

# Steve Kilbey, Ethereal Message

Cold man is rich in luxurious heat  
White empty car at the end of the street  
Five thousand angels hang from their strings  
Drinking their bourbons and grooming their wings  
And they all rose up and flew  
This ethereal message down here to you

A face at the window of the house where you live  
Tells me it's empty, not who you've been with  
Five thousand soldiers captured the town  
Bringing their dead back from the ground  
And every one of them knew

This ethereal message was meant for you

Down, down, feathers in the air  
Down, down, down everywhere

Blessed generations range through the flames  
And by the smoke forgetting the names  
Five thousand mornings melt into days  
Wearing the blues and singing the greys  
And their threats never come true  
This ethereal message is waiting for you