

# Angeltread

## Sixpence None The Richer

Crickets rhythmically sing  
Their mournful melodies  
Of monotone by request  
But they fail, they fail to soothe the mess  
Hands rhythmically grope  
The sheets again for you  
And off rhythm the time slows  
To make moments eternal, moments eternal  
Is this some kind of holy test?  
To stitch the trademarks off my chest  
To get up, walk outside my head  
On a holy search for angeltread  
The moon within it's ball  
Washes white the darkened wall  
With a milky veil of silk  
And I see, I see the spirits lilt  
Now I've lost my fear  
So I pray that you come near  
With a million sparkly lights  
And help me, help me through the night  
Is this some kind of holy test?  
To stitch the trademarks off my chest  
To get up, walk outside my head  
On a holy search for angeltread  
The milky prints of spirits near  
I pray that they have lost their fear  
A million wisps of sparky light  
Weaving through the walls  
Is this some kind of holy test?  
To stitch the trademarks off my chest  
To get up, walk outside my head  
On a holy search for angeltread  
Angeltread, angeltread, angeltread

Lyrics provided by

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