

## Pitchfork Project "Angels"

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we're standing on a hill  
you and me  
touched by god  
love is our armory

you hold my hand  
lights from above  
flowers around us  
they bow for our love

birds are singing  
in the sky  
give me your hand  
we have to go  
into the wasteland

we are the last defenders  
our wings spread wide  
you press my hand  
our fate is to fight

they can't tear us apart  
the sky is fading to grey  
tears in our eyes  
tears in our eyes

we are walking over skeletons  
we are praying for another day  
we are passing recent battlefields  
our love can't force this storm away

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