

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