

# Dead Soul Tribe, Angels In Vertigo

Dressed in white In painted smile  
Summer breeze  
Blow

You feel  
You taste  
The stars the Sun and space  
So blind not to find  
The sublime  
Color of my world

In bitter green  
She comes to me  
From dark serene  
Below

This pill  
You taste  
It scars upon your face  
So many times we left behind  
The sublime  
Color of my world

My world

Turning in the void  
Like a big bright nothing  
Tumble like a stone  
Follow anywhere the wind blows

Pail lights and  
Short sighted  
Black ties and  
Bleeding lips and  
Street signs and  
L. A. Times and  
One track minds  
A sight into my world  
My world  
Circling the Sun  
Like a great white vulture  
Angels in vertigo  
Falling through the indigo sky

Can you see that the world is faded  
Can you see that the whole thing's coming down  
Does it taste like the clouds are seeded  
Did you hear that the bombers are Heaven bound

In red so frail  
Glow

Your tears erase  
That smile upon your face  
Hide  
Can't elide  
The mortified  
Color of my world

My world

Crumbling away  
Like a cheap toy  
Laying in the street

Getting kicked around  
Breaking down  
Breaking down

It's breaking down  
Breaking down

Black lists  
And white lies and  
Purple mountains  
Silver skies  
Hard times  
Failing grips  
War crimes and  
Fleeting trips  
Blue yellow red  
10001  
Blue yellow red  
10001

War crimes  
And fleeting trips

In sharp graphic  
Replication