

Supreme Beings Of Leisure, Angelhead

And there you are
Swift wings don't make a sound
Your pilot star
The voice won't let you down
The angel in your head
The angel in your head

You're down on bended knee
Some nights just push the edge
Another foggy bit creeps in beneath door
You've sought your shelter in some of the strangest arms
It's any wonder that you've made it to the shore
Tired and sore

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Your heavy tears they fall
Your heart it weighs a ton
Another blind ballet of
Trouble that you brew
Be still your comfort has been with
You all along
In faded whispers your dawns
Coming into view
You always knew

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