

# Angels, Take A Long Line

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

He comes from a wasteland where stones misdeed into the night  
they pretend they feed him, then shoot him down in the  
search light

They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like them  
dressing you up in a straight jacket

Wearing his straight jacket, taking his pay back in scars  
she lies beside him and tells him that life's not too hard

They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like them  
dressing you up in a straight jacket

Caught by the fear and the anger of all you despise  
wanting the feeling of eden, you've learnt how to die

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