

Archive, Nothing Else

My Angel! Clipped wings, I know.
Wanders in darkness, on grimy ground.
In a forest, unclean, unsound.
Everything, everything's gone wild.
Make land for the cows to graze,
leaflets scatter around to advertise.
Sellout....

A swamp, in it hands streched out
to catch a passing dime.
Donations to the rich,
widened opavements for the poor,
somewhere else to lie.
But my friend the carriage door
stands slightly ajar,
and I know clipped wings make uneasy flight,
but we've gotta reach!

A place where the feast never ends,
when the music celebrates.
In a time when darkness belongs
to night's skies and
nothing else.

Tomorrow my spirit's seen,
fears today my mind,
soul aches to deep,
always craves my body to reach
A place where the feast never ends
a moment when the music celebrates
and a time where darkness belongs to night's skies and
nothing else!