

Eureka Birds, Now They Rise

Now they fall
Like stones thrown in a pond
Now they fall

Watch them crawl
There's really not a chance for them at all

Now they rise
Growing from the ground to the night

Spectral sighs
In twos or threes or more they come alive

The sins that put them down will be repaid

Pleas won't help
With minds made up they've come for revenge

And all at once the dead will live again