

## Flight

### Casualties of Cool

And So it goes  
The Window left open  
I find myself drawn  
To the evening  
Or throw me out  
I'm already leaving  
Or float me down  
To my dreaming  
Paint the streets red  
With my decision  
Feed the pigeons  
With my colluded vision  
I am beyond all this  
I wash my hands of this  
This is my request  
Wish me the best  
This is my request  
Wish me the best  
Now I'm falling  
Now I'm calling  
I go  
Ave Maria  
All we wanted to say  
How much I miss you  
How much I miss you  
All we wanted to say  
How bad I miss you  
How bad I miss you