Yellowman

Ã†on 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

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