

# Burning Skies

## Tones On Tail

And the air was alive  
With piercing sound and burning skies.  
The horror did me good; the magic was on my side.  
And hot and cold ideas were running onto your eyes,  
Your sinking grey eyes.  
She shook his head like so much meat  
The horror did me good; time to exercise. Like ice about to melt,  
You empty yourself of everything.  
It's cold and grey again, your body begins to fall.  
The colour blinds your eyes,  
The flavour dulls your taste of anything.  
You try to break out,  
But something's just locked the door. You'll get blue eyes  
If you stand too close to him  
And if I jump for help  
You'll die inside your dream. I love you like you love me not.  
I love you like you love me not. You'll get blue eyes  
If you stand too close to him  
And if I jump for help  
You'll die inside your dream. I love you like you love me not.  
I love you like you love me not. You'll get blue eyes  
If you stand too close to him  
And if I jump for help  
You'll die inside your dream. I love you like you love me not.  
I love you like you love me not. And the air was alive  
With piercing sound and burning skies.  
The horror did me good; the magic was on my side.  
And hot and cold ideas were running onto your eyes,  
Your sinking grey eyes.  
She shook his head like so much meat  
The horror did me good; time to exercise.

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