

Heap Imogen "Angry Angel"

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This is an obsession, a kind of aggression with himself
It's the way hell always be
He loves to rebel, to go against his ten commandments
For him, that's just being free
And he always will, gets his thrills, the only way he
knows
how
Well it might make you frown
But he loves, being that dove, roaming where he cares
to go
to a state of mind that no one knows
Over there stands my angry angel
and she's shaking her head, in disgrace with
me
Yeah over there stands my angry angel
and she's frowning like hell, but I'm not
feeling guilty
Over and over again, more and more for the pain
To release himself, from this shell
Time after time, you may glare at
him for the way he looks
Like something drawn up from
Hell
But that's just his cover,
from what is under it
All his imagination, his
passion for creation
which he has discovered,
uncovering a world, of
amazing sensations
His own little nation
I don't care,
I'm flying

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