

Ben Christophers, Transatlantic Shooting Stars

Fallen angel in the crowd
Drags her heels over the noise
Lays down at the roadside of regard
A canyon in my broken mind
Echos deep inside the vale
There's dustcarts for the dead birds in the trees

Trans-atlantic shooting stars over mainline
Here they come suburban gods
To bless desire

Heaven hopes you find her here
The raincatchers
The devils blades
There's karma for the misfits of our times

Take this really you take my soul
Take me down when you laugh I fall
All this pity has broken me
But my survival lies with me

I'm going to love you as best as I can
I'm going to hold you close when I tremble
I'm going to love you as best as I can
I'm going to see you rise

I won't ever let you fall out of my senses
Fall out of my own hands
No I won't ever let you let you

Will I find my way home?