

The Firebird

music lit

Keep your voices quiet
Ears are all around
If we hide each other
No one will be found I can hear them talking
Lie against the ground
It's almost over
Just don't make a sound Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise
Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise High up in the tower
Chained and bolted down
Looking through the window
Her eyes are on me now I can't escape it
I can't make a sound Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise
Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise Fly the vulture hunter
Scourge upon the town
On your wings of thunder
Bolting through the clouds Be drawn together
Lightning strike them down
[Incomprehensible] Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise
Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise Morning
Waiting for the sun to rise
Waiting for the morning
Waiting for the sun to rise Yeah

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