

In Cages "Imaginary Flock"

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Verse 1:

The sunrise in the morning, covers all the stars
Walking down the sea lane, footsteps on the salt
They carry pinch of madness, somewhere in a haul
The cars light the freeway, but they don't even stop
they don't even stop
They don't even
Stop

Verse 2:

The hollow soil horizon gives a fabric to the turf
Marching of the workers, sends shiver down the torn
Rising of the Phoenix and its confounded smile
The grass is meant for healing, for the imaginary flock
Imaginary flock
Imaginary
Flock

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