Angeldust (please Come Down)

Jump, Little Children

The islands off the coast are on fire Yellow and crimson Just beyond calico beach The fire's ascension Of gasoline Burned red and green Is like the blazing corona Of a midnight sun Under the angeldust And the terminus The heavens have already been turned Caught in the circling eye Of a cloudy high Is the feeling that I'm gonna get burned (yeah...) The islands off the coast are on fire Orange and violet Standing on a thundering beach Frozen in silence The rising sounds Of burning ground Is like the carbon echo Of a smoking gun Under the angeldust And the terminus The heavens have already been turned Caught in the circling eye Of a cloudy high Is the feeling that I'm gonna get burned Just beyond the solution Of rolling seas and pollution Salted hands Salted lashes Salted wings Turned to ashes Please come down Please come down Please come down Standing on a turpentine beach The sky's growing blacker The imagery Seems clear to me A glowing symbol of danger On the horizon Under the angeldust and the terminus The heavens have already been turned Caught in the circling eye of a cloudy high Is the feeling that I'm gonna get burned

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Please come down Please come down

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