

# Fly Home

## The Church

Listen  
Collect your thoughts, don't hide  
If you can't face yourself, collide  
The blue sheen of sky dazzles your eyes  
And leaves you slumped against the night

They captured you, chopped off your hand  
Left for dead  
And buried your body in sun-soaked sand  
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Is there patience where you think  
Only empty arms to take you in  
Pale luminescent glare  
Surrounds you 'til you can't see it's there

Uncoiled flag below the wind  
A torn head  
You can't come out 'cause you're so far in  
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Ancient in the image cast  
Reminds you the future's like the past  
Time split into equal spheres  
Haunting you, using up your fear

Something hateful in your head  
Then kick it out  
You're scullin' hard but your wings are dead  
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