

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