

# David Bowie, Nite Flights

There's no hold  
The moving has come through  
The danger passing you  
Turns its face into the heat and runs the tunnels  
It's so cold  
The dark dug up by dogs  
The stiches torn and broke  
The raw meat fist you choke  
Has hit the bloodlite

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

Glass traps open and close on nite flights  
Broken necks feather weights press the walls  
Be my love, we will be gods on nite flights  
With only one promise, only one way to call

On nite flights  
Only one way to fall