

# Gary Moore, Murder In The Skies

Time was running out for all on board  
Soaring up through the shadows of night.  
High above the clouds the engines roared  
This would be their final flight.

The russians have shot down a plane on its way to Korea.  
Two hundred and sixty-nine innocent victims have died.

Murder in the skies  
Came without a warning.  
Murder in the skies  
Black September morning.  
Murder in the skies.

Time was running out for everyone  
Flying over the Sea of Japan.  
None would live to see the rising sun  
Death was following close at hand.

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