

Through this old skylight our eyes are open wide  
the sky bespangled in the rain  
and we feel called upon but interests collide  
not much to lose, a lot to gain

Don't lose your line of sight now  
and raise the barricades somehow  
it's time to leave the lores so blow them skyhigh  
in sound and fury they will fly

We're sparing no pain, we're launching a dream  
it's blazing a trail when the rockets will gleam  
we harness the air cause we let them fly  
the town had turned out under this october sky

"There's nothing to it" and "stick to your last"  
shorn of all romance their life spans  
the charm of novelty or adoring the past  
no more among the also rans

It spread like wildfire in a day  
"and there'll be crash-land" so they say  
well-proven patterns so it must be vertigo  
but we will give them quite a show

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We harness the air and we let them fly  
under this october sky

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