

Twelve Angels

Mr Twin Sister

Walking into the billiards, alone in drag,
Hours on 112, no ID in my bag,
And the only light is the red open sign,
Twelve angels, per three tables, lined in four lines,
I'm here in midnight bioluminous. Twelve angels, one for each table,
And the red open sign,
Here in midnight bioluminous.
I've fallen for an illusion,
An instinctual cry for change,
And I promised myself no more confusion,
No more thoughts to derange,
And as i sink into my vinyl chair,
Someone tries to look it through me,
I choose light to turn its way,
And let the dark matter into me. I've fallen for an illusion. I see peers of mine staring my way,
Drippy canine eyes,
Trying to look it through me,
And what do I do I turn,
Tightly its way,
And let the dark matter into me.
What more can I say?
I've fallen for an illusion,
Told myself no more confusion.
Somewhere there's a chord sitting in the air for me,
But tonight I don't wanna care for me.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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