

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 Now go and roust your little group
And go convince them of your truth
They'll see your best, no doubt, at first
Until they see you at your worst

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