

Pitchfork Project, Angels

we're standing on a hill
you and me
touched by god
love is our armory

you hold my hand
lights from above
flowers around us
they bow for our love

birds are singing
in the sky
give me your hand
we have to go
into the wasteland

we are the last defenders
our wings spread wide
you press my hand
our fate is to fight

they can't tear us apart
the sky is fading to grey
tears in our eyes
tears in our eyes

we are walking over skeletons
we are praying for another day
we are passing recent battlefields
our love can't force this storm away