

# The Velvet Underground, The Black Angel's Death

The myriad choices of his fate  
Set themselves out upon a plate  
For him to choose  
What had he to lose

Not a ghost bloodied country  
All covered with sleep  
Where the black angel did weep  
Not an old city street in the east

Gone to choose

And wandering's brother  
Walked on through the night  
With his hair in his face  
On a long splintered cut from the knife of G.T.

The rally man's patter ran on through the dawn  
Until we said so long  
To his skull-shrill yell

Shining brightly red-rimmed and  
Red-lined with the time  
Infused with the choice of the mind  
On ice skates scraping chunks  
From the bells

Cut mouth bleeding razor's  
Forgetting the pain  
Antiseptic remains cool goodbye  
So you fly  
To the cozy brown snow of the east

Gone to choose, choose again

Sacrificials remains make it hard to forget  
Where you come from  
The stools of your eyes  
Serve to realize fame, choose again

And roverman's refrain of the sacrilege recluse  
For the loss of a horse  
Went the bowels and a tail of a rat  
Come again, choose to go

And if Epiphany's terror reduced you to shame  
Have your head bobbed and weaved  
Choose a side to be on

If the stone glances off  
Split didactics in two  
Leave the colors of the mouse trails  
Don't scream, try between

If you choose, if you choose, try to lose  
For the loss of remain come and start  
Start the game I che che che che I  
Che che ka tak koh  
Choose to choose  
Choose to choose, choose to go