

# Angels of Distress

## Shape of Despair

Come closer for myself... and let your angels fly away.

As i am, forgiven by them... mine angels. Feel mine cleansing touch... fall through your worlds...

fall... onto me. Let me caress you... let me take you through mine worlds.

Let them (mine angels) taste you with this night, with this tongue of this might. Perish... onto us... feel your mind

weaken, your cold body withered...

let us... take you far of this night, far away within distress to die...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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