe
They would block out the sun with their wings
Like a river of blood and bone
In their millions they moved as one
But not one would survive
To cover up the sky

If you stand on the edge of the creek
Watchin' water wash over me
I don't wanna a marble headstone
I leave guitars, I leave some songs
I leave photographs and signs
In quiet corners of your life