

Birds Of Paradise

Chromatics

Baby, when I first saw you,
I knew you held the keys to my heart,
and in the setting sun we flew away
to a broken kind of paradise
where time would stand still.
You are the black sky
always running from the sun.

Paralyzed, I dug a well deep inside.
I kissed the tide,
you held the moon
and carried the stars
like life was a memory
and death just a possibility.
You are the black sky
always running from the sun.
You're always running from the sun.