

Nite Flights

The Fatima Mansions

(Music/Lyrics--Scott Engel) ©1993 International Media Holdings
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There's no hold
The moving has come through
The danger brushing you
Turns it's face into the heat
And runs the tunnel

It's so cold
The dark dug up by dogs
The stitches torn and broke
The raw meat fist you choke
Has hit the bloodlite

Glass traps open and close on nite flights
Broken necks, featherweights press the walls
Be my love, we can be gods on nite flights
With only one promise, only one way to fall

On the nite flights, only one way to fall