

# The Creatures, Exterminating Angel

Here it comes again  
Taste of jagged glass and rusty can  
There are just black holes  
Where the stars would be watching  
Just black holes  
Where the stars should have been  
Plumes of dirt  
Caress a urine coloured sun  
Swarms of angels  
Come to kill your sons  
And there's nothing but black holes  
Where the stars should have been  
Nothing but black holes  
Where the stars would be watching

Oh those strange argonauts  
Digging again in your pit  
Cover them in menstrual stream  
Cover them in black gold  
Plunge them into ingots  
Ripping through your menstrual stream  
Rising up taste of rusty can  
And jagged glass feeling again  
Here it comes again...

Hordes of locusts blot out your sun  
Raining down - rain on everyone  
Poor little rich thing  
Poor little bleeding heart  
Poor little misunderstood  
Piss on it - I'm sick of it  
Enough is enough  
I wanna fuck it up  
In spite of it  
Just for the hell of it  
I wanna fuck it up  
Out of sync - out of phase  
Out of sight - out of spite  
Raining down, raining everyone  
Poor little rich thing  
Poor little bleeding heart  
Poor little misunderstood  
Piss on it - I'm sick of it

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