

# I Chose The Sky

## Death Angel

Your thoughts attack, you made your bed

You moved your king, now rest your head

The cutting edge or so you think

Your thoughts are ancient, your ways extinct What do you want? What do you need?

Just stay away and leave me be

Stand by your choice, I stand by mine

You chose the ground, I chose the sky The choice to break, no choice at all

Stung by your venom, chained to walls

Black clouds above, the sun is gray

Bad luck surrounds us just like prey What do you want? What do you need?

Just stay away and leave me be

Stand by your choice, I stand by mine

You chose the ground, I chose the sky

Songwriters

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