

Aaron, Angel Dust

Broken dreams of flyin birdsd
irty hands on skinny arms
just hanging down her shoulders
like a deadly young old tree
and a bit of blood rollin', gently down her nose
on the floor the princess, strikes the pose
say goodbye to angel dust
the only angel that you trust
dirty fingers on her hands
doin' stuff that she can't stand
opening doors don't want to see
and closin one she wanna be
broken wings by the real world
princess diving on her own,
on the floor the princess, strikes the pose
say goodbye to angel dust
the only angel that you trust
the floor is cold
her blood too hot
the pain could go
just with one shot
sleep little princess
one last caress
one last pearl of blood
rollin on your world
so slow
she almost touches
the rainbow
sometimes I do wonder