

A Room With a View

Death Angel

Sitting at the window staring down
Listen to the people shuffle around
 Hear the children laughing
 Feel the morning breeze
 Sunlight warms his skin
 The autumn air is taken in
A nearby bird sings its song for himA room with a view
 You're looking at him
 He's looking through you
 A room with a view
 Who's fooling who
There's got to be something that he knewSo there he sits and some may wonder
 About the sly grin on his face
 Yet little do they know
 (They don't have a clue)
The boundaries of his wisdom
In the solitude of his kingdom

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