

# Barclay James Harvest, Paper Wings

His crazy frame against the dawn  
His hungry leap and ragged fall  
A suicidal perch is now laid bare  
To searching eyes and empty stares  
A fearful silence hits the crowd  
The air hangs heavy with the sound  
Of useless wings against the morning sky  
As paper yields before their eyes

Oh, can you see him now?  
A broken man without a dream  
Oh, can you hear him now?  
A futile laugh above the screams