

## **Willard Grant Conspiracy "Kite Flying"**

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Beneath the blue Organ Mountains  
Beneath the sky and the stars  
Far from the road and trail, I hear you sigh  
I hear you sigh, I hear you sigh

In the skin, in the skin where memory begins  
In the skin, in the skin, it stretches thin in the wind

Freed from the flesh and bone  
Stretched on a cross of wood  
Tied to a string and then flown away  
In the wind, in the wind, in the wind

In the skin, in the skin where memory begins  
In the skin, in the skin, it stretches thin in the wind  
In the skin, in the skin where memory begins  
In the skin, in the skin, it stretches thin in the wind

In the skin, in the skin where memory begins  
In the skin, in the skin, it stretches thin in the wind

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