

# Aeon Spoke, Yellowman

His eyes are closed his face pale asleep  
on the ground a newspaper reads  
the blood has spilled again  
and you just dream my yellowman  
yellowman  
The angels burn a torch to keep us warm

His lungs are wide awake but he won't breathe  
He spits out the ocean and we dream  
like goldfish in a bowl  
They think we're free

yellowman  
You're tying rocks to clouds to stay above the crowds  
The angels burn a torch to keep us warm

the blood has spilled again

and you just dream  
yellowman  
You never see the bloodstains on the battlefield  
The angels burn a torch to keep us warm