

Angel Rat

Voivod

the idiot walks along a canvas
Sunday rendezvous; mister phobia" maybe, today, fear will go away, I'll
fly!" a gruesome rain, a seraph wailing
flapping madly, shaking on the wing" listen, my friend, never look down
from the cliff"
"take care, beware! do try to catch
the eclipse" obsession, the will to fly
it would be nice
still, a nagging doubtful mind
it will be fine
straight ahead half luna shines
now is the time here comes darkness
distanced from above
bold emptyness
omniscient fog up on the edge
ready! one, two...go!
rat or angel
does one really know? the idiot walk along a canvas

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