

# Shooting Angels

I.Q.

Something's up on the northern skyline  
Angels descending from their gallery on high  
Rally around me slowly  
Angels with dirty faces  
Leaving their lipstick trace across the human race  
Heavenly host unholy Walking the wire, I jump the gun  
Some of us fly too close to the sun  
Gone are the days when Heaven could wait  
Thought there was time but now it's too late  
So when you hear the angels sing  
Get ready to spread your wings  
How the hell am I going to do this?  
Heavenly bodies multiplying through the mist  
Steadily swell their numbers  
Under celestial orders  
Ascending the clouds right up into the stratosphere  
Marching us down to Slumbertown Walking the wire, I'm taking aim  
Keeping my tail ahead of the game  
Gone are the days of Heaven's Lament  
Satellite plays the whole event  
So when you want to take them higher  
Get ready to open fire In Arcadia,  
All they've made of light is shade  
A halcyon retreat now frayed  
Stay together in a hell for leather world  
Torn apart by angels and their battlecries  
Solo Walking the wire, I jump the gun  
Some of us fly too close to the sun  
Gone are the days when Heaven could wait  
Thought there was time but now it's too late  
So when you hear the angels sing  
Get ready to spread their wings  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>