

Lucerin Blue, Chorus Of The Birds

I die for the space between
I can see you in front of me
We wrestle with scars
That separate
On the other side of things
We're covered with different wings
The lines that we walk are thin

Never falling down
Always wear the crown
All above the crowd

Will you walk with me?
Will you die with me?
At a place don't make me find a better way
Will you fly with me?
Will you dance with me?
At a place don't make me find a better way

The skies we fly today
The cars we drive away
Aprehensive soul in me
Separates
I need to touch your eyes
Meet this fall and roll the dice

At a place so far away
We can leave this game behind
And we'll run to the only one
Then we'll find ourselves today