

Angel Of Small Death The Codeine Scene

[Hozier](#)

I watch the work of my kin bold and boyful
Toying somewhere between love and abuse
Calling to join them the wretched and joyful
Shaking the wings of their terrible youths
Freshly dissolved in some frozen devotion
No more alone or myself could I be
Looks like a strain to the arms it were open
No shortage of sordid, no protest from me
With her sweetened breath, and her tongue so mean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene
With her straw-blond hair, her arms hard and lean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene
Feeling more human and hooked on her flesh I
Lay my heart down with the rest at her feet
Fresh from the fields, all fetor and fertile
Bloody and raw, but I swear it is sweet
With her sweetened breath, and her tongue so mean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene
With her straw-blond hair, her arms hard and lean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene
And lease this confusion, I'll wander the concrete
Wonder if better now having survived
Jarring of judgement and reasons defeat
The sweet heat of her breath in my mouth I'm alive
With her sweetened breath, and her tongue so mean
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene
With her straw-blond hair, her arms hard and lean
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Songwriters

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