

The Black League, Better Angels

So they came into being
Under a dying sun
Better angels of our nature
A job well done?
Don't under the surface
Lying dead but dreaming
Better angels of our natures
'twas a dream worth dreaming...

When all our wisdom has faded
All is said and done
Our good intentions are jaded, jaded
And all hope is done
For the better angels

So the seagulls landed
On a dying shore
And all our hopes were stranded
Growing faint to the core
Yet the city's breathing
Forever dead but dreaming
Better angels of our nature
'twas a dream worth dreaming...

Let us pray for our better angels...