

The Ark, Angelheads

With a yawn
the peaceful city goes to sleep.
"It's long 'til dawn"
cries a siren in the street.
'Cause the night
is where the young bold lovers rule
a reign of spite
daytimes they're hidden in the clouds

Click, clack, cluck!
When their feet clack to the ground,
click, clack, cluck,
oh, it makes a lovely sound

'Cause the air is clean,
where the danger's always near.
It's easy seen,
they're unfamiliar with fear

'Cause boys,
wanna know what makes men crawl,
what makes empires fall.
Wanna hear and see it all,
'cause it seems to them
a mystic and unbelievable.

Don L. Lee
and the sisters of the night
is yours for free
if you dare to take a bite

'Cause love is cheap
and nutritious in the streets.
We hide and seek
it's easy not to fall asleep.

'Cause boys,
wanna know what makes men crawl,
what makes empires fall.
Wanna hear and see it all,
'cause it seems to them
a mystic and unbelievable.

Lofty hills of laughs we climb
sugary spices waits outside
time is on our side
and we have everything to gain
But if you hear the mountains swing
and if you hear the angels roar
let me know,
I'll play the chord,
there's a go
in our flow
that would make a strong man bow,

Oh, it's a marvel to be seen
how it flows
in chryzantemummy green.
But some do scorn,
hearing the fleshy engines roar,
afraid to show
where their angelheads do grow

'Cause boys,

wanna know what makes men crawl,
what makes empires fall.
Wanna hear and see it all,
'cause it seems to them
a mystic and unbelievable.