

The Killing Moon

"Postcard From Los Angeles"

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You're like a vampire when you bite
But just like all angels you fly away
Forget your lust burial forget them all
This mass grae has collected the last of it's souls
So you thought that you were in the clear
And you thought that you could come back here
And continue with a smile from ear to ear
You're not clever enough to change my mind
Unless heaven above falls from the sky
Try to fly without prosthetic wings
No one truly forgives and forgets
And you wonder why we'll take you back to the start
Before you lost your heart
When you felt the same as I do
When you could put the past behind you
But now it's too late and there won't be another day
For you to turn my life around
Try to fly, you'll hit the ground, I can see it now
Send a postcard from heLLA
And you're right where you belong
At least you don't have to feel guilty
When you're singing your love songs

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