

Sting, When The Angels Fall

So high above the world tonight
The angels watch us sleeping
And underneath a bridge of stars
We dream in safety's keeping
But perhaps the dream
Is dreaming us
Soaring with the seagulls
Perhaps the dream
Is dreaming us
Astride on the backs of eagles

When the angels fall
Shadows on the wall
In the thunder's call
Something haunts us all
When the angels fall
When the angels fall

Take your father's cross
Gently from the wall
A shadow still remaining
See the churches fall
In mighty arcs of sound
And all that they're containing
Yet all the rugged souls
Looking for their lost homes
Shuffle to the ruins
From the levelled plain
To search among the tombstones

When the angels fall
Shadows on the wall
In the thunder's call
Something haunts us all

When the angels fall
When the angels fall
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These are my feet
These are my hands
These are my children
And this is my demand
Bring down the angels
Cast them from my sight
I never want to see
A million suns at midnight

Your hands are empty
The streets are empty
You can't control us
You can't control us anymore

When the angels fall
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