Angelic

SiebenbÃ¼rgen

Angel cried last night; it was something in her dreams,
Carving pictures on her bedroom wall, she wonders what it means,
But gets by inside by saying it's not real,
There's no reason to confuse myself no matter what it seems.
Angel lied last night to amputate her fears,
With no question she exhumes herself from possibilities.
Close your eyes it's fine by saying it's not real,
There's no reason to forgive myself no matter what it seems.
And if I could grow some wings I'd fly away home...

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