

# 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

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Shadows on the wall  
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Something haunts us all

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

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