

Wings Wetted Down

Blue Oyster Cult

Flights of black horseman
Soar o'er the churches
Pursued by an army of birds in the rain
None of them can see the clouds
The polished wings don't care
Animal waves through the hazy
Dreams full of pain
Wings wetted down
Stumbling on the ground
It all turns around
In the end, the end, the end
The voices sound deadly
Sometimes I hear

Echoes of empires
Spread throughout the sky
Wings wetted down
Stumbling on the ground
It all turns around
In the end, the end, the end
Flights of black horseman
Soar o'er the churches
Pursued by an army of birds in the rain
Wings wetted down
It all turns around
It all turns around
In the end, the end, the end

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