

6ths, The "Angels Of Deception"

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Well its high noon at the U.K. corral,
& its high time I got myself back on the rails,
I'm the lonesome cowboy, ridin across the range,
with just a hand held radio--to keep me sane,
ridin through the f.m. stations, the tumbleweed,
& the petrol stations,
Will all on board this yankee station
Prepare themselves for battle stations--

CHORUS

Jesus Wept. Jesus CHRIST.
I can't see for the tear gas, & the dollar signs in my
eyes.
Well, whats a man got left to fight for
when he's bought his freedom
by the look of this human jungle
It aint just the poor who'll be bleeding!

Most everyone round here thinks they're something
special
that destiny will be kind--
While they're digging for gold, diving for pearls,
& aiming for heaven from this man made world.

Come on down--the devil's in town
He's brought you sticks and stones
to bust your neighbors bones,
he's stuck his missiles in your gardens,
& his theories down your throat--
& god knows what your gonna do with him
Cos I certainly don't

CHORUS

Down by the river, I've been washing out my mouth,
cos deep in the heart of me
there's a frightened man breaking out.
Oh I was just looking for paradise
anywhere in this world

While they're gunning for heaven--
from this man made hell!!!

Angels of Destruction.
Angels of Destruction

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