

D.B.C.

"The Angel Comes"

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What an evil look
That showed your true side
Of your existence
And all the bad things you hide
Simple distracion
The way you bring us down (down, down...)
Because you like us
Always will invite us
To wear the exact same frown
Why is it like this? (Why is it like this?)
No pleasure is allowed
Why do you like it? (Why do you like it?)
You like this pain that makes you proud
The angel comes and shows her face
And puns you in your righteous place
The angel comes and shows her face
And puns you in your righteous place
What happened in your life
That made you feel so cold
Lies from the past come forth
And never take a hold
Never before this have I felt
The need to breathe
The time has come now
The choice is made you know
I have to leave
Why is it like this? (Why is it like this?)
No pleasure all despair
Why do you like it (Why do you like it?)
This is the pain you think is fair
The angel comes and shows her face
And puns you in your righteous place
The angel comes and shows her face
And puns you in your righteous place
About the time the dreaming had stopped
That's when I fear that you're gone
That's when I feel...
The angel comes and shows her face
And puns you in your righteous place
The angel comes and shows her face
And puns you in your righteous place

The angel comes and shows her face
And puns you in your righteous place
The angel comes and shows the way
And puns you in your righteous place
About the time the dreaming had stopped
That's when I fear that you are gone
Never before this have I felt, never before...

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