Sonic Wind

Calexico

Sonic wind honing in
On a tune that no one can hear
Perfect pitch, simple glitch
Promises it would never appearIn the skies
Disguised
Change in direction where birds never fly nor roam
Lie 'neath green valleys and wait for the call to comeFire-tail bats, poised to attack
And set ablaze the rafters and the roofs
Until the plan leaves the hand
Burns the site down to the ground, through the groundCreators are carving and wounds are left to weep
Sink to the table filtering through the years
Closing behind the nightmarish fears that run deep
Down in green valleys wait for the call to comeWhen it's all over and the empty quarter
Returns to the emptiness again5000 miles over airplane graveyards
Landmass oceans wide
Over continents a sonic wind
Honing in on a tune no one can hear
Perfect pitch, simple glitch, promises
Over the skies, in disguiseChange in direction
A sonic wind is blowing
And the fire it is burning
Down in green valleys where birds never fly nor roam
Over airplane graveyards
And the sonic wind is whistling

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