

Ben Christophers, Falls Into View

Falls into view
And you find it's not the right way round
Unfolds a stare I'm homeward bound
And draws on tomorrow
Deep city soul
Does she walk with you between the aisles
You're flying high over the groves
Devils heart is broken

All that we are
We cried ourselves dry
Everyone sees
The sweet light of change

Night time came in hooded cloaks
Slides through starlight and eyelids
A crushing smile into me goes
The last wish
Falls into view