Angel of Small Death and the Codeine Scene

Hoizer

I watch the work of my kin bold and boyful
Toying somewhere between love and abuse
Calling to join them the wretched and joyful
Shaking the wings of their terrible youths
Freshly dissolved in some frozen devotion
No more alone or myself could I be
Looks like a strain to the arms it were open
No shortage of sordid, no protest from me

With her sweetened breath, and her tongue so mean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene
With her straw-blonde hair, her arms hard and lean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene

Feeling more human and hooked on her flesh I
Lay my heart down with the rest at her feet
Fresh from the fields, all feeder and fur tires
Bloody and raw, but I swear it is sweet

With her sweetened breath, and her tongue so mean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene
With her straw-blonde hair, her arms hard and lean
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And lease this confusion, I'll wander the concrete
Wonder if better now having survived
Jarring of judgement and reasons defeat
The sweet heat of her breath in my mouth I'm alive

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