

# Death Angel, A Room With A View

(Words & Music: Cavestany)

Sitting at the window staring down  
Listen to the people shuffle around  
Hear the children laughing  
Feel the morning breeze  
Sunlight warms his skin  
The autumn air is taken in  
A nearby bird sings its song for him

A room with a view  
You're looking at him  
He's looking through you  
A room with a view  
Who's fooling who  
There's got to be something that he knew

So there he sits and some may wonder  
About the sly grin on his face  
Yet little do they know  
(they don't have a clue)  
The boundaries of his wisdom  
In the solitude of his kingdom