

# Yellowman

## Aeon Spoke

His eyes are closed his face pale asleep  
on the ground a newspaper reads  
the blood has spilled again  
and you just dream my yellowman  
yellowman

The angels burn a torch to keep us warmHis lungs are wide awake but he won't breathe  
He spits out the ocean and we dream  
like goldfish in a bowl  
They think we're free  
yellowman

You're tying rocks to clouds to stay above the crowds  
The angels burn a torch to keep us warmthe blood has spilled againand you just dream  
yellowman

You never see the bloodstains on the battlefield  
The angels burn a torch to keep us warm

Lyrics provided by

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