Velvet Underground, The Black Angel's Death So

The myriad choices of his fate Set themselves out upon a plate

For him to choose

What had he to lose

Not a ghost bloodied country

All covered with sleep

Where the black angel did weep

Not an old city street in the east

Gone to choose

And wandering's brother

Walked on through the night

With his hair in his face

On a long splintered cut from the knife of G.T.

The rally man's patter ran on through the dawn

Until we said so long

To his skull-shrill yell

Shining brightly red-rimmed and

Red-lined with the time

Infused with the choice of the mind

On ice skates scraping chunks

From the bells

Cut mouth bleeding razor's

Forgetting the pain

Antiseptic remains cool goodbye

So you fly

To the cozy brown snow of the east

Gone to choose, choose again

Sacrificials remains make it hard to forget

Where you come from

The stools of your eyes

Serve to realize fame, choose again

And roverman's refrain of the sacrilege recluse

For the loss of a horse

Went the bowels and a tail of a rat

Come again, choose to go

And if Epiphany's terror reduced you to shame

Have your head bobbed and weaved

Choose a side to be on

If the stone glances off

Split didactics in two

Leave the colors of the mouse trails

Don't scream, try between

If you choose, if you choose, try to lose

For the loss of remain come and start

Start the game I che che che I

Che che ka tak koh

Choose to choose

Choose to choose, choose to go