

Beggars Opera

"Angelus Thread"

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Hiding in the small inventions treating life as empty
rush upon rush of you.
You must have loved me you never offered you
needed nothing but your
play space open. A ruder regret was just to attack you
when senselessness
gazed at the atrophied hulk of you lost in your
dreaming. Matter to me that
you didn't see it 17 years I didn't want to loose it.
Scared to expose your
needs to the great running river. Uninteresting shades
glow for the moment
ambitions so towering can't tell you how I might have
screwed it up in the
fact that you needed me. Used to the limits of
openness tiring all of me the
gate could not hold open. To prepare even more
seclusion is you there's
always another layer in spaces even smaller and
further inside in the
angelus thread of shame and of surrealing. Biting at
conscience it eats at
the nourishing substance creeping even further till fall
you must fall and still
further till over you go into deep crenillations and
wonder how the hell you
got there

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