

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