

Evil Wings Lyric

- KITE -

1. Deep

You cut me deep
you watch me bleed
and then you cut again

I never show.
The pain I feel.
I keep it from my self.

But you'll never get.
deep enough inside of me.
the very thing you want.
lies deeper,can't you see?

You take new pins
you stick them in
and still you're not content

'cause you'll never dig
far enough inside of me;
the very thing you need
lies deeper,can't you see?

No,you'll never get
deep enough inside of me:
the prize you're killing for
lies deeper,can't you see?

2. Black Rain

Black rain keeps falling down
on the concrete of this ugly town
and it seems that everything
in stained forever

Dull noise of a billion taps
like poison drops in a coffee cup
and the sunlight is a dream
I can't remember

It's too late
for another bedtime story
All the demons are awake
while the sentinels are snoring out there
It's too late
even for a rescue call
so baby here we dive, here we slide
here we fall
just like black rain...

Black rain keeps haunting me
it runs on glass like fingertips
with its radioactive marks
of evolution

Uncanny symphony
through earth and sky and stormy sea
have we come to find
the permanent solution

It's too late
for another bedtime story
All the demons are awake
while the sentinels are snoring out there
It's too late
even for a rescue call
so baby here we cry, here we drown
here we fall
just like black rain...

3. South End

Lonely Star was just a shy boy
from the wrong side of town
but he was made of music
and needed to sing it loud

So off he took with a guitar
and with an old bag full of dreams,

facing the world alone and free,
singing a different song
for anyone;
the look of sorrowful angel,
a smile that will never forget
the cold
of a night(in South End)...

He never took the road back
though there were times so bad;
maybe some day he will happen
to walk down a City Strand

and cross a guy with a guitar
carrying an old bag full of dreams,

ready to risk it all like him,
singing a different song
for anyone;
the face of a slovenly angel,
a brother who'll never forget
the pain of a night in South End...

...another cold night
in South End...

4. Shine In The Neverending Space (The Different Song)

Crazy butterflies
fly in the summer hot air
Strange vibration,
new temptation

Open your eyes,
Shine in the Neverending Space...

Out of your cocoon
into the boundless big world,
seeking perfection
in the sky reflection

Open your arms,
Shine in the Neverending Space...

5. Sorry For The Carpet

Welcome to the New Millennium
take your seat, enjoy the show
I guarantee you won't believe your eyes

We got Mother Nature stripping naked,
Adolf Hitler's brand new clones
and Christ may call to let us know he's fine

Man, we're goin' insane!
Are we losin' our brains?

Teachers, preachers, politicians
talking 'bout a "new transition"
no-one has a slight idea where to

Win more money, win new cars
to win more friends and win more love
but what about that gun if you should lose?

Man, we're goin' insane!
Are we washin' our brain?

God must be out on a date;
we're spilling beer on His carpet
on this New Millennium night...

Welcome to the biggest party;
everybody's in the street
like foolish cattle driven to the shed

Hug your children, kiss your wife;
it's time for bidding them good-night,
and checking porno sites within the Net

Man, we're goin' insane!
Are we stormin' our brains?

God must be out on a date;
we're pissing into His garden
on this New Millennium night...

God must be out on a date;
we're spilling beer on His carpet
on this New Millennium night...

...Sorry for the carpet.

6. Night Song

Watching the end of a day
streets and city walls vanish into grey
The night is a whisper;
it spreads like a hand
over this world...

Follow the tide of your emotions,
running your river to the ocean...

When the earth is still
feels like there is nothing left to feel,
all the universe's inside your head
Over the rooftops
the stars begin to dance;
it takes just one glance
to feel petty...

Follow the tide of your emotions,
running your river to the ocean...

Should the world around you fall,
should you have to change it all,
always find the courage to hold on...

7. Kite In The Abstract Picture

I'm a kite
flying in the sky
Watch my shadow dancing
like a dot against the sun

Feel the wind
running on my skin,
lighter than a feather
as I'm turning upside down

And the world below,
seen from here,
it always looks so small...
doesn't seem to matter at all.

And the Human Show
of hopes and fears
doesn't seem to matter at all,
my dear, I am a kite

I'm a kite
waving' up so high,
poetry in motion
with the sunshine in my eyes

Cloud-shapes change,
minutes last for days,
captured in a blue spell
I get lost within the haze.

And the world below,
seen from here,
it always looks so small...
doesn't seem to matter at all.

And the Human Show
of hopes and fears
doesn't seem to matter at all,
my dear, I am a kite

I'm a kite
as the time goes by
sometimes I dream
you cut my string
and let me free to fly...

8. At The Mercy Of The Wind

[Instrumental]

9. Try To Live

Wake up,wake up now;
let's fight with the tide
Until the end
we can hold out...

Try to live, 'cause it's time to live:
it's such a shame to waste your time
Try to live;stand up and breathe:
it's such a shame
to waste your days like this!

This is your lifeline;
make up your mind
Can you feel the sun?
the spring has come...

Try to live, 'cause it's time to live:
it's such a shame to waste your time
Try to live;stand up and breathe:
it's such a shame
to waste your days like this!

10. Future Is...(Free To Fly)

The future is now,
it's running in our hands:
a fine orchestral tuning
before the very dance

The future is here:
there's always one more page
to write a brand new statement
forgetting old mistakes

So,how does it feel
to know that you can choose your own
direction?
How does it feel
to find out heaven hates to much perfection?

This is your Time
This is your Place
The mighty wind of life
keeps blowing in your face:
This is the Chance
you don't have to waste...

The future is free,
a fruit-tree meant for shaking;
the breathing of a world
forever in the making

and sometimes I think
it's just ahead of dreams:
if we can dream them strong enough
they'll get reality

So,how does it feel
to know that every step will lead you
farther?

How does it feel
to see your footmarks followed by
another?

This is your Time
This is your Place
The mighty wind of life
keeps blowing in your face:
This is the Chance
you don't have to waste...

...I'm a kite
as the time goes by
sometimes I dream
you cut my string
and let me free to fly...

11. The Monster Comes

The Monster comes
in the still of the night
like mist across the alleys

Its spider legs
are tapping on the ground
Its jaws are slowly moving
with no sound

Gliding in the darkness,
worse than any fear
through silent stairs

and empty streets
the monster's drawing near...

And any time
you dream about the war
the crimson eyes shine brighter

And when you shout
until your throat gets sore
and fill your voice with hatred
it wants more

Waiting in the darkness,
feeding on your dread
the monster spins
its subtle web:
the Monster's in our head.