

Young Men Dead (The Art Of Flight)

The Black Angels

Fire for the hills pick up your feet and lets go.
Head for the hills pick up steel on your way.
And when you find a piece of them in your site,
fire at will, dont you waste no time. Another thought of the unaware,
addiction in disguise. With a drop of blood,
you will take them out, for me. Fire from the hills pick up speed and lets go.
Fire for real, yeah shoot to kill with no aim.
Head for the hills yes eyes on the camp fire glow.
Creep up there like a white mink hiding n snow. And outta black a figure forms a soldier in the sky.
With a drop of love, trying to set you free. Run for the hills, pick up your feet and lets go.
We did our jobs, pick up speed now lets move.
The trees cant grow without the sun in their eyes.
And we can't live if we're too afriad to die. Hold on tight, yes hold on tight you're too slow.
Fire at the breeze that blows these thoughts through our mind.
Hire only thieves to steal the thoughts from our heads.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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