

Stretch Armstrong, Angels Of The Silences

Well I guess you left me with some feathers in my hand
Did it make it any easier to leave me where I stand?
I guess there might not be too many who would stand beside you now
Where'd you come from? Where am I going?
Why'd you leave me 'till I'm only good for...

Waiting for you
All my sins...
I said that I would pay for them if I could come back to you
All my innocence is wasted on the dead and dreaming

Every night these silhouettes appear above my head
Little angels of the silences that climb into my bed and whisper
Every time I fall asleep Every time I dream
"Did you come? Would you lie?
Why'd you leave us 'till we're only good for...

Waiting for you"
All my sins...
I said that I would pay for them if I could come back to you
All my innocence is wasted on the dead and dreaming

I dream of Michelangelo when I'm lying in my bed
Little angels hang above my head and read me like an open book
Suck my blood, break my nerve offer me their arms
Well, I will not be an enemy of anything
I'll only stand here

Waiting for you
All my sins...
I said that I would pay for them if I could come back to you
All my innocence is wasted on the dead and dreaming

crbt2('Stretch Arm Strong','Angels Of The Silences')

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Artist Info