

411**"Mechanical Angels"**Visit "[Mechanical Angels](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Cinderblocks, every wheel lifted into heaven,
Axle cracked, and all of it's safety glass shattered,
No gas cap, instead he would stuff this rag inside it,
Loose tail pipe, odometer pointing toward the twilight,
Toward all the angels nodding and folding their wings
before the decline of
Day.

Heartless car, your broken down engine, ruined
pistons,
Smallest star, part of the biggest constellation,
Curling horns emerge from the foreheads of all the
mechanics,
Mechanical angels, chosen, tucked in by virgins, met
with a spectral charm.

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