

Empire

The Black Angels

Oh, the empires calling,
Trying to hear his voice,
While hes preaching to the choir,
And that choir is death and noise. And he closes up his fist, and he sees if they exist. Angels with broken wings,
Melodic harmonies she sings.
She brings you white daffodils,
You place them on your windowsill. Then you open up your fist, and you see if they exist. Well you sit in dark
forests,
Youve been there for quite a while.
And when they come to take you,
You just sit and smile. You say, Hey, you take this. Im gonna see if you exist. Oh its time to leave here,
And I still have my knife,
And its pressed up against my body,
Tonights gonna be the night. And I cut my own wrist, just to see if I exist.

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