

**Natasha St-pierre****"Un Ange Frappe à Ma Porte"**

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A sign, a tear  
A word, a weapon  
To clean the stars with the alcohol of my soul

An emptiness, a pain  
Roses that lose color  
Someone who takes the place of another

An angel knocks on my door  
Do I let it enter  
It isn't always my fault  
If things are broken  
The devil knocks on my door  
He wants to speak with me  
There is still another side of me  
Attracted by danger

A filter, a weakness  
Love, a flaw  
I'm drowning in a glass of water  
I feel sick in my skin

I laugh, I hide the truth behind a mask  
The sun will never rise

An angel knocks on my door  
Do I let it enter  
It isn't always my fault  
If things are broken  
The devil knocks on my door  
He wants to speak with me  
There is still another side of me  
Attracted by danger

I'm not that strong  
And I don't sleep at night  
All these dreams harm me  
A child knocks on my door  
He lets the light in  
He has my eyes and my heart  
And behind him is hell...

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