

Falling Angels

Dhruv Visvanath

It's a time for grown up boys
To make a mess of pretty things
 To lose yourself and find
 A peace in your good-bye
 I lost my faith in you
 To distant dreams of true
 Nothing here redeems me

No angels to release me
Unchain my falling angels
 Unchain my falling angels
To chain me
The shadows bury me
 In rusty memories
 Hopes for inside
 My angels call good-byes
You lost that photo-album smile
To memories faded, faded, fading
 Shall we fade child?

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