

Secret Machines, The Road Leads Where It's Led

Cultivating sounds for all the mothers who come near to find out
Calling pulse bombs, a response with cotton in their ears
And goodbye kisses for the ones in the ground
Collecting fallout from the blast

The road leads where it's led
And all the darlings cover earth with bare hands
They're blowing all the other kids away

Angels stole the show
The roaring seraph, singing thunder
Called the mother's children home

Blowing all the other kids away
Blowing all the other kids away
Blowing all the other kids away
Blowing all the other kids away
Blowing all the other kids away

We communicate by semaphore
No language, we're got flags of our own

The road leads where it's led
And all the darlings cover earth with their hands
They're blowing all the other kids away
They're blowing all the other kids away

Angels stole the show
The roaring seraph, singing thunder
Called the mother's children home

Blowing all the other kids away
Blowing all the other kids away
Blowing all the other kids away, we won't be fooled
Blowing all the other kids away, and all the young child
Blowing all the other kids away
Blowing all the other kids away
Blowing all the other kids away

We won't be moved
We can see right through
All of your charms
Your clever disguise
Uncertainty fails
As heaven surrounds you