Falling Angels

Nitin Sawhney

It's a time for grown up boys
To make a mess of pretty things
To lose yourself and find
A peace in your good-bye
I lost my faith in you
To distant dreams of true
Nothing here redeems me
No angels to release meUnchain my falling angels
Unchain my falling angels
To chain meThe shadows bury me
In rusty memories
Hopes for inside
My angels call good-byes
You lost that photo-album smile
To memories faded, faded, fading
Shall we fade child?

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