The Turning

Eyes over the city rise up from your soul They hang over the streets at night Brought on by the cold

We live with the numbers Mining a dream for the same old song What hope for the turning If everything you know is wrong

So come on, shake your rag doll, baby Before you change your mind Then come on, when the rapture takes me Be the fallen angel by my side

If you carry the lantern I'll carry you home You search for the disappeared I'll bury the cold

Yours is a messiah Mine is a dream and it won't be long No hope for the journey If no-one ever sees the dawn

So come on, shake your rag doll, baby Before you change your mind Then come on, when the rapture takes me Will you be by my side? Then come on, when the rapture takes me Be the fallen angel by my side

So come on, shake your rag doll, baby Before you change your mind Then come on, when the rapture takes me Will you be by my side?

Hey come on, shake your rag doll, baby Before you change your mind Then come on, when the rapture takes me Be the fallen angel by my side