

# Animal Collective, La Rapet

Watch the scene bend as my white face cut the skies like daggers  
Face you towards the wall, you can't function but  
you move a hobbie

Reaching to the whore, step around the leash, to find the lobby  
It seems you've locked the door  
See an angel and you lose your body.

My god,  
it's an angel.

It's an angel.

It's an angel

We had a date, at least I'm not a porn sleeze  
Isabelle, Isabelle, can't you hear me I can't tell  
They're in the room, like in the first job

Hold me dear, hold me dear, can't you feel they're touched you're in  
They'd return to throne, let them serve in battle-  
Hands devoured!

Take them back their homes, let their minds go where-  
There flights can't take them!

Please you've got two birds, so I highly choose-  
In the basement!

Get out light the match, if there's angel shadows on the ceiling-  
My god,

it's an angel!

it's an angel!

it's an angel!

Don't have a room, each one's with a prior  
Isabelle, Isabelle, we're not talking you're not well  
Well likes it goes, it's just they can't hang there-

Take them in, save them in, can't you see we're on to plan  
On to plan

.....There've been sadder days.... (sadder days).... ummmm... angeeellls... (what?)... Sadder days

Starting, to rotting, and knotting pretty angels...

They're starting, to rotting, and nodding pretty angels...

They're starting, to rotting, and nodding pretty angels...

They're starting, to rotting, and nodding pretty angels...

Pretty angels...

Grab the bitches throat

Then she'll see the light

To leave the shudder

Please shed up the dog, we don't want them chasing-

We!? Fat chances

Break me off a piece, for there's an angel with-

A hand that's open.

Like not angel to eat, said the lady to-

The ground, he then ate him

Some christ pie...

It's the ange!!!

It's your ange!!!

your ange!!!

How did they get cloned we've seen all your plant seeds

Isabell, Isabell, you're not with me when I plant

What about that pie, such is all that I know

It's a shame, it's a shame, it's just you're not on to the plan... on to the plan...

Some peoples eyes are too itsy bitsy I'm so sorry

French braids will crack a window and the wind might say

The birds are callin' for you please don't follow

stolen from the animal collective message board at