

Dead Soul Tribe, Crows On The Wire

Black angels spread their wings
And they swallow the sky
Carry my ghost to a hiding place
From cellophane smiles
And halos of barbwire

Fly me far from everything
From everyone and
Fly me away from myself

Tears of the crying Sun
Like despair on the wing
Swirl through the gray
like a cauldron achurn
For the Winter sky
Cry for the crows on the wire
For they fly no more

Take me far from everything
Everyone and
Take me away from myself

Far from you
Take me away from myself
Away from you

Silent like the January mist of morn
Skies adorned
Dressed in shadows dancing with the failing wind

But it's too late now
Too late now
Way too late
Too late
To make up for everything
Way too late
Too late
For taking back anything
Way too late
Too late
To cry for you
Way too late
Too late
To cry for myself

Black as the deepest night
As you fly on your way
Fly to my dreams
As you glide on the wings of my memory
Don't know where you're going
But please take me anyway

Take me far from everyone
And bid them all farewell
Take me far away from here
If you could only
Take me away from myself

Far from you
Take me away from myself
Away from you