

## Close Behind

Calexico

High atop radio towers  
Sky darkens in the final hours  
Marie wrings her praying hands  
Don't see why the spirit won't understand

While lines are crossed  
Hope's broken at the knees  
And at a loss  
The world's made of dust  
And dust it will return  
Sniper surveys the scene  
Angel chorus won't intervene

Takes her child to the river's edge  
And let's her go to the depths  
Where dark waters flow  
A singing tide  
Pulls her to the edge and hypnotize

Samn any fool willing to believe  
There's no hand behind any of this  
What's it gonna take, force the cycle to break  
And skut it down before it makes another round

Sworn in on an oath the lies  
Swat away a halo of flies  
Fast track vision deceives  
The storm on the horizon