

# Second Coming, Soft

I live to fly on a natural high  
My love is growing softly to the sky  
The lovers hors'audourves for the  
Evening to come  
The camera still runs and we see you

I was soft for the first time  
Now content to breath so deeply  
Got my hands in my pockets  
Burn, burn, burn

I've seen the light  
Hell, I've seen them all  
But one can keep those daydreams  
Keepin' on  
Show me a world in a  
Different space, in a different house  
In a different way

Nothings sacred anymore but  
Don't touch my friends  
God makes amends in a book  
He's only pleasant when he's sleeping