

The Firebird

Priestess

Keep your voices quiet
Ears are all around
If we hide each other
No one will be found

I can hear them talking
Lie against the ground
It's almost over
Just don't make a sound

Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise

Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise

High up in the tower
Chained and bolted down
Looking through the window
Her eyes are on me now

I can't escape it
I can't make a sound

Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise

Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise

Fly the vulture hunter
Scourge upon the town
On wings of thunder
Bolting through the clouds
Be drawn together
Lightning strikes the ground

Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise

Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise

Morning
Waiting for the sun to rise

Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise