The Suffering Machine

Buck 65

Black Angel
Black Angel
Black Angel
Carry me downJackets and shoes
Pistols and pens
Poor boy, feels like I ain't got no friends
I wake up nervous
Sunday is gloomy
Eyes on the sidewalk
Look right through me
I hear myself breathing
Trying to focus
Goodbye Babylon
Wandering hopeless
The drifter
Singing the lament to the non-trier
The isolation makes me wanna set myself on fire
But I don't live anywhereBlack Angel
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Carry me downBlack Angel
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Carry me downI pick all the flowers
Extinguish the flames
The insanities, I can remember all of their names
The bottom of the barrel
It's no way how to be
But the cold and the silence
beats the shit out of me
The windows are wooden
And I shouldn't complain
I'll just keep digging
Until I'm good and insane
Cobwebs and apple corers
Old ghosts and vestiges
The woman at the desk says I ain't got no messages
But I don't live anywhereBlack Angel
Black Angel

Black Angel
Carry me downLost in a haze
Of fantasy in folklore
The woman I love, she don't want me no more
Inebriated, alleviated of pain and speaking wild
Full-grown man, reduced to a weakling child
Hard a hearing, short-tempered, long viewing, completely disappeared
and cleared of all wrong doing
Challenging the calendars
And tempting the clocks
Tree knocked over
Inside an empty box
And I don't live anywhereBlack Angel
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Carry me downBlack Angel
Black Angel
Black Angel
Carry me down

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