

Meat Puppets, God's Holy Angels

It must be one of God's holy angels!
Clouds and boulders that seem so real
They just swept all the sands away I feel
Cold blue sunshine and poison breath
Turned a corner and now become unreal
And the fragrant wind caught a restless flight
A chorus of angels
Man-made monsters that feed on blood
All these creatures should be unplugged, I feel
Poisoned footsteps and silence fall
These alliances should be dissolved, I feel
And the fragrant wind caught a restless flight
A chorus of angels
Deep in the heart of the forest
The land makes eyes to see
It must be one of God's holy angels!
Everybody seems so upset
All this water might get me wet, I feel
Manic monkeys that feed on blood
And all these pancakes are piled up to my ears
And the fragrant wind caught a restless flight
A chorus of angels
All the little angels...
(small inaudible voice)
They're amongst you
Sweet shinin' light
It must be one of God's holy angels!
There's no such thing as angels.
No, I swear, it's an angel, goddamn it!
The goddamn ghost of God...
It's the goddamn ghost of God, goddamn it!
Put some more bagpipe on this motherfucker!
(small inaudible voice)