

Turn Loose the Doves

It Dies Today

How's the air up there with
The faithless and aborted souls
And when the worms carried it away
Did you cry, did you feel, did you see me pray?

To gods and demons all alike
To those who would lend an ear that night
Three thousand miles high
These wayward wanderers fly

Halfway to heaven
Yet a stones throw from hell
Through infinite sorrow
Soars our exquisite belle

Turn loose the doves and marvel
At their flight with fractured wings
Turn loose the doves and listen
To the mourning chorus start to sing

Anthems of loss, all for you
They are all for you
My muse, I never wanted this to fall
This to fall apart

Choke on the air up there
From the acid and reviled clouds
And when we glance down upon our shrine
There's no viol, violet and no vine

Nor rays from holy heaven bright
Sweet muse, how far have we strayed
From this guiding light?
We strayed from this light

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Scarlet drenched and song less birds
Deliver us from the underworld
Scarlet drenched and song less birds
Deliver us from the underworld

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Yet a stones throw from hell

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