

# Nite Flights

## The Walker Brothers

There's no hold  
The moving '  
Has come through  
The danger  
Brushin you  
Turns its face  
Into the heat  
And runs  
The tunnels  
Its so cold  
The dark  
Dug up  
By dogs  
The stitches  
Torn and broke  
The raw meat fist  
You choke  
Has hit  
The bloodlight  
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 fall

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