The Ark, Angelheads

With a yawn the peaceful city goes to sleep. "It's long 'til dawn" cries a siren in the street. 'Cause the night is where the young bold lovers rule a reign of spite daytimes they're hidden in the clouds

Click, clack, cluck! When their feet clack to the ground, click, clack, cluck, oh, it makes a lovely sound

'Cause the air is clean, where the danger's always near. It's easy seen, they're unfamiliar with fear

'Cause boys, wanna know what makes men crawl, what makes empires fall. Wanna hear and see it all, 'cause it seems to them a mystic and unbelievable.

Don L. Lee and the sisters of the night is yours for free if you dare to take a bite

'Cause love is cheap and nutritious in the streets. We hide and seek it's easy not to fall asleep.

'Cause boys, wanna know what makes men crawl, what makes empires fall. Wanna hear and see it all, 'cause it seems to them a mystic and unbelievable.

Lofty hills of laughs we climb sugary spices waits outside time is on our side and we have everything to gain But if you hear the mountains swing and if you hear the angels roar let me know, I'll play the chord, there's a go in our flow that would make a strong man bow,

Oh, it's a marvel to be seen how it flows in chryzantemummy green. But some do scorn, hearing the fleshy engines roar, afraid to show where their angelheads do grow

'Cause boys,

wanna know what makes men crawl, what makes empires fall.
Wanna hear and see it all,
'cause it seems to them
a mystic and unbelievable.