

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

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

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

Wings wetted down
It all turns around
It all turns around
In the end, the end, the end