

## Turn Loose the Doves

It Dies Today

How's the air up there with  
The faithless and aborted souls  
And when the worms carried it away  
Did you cry, did you feel, did you see me pray?

To gods and demons all alike  
To those who would lend an ear that night  
Three thousand miles high  
These wayward wanderers fly

Halfway to heaven  
Yet a stones throw from hell  
Through infinite sorrow  
Soars our exquisite belle

Turn loose the doves and marvel  
At their flight with fractured wings  
Turn loose the doves and listen  
To the mourning chorus start to sing

Anthems of loss, all for you  
They are all for you  
My muse, I never wanted this to fall  
This to fall apart

Choke on the air up there  
From the acid and reviled clouds  
And when we glance down upon our shrine  
There's no viol, violet and no vine

Nor rays from holy heaven bright  
Sweet muse, how far have we strayed  
From this guiding light?  
We strayed from this light

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Scarlet drenched and song less birds  
Deliver us from the underworld  
Scarlet drenched and song less birds  
Deliver us from the underworld

Halfway to heaven  
Yet a stones throw from hell

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Soars our exquisite belle

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