

The Nice, Azrael Revisited

They ask me what grey thought has just clouded my eye
I told them that Azrael looked down on their decline
What grey thought, if any, crossed the landscape of your mind
I told them that Azrael looks down on you from behind

I told them what they asked, why I hold my breath
If Azrael on wings of death collects his pound of flesh
I told them what they asked, why I hold my breath
Azrael the angel brings only death