

After dark and only then
Does life resemble the face of an old friend
Much can be said for a glass half full
Held by a coward's grip, I'll forever ramble

Singing syllables inside my head
All the awful words that you deserve to hear
But never will again

Birds of England, take me high
Atop this burning tree line
Sending signals up with smoke
I'm never coming home

Never coming home

After dark and only then
Can our broken, battered spirits come to mend

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