

Christian Death, The Angels

Rubella, my love, some say we shall overcome
But the sickness bites hard
And yes, the razor's old
Their poisons braced in surrender
Killed every first born son
We were kneeling, dressed for burial,
Reaching for the knave
Heard voices laugh in the spirit at the
Plight of the living dead
A ghost at the bottom of my glass
Made it clear what they had said
"His devil's hear in a tinder-box,
this dog has turned away"
Well, I can't remember god when I'm...
And I'm drunk all day

(Chorus)

Before I leave you, bring the demon's on
Your beauty sleep brought to mind
A fever hung on the mid-wife's jaw

(Chorus) repeat

Some said I was wrong to dream that way
And some made light of death and sorrow
But death is glory...now