

Christian Death "The Angels"

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R. Williams

Rubella, my love, some say we shall overcome

But the sickness bites hard

And yes, the razor's old

Their poisons braced in surrender

Killed every first born son

We were kneeling, dressed for burial,

Reaching for the knave

Heard voices laugh in the spirit at the

Plight of the living dead

A ghost at the bottom of my glass

Made it clear what they had said

"His devil's hear in a tinder-box,

this dog has turned away"

Well, I can't remember god when I'm...

And I'm drunk all day

(Chorus)

Before I leave you, bring the demon's on

Your beauty sleep brought to mind

A fever hung on the mid-wife's jaw

(Chorus) repeat

Some said I was wrong to dream that way

And some made light of death and sorrow

But death is glory...now

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