

The Falcons

Ritual Front

Looking up, up, up for love finally
Hey, hey
Fire, fire
Down in the foundry
We forge for us the changing bell
Turn your back against the winds
Spit down the wishing well
With nothing left to waste but opportunity
To be the lovers we have longed to be
Now things are looking up, up, up for you
Looking up, up, up for me
Looking up, up, up for us
Finally
We cross the border line
To wake the sleep of color under wind turbines
Look at the rusting of the old machinery
Rusted away, a part of history
Now things are looking up, up, up for you
Looking up, up, up for me

Looking up, up, up for us
Hey, finally
We crossed the border line
Up, up, up, up, up, up, up
Up, up, up, up, up, up
What brings you joy will take your tears
You've been holding back too many years
But you were down and out of luck
Now side by side, we're looking up
Up, up, up, up, up, up, up
Finally
Looking up, up, up for you
Looking up, up, up for me
Looking up, up, up for us
Time to ring that changing bell
Up, up, up, up, up, up, up
Up, up, up, up, up, up, up

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