Urban Species, Angry Angel

This is an obsession, a kind of agression with himself It's the way hell always be He loves to rebel to go against his ten commandments For him, thats just being free.

And he always will, get his thrills, the only way he knows how Well it might make you frown But he loves, being that dove, roaming where he cares to go To a state of mind that no-one knows

Over there stands my angry angel And shes shaking her head, in disgrace with me Yeah over there stands my angry angel And shes frowning like hell, but i'm not feeling guilty

Over and over again, more and more for the pain To release himself, from this shell Time after time, you may glare at Him for the way he looks like something drawn up from hell

But that's just his cover From what is under it All his imagination, his Passion for a creation Which he has discovered, Uncovered a world, of Amazing sensations His own little nation

I dont care, I'm flying