

Karl Mohr	Artist	120	BPM		Key
The Fallen Angels are Flying to Korea	Title		:		Duration
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And now there's no more time - it's done the decision's theirs.
 Theirs and not mine.
 I'm here without lovers and determined not to cry.
 I'm here without angels or gargoyles or lovers.

Mine is nothing, they're flying to Korea.
 As bold as lover's hands.
 The fallen angels are flying - they're moving to Korea.
 Without my side.

With their wings spread high and their horns alive
 The bullet speed, with restless steed, the vampires sings
 With blood raging hard and my gargoyles are on their way to Tanzania.

They sent me letters from the pool of all their dinners - poolside dinners.
 Just like you had predicted.
 Here I am, down in my hole, as you predicted, decades ago.
 You chose the pit to the lights above.

One false move and there they go. Walls of steel and button lies high.
 Down push the button or you're blown sky high. Not to mention the lagoon.

Wings of sparrows go. Wings of sparrows go. Rings of herrings flow.

Right where you be loving (belong). Angels' halos.
 With a fire that would grip them. The fur beasts.
 I'm inclined to see the darker side of the world.
 Terra firma. You know I tend to see for miles.
 Your martian craft bring back the sands.
 You can create what you can. One foot after the other. One wing span flies the other.
 One wing span to go the continent.
 One wide wide (white) wing to blow the earth gust.
 And one bold word to pull your mouth shut.
 Just one small small step until your head's bled.
 One week went to make the other hit.
 One wing is an avenue.

There the rain would hide. There even the rain would hide.

The land of the law is the law of the land. They'll fly past your borders with wings of leather. Fly past things to storms and weather. They will touch your hearts with guns and machines of rhythm. They will go into your ----- and invade your heart with guns and machines of (and) rhythm. Send me a smoke signal from your mountain camp.

Sharp lovers for the decency of hard working land, the bullfighter runs to the strength of the man. The tough ancient rock, it holds ancient thoughts. And the minds of the moderns can't keep what they want. The minds of the liars can keep what they want. They got a short memory, yeah. The minds of fallen angels won't ever hear your thoughts. The minds of the eyes, of deep suburban eyes, won't touch upon your wilderness, won't touch upon your kindness.

And they arrive, and they pulled in their wings under their capes - we're hungry and we want kimchee and we want barbecued beef and we want it right now.