

Nite Flights (Moodswings Back To Basics Remix)

David Bowie

There's no hold
The moving has come through
The danger passing you
Turns its face into the heat and runs the tunnels
It's so cold
The dark dug up by dogs
The stiches torn and broke
The raw meat fist you choke
Has hit the bloodlite
Glass traps open and close onNight flights
Broken necks feather weights press the walls
Be my love, we will be gods on night flights
With only one promise, only one way to fall
Glass traps open and close on night flights
Broken necks feather weights press the walls
Be my love, we will be gods on night flights
With only one promise, only one way to call
On night flights
Only one way to fall

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