

Fly Home

The Church

Listen

Collect your thoughts, don't hide
If you can't face yourself, collide
The blue sheen of sky dazzles your eyes
And leaves you slumped against the night

They captured you, chopped off your hand
Left for dead
And buried your body in sun-soaked sand
Fly home

Is there patience where you think
Only empty arms to take you in
Pale luminescent glare
Surrounds you 'til you can't see it's there

Uncoiled flag below the wind
A torn head
You can't come out 'cause you're so far in
Fly home

Ancient in the image cast
Reminds you the future's like the past
Time split into equal spheres
Haunting you, using up your fear

Something hateful in your head
Then kick it out
You're scullin' hard but your wings are dead
Fly home