

# Winterpills, Angels Fall

at the loser's ball  
you were pretty and tall  
writing in the wall in your childish scrawl  
pretty and tall, you were born to fall  
they were on their knees, they were wailing:

burn your wings on the sun  
trying to lose everyone  
burn your wings on the sun  
and you're falling, falling

cold nights spent  
dreaming other men's words  
sleeping in the wings  
of your sedative birds  
hoarding all your charms  
in your phantom arms  
hiding from the hail and the thunder

burn your wings on the sun  
trying to love everyone  
burn your wings on the sun  
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