

Ex-Tc

Death Angel

Black covers the mass
The mist it's so dense
It's soothing to breathe I reach out my hand
Into the sights
Yet I grasp nothing All seems different to me
What I've seen before Yearn for the feel
The warmth that's inside
A childish grin I joyfully scream
To deafened ears
It's time to begin All seems different to me
What I've seen before
Can't help but notice
Hidden feelings I had stored You stare at me
As if I am strange
My eyes open wide I feel the beauty
Of all around
Then run through the tides Come into my place
There is great pleasure
In what you will find I throw away hate
That's how you tell
X is on my mind All seems different to me
What I've seen before
Can't help but notice
Hidden feelings I had stored

Songwriters

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