

# The Church, Fly

Baby smiled like a tiny child  
She talks her head off, and the land lies wild  
Tossed and turned on a teardrop sea  
And all the dark clowns who are following me

And they fly, she pointed up into the sky  
And you can't touch them if you try  
And they fly

Baby left as she lost her breath  
Hastens off to some unknown death  
Trapped inside her painted eyes  
Takes herself into a new sunrise