

The Creatures, Exterminating Angel (nu skool mix)

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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