

Death Angel

"EX-TC"

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Black covers the mass
The mist it's so dense
It's soothing to breathe

I reach out my hand
Into the sights
Yet I grasp nothing

All seems different to me
What I've seen before

Yearn for the feel
The warmth that's inside
A childish grin

I joyfully scream
To deafened ears
It's time to begin

All seems different to me
What I've seen before
Can't help but notice
Hidden feelings I had stored

You stare at me
As if I am strange
My eyes open wide

I feel the beauty
Of all around
Then run through the tides

Come into my place
There is great pleasure
In what you will find

I throw away hate
That's how you tell
X is on my mind

All seems different to me
What I've seen before

Can't help but notice
Hidden feelings I had stored

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