

## Birds Of Paradise

Chromatics

Baby, when I first saw you,  
I knew you held the keys to my heart,  
and in the setting sun we flew away  
to a broken kind of paradise  
where time would stand still.  
You are the black sky  
always running from the sun.

Paralyzed, I dug a well deep inside.  
I kissed the tide,  
you held the moon  
and carried the stars  
like life was a memory  
and death just a possibility.  
You are the black sky  
always running from the sun.  
You're always running from the sun.