

Jump, Little Children "Angeldust"

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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 (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
Is the feeling that I'm gonna get burned

Please come down
Please come down

Please come down
Please come down

Please come down
Please come down

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