

Sixpence None the Richer, Angelthead

crickets rhythmically sing
their mournful melodies
of monotone by request
but they fail, they fail
to soothe the mess

hands rhythmically grope
the sheets again for you
and off-rhythm the time slows
to make moments eternal
moments eternal

is this some kind of holy test
to stitch the treadmarks off my chest
to get up walk outside my head
on a holy search for angelthead

the moon within its ball
washes white the darkened wall
with a milky veil of silk
and i see, i see
the spirits lift

now i've lost my fear
so i pray that you come near
with a million sparkly lights
and help me, help me through the night

the milky prints of spirits near
i pray that they have lost their fear
a million wisps of sparkly light
weaving through the walls...