

Silver, Angels Calling

The cigarette smoke chokes, the coffee is weak
Only empty faces on this endless street
On a sorrow trip to the promised land
Giving up all hope stuck in sinking sand
The grass is greener on the other side
But the honey is sweeter on saturday nights
There' s gotta be some hope before I die
Because the truth is the truth or the truth is surely a lie

Hear the angels calling
Searching for the blind
Crown the queen of silence
Leave the sinking ship behind

When I reach the bottom, hardly alive
Tired of feeding pigs, you know I gotta survive
I can hear the bells from the underground
In a world that keeps on pushing me around
When their big balls don' t impress me anymore
When I' ve heard all their empty rhymes before
When the angels are calling for better times
Appolyon seems stronger on the other side

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The kids are knocking on my door
They just want more and more and more
But nothing really matters, no
I left the banners on the floor
No, nothing really matters at all

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