

Duncan Sheik, Star-Field On Red Lines

Playground
Home-land
A countryside to save

Blue skies
Air-space
Soldiers to raise

And sacrifice

Strong armed
Christians
Oiled up and fed

Safe as
Houses
In aprons of lead

And sanctified

Omens and Signs
A star-field
On red lines
Turn those blind eyes
To fantasies
And white lies

How much
Longer
This empire of night

The smallest
Subjects
All begin to fight

And multiply

Omens and Signs
A star-field
On red lines
Turn those blind eyes
To fantasies
And white lies

Omens and Signs
A star-field
On red lines
Turn those blind eyes
To fantasies
And white lies

Head down
Brace yourself
Here it comes