

Afterhours "During Christine's Sleep"

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There was an angel face
And there were these angel eyes
And as he wakes up
and all is always settled
And as he wakes up
and maybe is tired
And as he wakes up
and there is this sense of evil
And as he wakes up
and he has to clean
Clean Clean Clean Clean
My prick is dead
My heart is dead
My soul is dead
My head is dead
Stone heart - Stone heart -
you such a Stone heart
There was an angel face
and there were these angel eyes
(Grazie a Luca per questo testo)

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