

Dover, Angelus

ANGELUS

I feel so much sorrow on my skin, on my skin
I feel so much sorrow on my skin, on my skin
With everybody gone, don't you get sick alone?
I wish you were at home, I wish you didn't go

I feel so much sorrow on my skin, on my skin
I feel so much sorrow on my skin, on my skin
With everybody gone, don't you get sick alone?
I wish you were at home, I wish you'd never go
I'll wait till you wash my blood,
I'll wait till you wash my blood,

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