

Angels Comsat "As Above So Below"

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Some things are best left behind
Left to fade and not leave a trace
Stop thinking of someone you knew
Forget that face

Let the details just slip from your mind
A story that that no-one can tell
No fingers that point back to you
So what the hell?
It's just out of reach, up in the air
Who knows how the pieces will land
There's a twist in the road, round the next bend
But the wheel's in your hands
The wheel's in your hands
As above, so below
Let your colours fly! Let the good times roll!
Back to the start, to wipe the slate
Cut away that part, forget that face
Cut! To a house on a hill
No-one lives there anymore
The windows are all boarded up
Forget that place

And it's into the centre we rise
All there is is all that you see
Nothing is hidden away
No mystery
It's just out of reach, up in the air
Who knows how the pieces will land
There's a twist in the road, round the next bend
But the wheel's in your hands
The wheel's in your hands
As above, so below
Let your colours fly! Let the good times roll!
Back to the start, to wipe the slate
Cut away that part, forget that face

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