

An Albatross

"The Hymn Of The Angel People"

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Visions Come,
Divisions Go
Dancing deity,
Twist & Flow

Blessed baby,
From now on...
Ride me,
Guide me,
To the golden dawn
The Goddess awaits,
Unlock the gates, baby!

Storming the gates of the czar!
Storming the gates of the czar!

Nation of Suffocation!

ALRIGHT!
The goddess has risen above the valley of the
dwellphants,
We, The Angel people have scaled the summit
And emancipated our souls from the
Captivity of the material mire below!

This is the battle cry of the free (wo)man,
This is the battle cry of The (angel) people!

Alright?

Storming the gates of the czar &
Plotting annihilation
(Of the) nation of suffocation!

Awaken,
The realization of an ancient rite:
3, 000 lightyears into time,
A vanguard of pilgrims heeded the call
In response to a vision they observed
Whilst wandering the high cultural desert.

