

## **Jump, Little Children**

### **"Angel Dust"**

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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

The islands off the coast are on fire  
Orange and violet  
Standing on a thundering beach  
Frozen in silence  
The rising sound  
Of burning ground  
Is like a 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  
Is the feeling that I'm gonna get burned

Please come down (x6)

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