

Willard Grant Conspiracy, Kite Flying

Beneath the blue Organ Mountains
Beneath the sky and the stars
Far from the trail I hear
You sigh
I hear you sigh

In the skin, in the skin
Where memory begins
In the skin, in the skin
It stretches thin
In the wind

Freed from the flesh and the bone
Stretched on a cross of wood
Tied to a string and then
Flown away in the wind

In the skin, in the skin
Where memory begins
In the skin, in the skin
It stretches thin
In the wind