

Star-Field On Red Lines

Duncan Sheik

Playground, homeland
A countryside to save
Blue skies, airspace
Soldiers to raise
And sacrifice

Strong armed Christians
Oiled up and fed
Safe as houses
Aprons of lead
And sanctified

Omens and signs
A star-field on red lines
Turn those blind eyes
To fantasies
And white lies

How much longer
This empire of night
The smallest subjects
All begin to fight
And multiply

Omens and signs
A star-field on red lines
Turn those blind eyes
To fantasies
And white lies

Omens and signs
A star-field on red lines
Turn those blind eyes
To fantasies
And white lies

Head down
Brace yourself
Here it comes

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Here it comes

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Here it comes