

Here I sit in my bones, on the bones upon the hill
Staring out at the wild, blue yonder
Digging deep, I'd found buttons in my pockets
Naked now my skin begins to crawl
I dream Suits, I see Suits

Looking back, was there ever such a moment
Immersed in mystery I was witnessing a crime
Digging deep I came across a murder
Among the roots of our spreading family tree
We learned to love, we learned to kill
We taught ourselves to rule the world
I dream Suits, I see Suits
Do you see Suits, can you dream Suits?

There I stood, face pressed against the window
I know his number, but I'll never know his name
Behind the glass buried in the sockets
A recognition, my skin begins to crawl

We learned to love, we learned to kill
We taught ourselves to rule this world
But who's the one we're frightened of?
We are the sons of 1470

The geese fly chevrons cross the night sky
Heading south, the hunters lead them on
Jets trail the hems of skirts of angels
A train threads along the valley floor

So here we live in our bones, on the bones beneath the soil
Staring out, mortal in the darkness
Digging deep we try to find the answers
To all the questions that hatch within our skulls

We learned to love, we learned to kill
We taught ourselves to rule this world
For who's the one we're frightened of?
We are the sons of 1470
I dream of Suits. Do you dream Suits?