

## Wings Wetted Down

Blue Öyster Cult

Flights of black horseman  
Soar o'er the churches  
Pursued by an army of birds in the rain

None of them can see the clouds  
The polished wings don't care  
Animal waves through the hazy  
Dreams full of pain

Wings wetted down  
Stumbling on the ground  
It all turns around  
In the end, the end, the end

The voices sound deadly  
Sometimes I hear  
Echoes of empires  
Spread throughout the sky

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