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