

Six Pence None The Richer "Angeltread"

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Crickets rhythmically sing
Their mournful melodies
Of monotone by request
But they fail, they fail to soothe the mess

Hands rhythmically grope
The sheets again for you
And off rhythm the time slows
To make moments eternal, moments eternal

Is this some kind of holy test?
To stitch the trademarks off my chest
To get up, walk outside my head
On a holy search for angeltread

The moon within it's ball
Washes white the darkened wall
With a milky veil of silk
And I see, I see the spirits lilt

Now I've lost my fear
So I pray that you come near
With a million sparkly lights
And help me, help me through the night

Is this some kind of holy test?
To stitch the trademarks off my chest
To get up, walk outside my head
On a holy search for angeltread

The milky prints of spirits near
I pray that they have lost their fear
A million wisps of sparky light
Weaving through the walls

Is this some kind of holy test?
To stitch the trademarks off my chest
To get up, walk outside my head
On a holy search for angeltread

Angeltread, angeltread, angeltread

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