

Fall from the Skies

Vanden Plas

I lay my body down - get lost and be never found
I'm ready here to die - to bring you back to life
Yes I hope you come alive ...
I hope you come back . . . Ivy
I need the box from Grantham Bain
To take a picture when they're coming back again
To catch their noises in the room
A phonograph from Thomas Alva Edison
I have so many needful things
A spider web of fathoms let manjiras ring
So I'll detect them in the end
My strange phenomena I'll find the evidence
I finally start the operation for my Ghost Xperiment
Search a utopian conclusion of all innocence
In this murderland
So I have to repair all the rainbows
They're tainted with half light

And when they fall from the skies
Dark falling angels as out of nowhere
Like from a tomorrow time
Hold on hold on
But this day will never come

This song it's all about - how heaven's burning out
Then a voice on the recorder
And a cold breath kisses my skin
And my astral clingfish ghosttrap
Starts now slowly breathing in
I've evolved this new brand to capture
My wicked illusions

And then they fall from the skies
Dark falling heralds as out of nowhere
Like from a tomorrow time
Hold on hold on
But the day will never come

I'm a thrown away sadness
in God's castaway land
Sealed with a lithophane frailness
And a mindblowing freight in my head
I once lost my sweet angel Ivy
With her disarming cyan blue eyes and I know
That I have nothing to lose anymore
Maybe they or maybe I
There is something behind our rainbows
Now I can see them

And then they fall from the skies
I'll find the answer to all my questions
And when they fall from the skies
Hold on hold on - Hold on and believe
Hold on hold on - I said
Hold on believe - That today the day has come