

FALCONS OF BROADWAY

IT SLIPPED MY MIND THAT YOU CAN'T FLY
I LEFT YOU ON THE WINDOWSILL
OF A BROADWAY BUILDING
UP IN THE SKYLINE
I TAKE MY CHANCES ON THE WING
I DO WHAT I WANT AND I DO ANYTHING
CAUSE THE NATURAL WORLD
IS SMOTHERED BENEATH THE STEEL AND THE STONE

STRETCH MY FEATHERS TO THE SUN
ATTACK MY REFLECTION IN EVERY CRYSTAL WALL
EVERY CRYSTAL WALL

I HUNT FOR BLOOD, THE FRUIT OF THE VINE
WHERE JESUS SAVES FROM A NEON SIGN
IT'S A FAR CRY
FROM WHERE I WAS BORN
I GORGE ON THE STUFF
I CAN NEVER GET ENOUGH
I SEE MY FUTURE IN EVERY SCARLET DROP
LIKE WATER, WE CIRCLE ROUND AGAIN

STRETCH MY FEATHERS TO THE SUN
ATTACK MY REFLECTION IN EVERY CRYSTAL WALL
EVERY CRYSTAL WALL

TAKE MY CHANCES ON THE WING
THROUGH CORRIDORS OF LIQUID AIR I FLY
STRETCH MY FEATHERS TO THE SUN
ATTACK MY REFLECTION IN EVERY CRYSTAL WALL
EVERY CRYSTAL WALL