

# Ben Christophers, Falls Into View

Falls into view  
And you find it's not the right way round  
Unfolds a stare I'm homeward bound  
And draws on tomorrow  
Deep city soul  
Does she walk with you between the aisles  
You're flying high over the groves  
Devils heart is broken

All that we are  
We cried ourselves dry  
Everyone sees  
The sweet light of change

Night time came in hooded cloaks  
Slides through starlight and eyelids  
A crushing smile into me goes  
The last wish  
Falls into view