

Angels In Vertigo

Dead Soul Tribe

Dressed in white In painted smile
Summer breeze
Blow You feel
You taste
The stars the Sun and space
So blind not to find
The sublime
Color of my world In bitter green
She comes to me
From dark serene
Below This pill
You taste
It scars upon your face
So many times we left behind
The sublime
Color of my world My world Turning in the void
Like a big bright nothing
Tumble like a stone
Follow anywhere the wind blows Pail lights and
Short sighted
Black ties and
Bleeding lips and
Street signs and
L. A. Times and
One track minds
A sight into my world
My world
Circling the Sun
Like a great white vulture
Angels in vertigo
Falling through the indigo sky Can you see that the world is faded
Can you see that the whole thing's coming down
Does it taste like the clouds are seeded
Did you hear that the bombers are Heaven bound In red so frail
Glow Your tears erase
That smile upon your face
Hide
Can't elide
The mortified

Color of my world
My world Crumbling away
 Like a cheap toy
 Laying in the street
 Getting kicked around
 Breaking down
 Breaking down
 It's breaking down
 Breaking down
 Black lists
 And white lies and
 Purple mountains
 Silver skies
 Hard times
 Failing grips
 War crimes and
 Fleeting trips
 Blue yellow red
 10001
 Blue yellow red
 10001
 War crimes
And fleeting trips
In sharp graphic
 Replication

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