

Anima

"La Rapet"

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It's what you see in men, does my rugged face cut
scars like daggers,
Faces on the wall we can't touch you but you move our
hobby,
Reach into the hall step around the feast and find the
lobby,
Open up the door see an angel and you'll lose your
body,

My body (body, body...) her Angel (Angel, Angel...)

Picking out a name, stretching out on your sheets,
Isabelle, Isabelle can't you hear me I can't tell,
Is the devil in the room is he hiding in the first drawer,
Hold me dear, hold me dear can't you feel me touch
your ear,

Meat was on the Bone, but the children huddled and
devoured,
Keep them in the home let their minds go where their
bikes can't take them,
Flinching finds me first so I'll hide 'til she is in the
basement,
When I light the match touching angels shadows on the
ceiling,

Racing round the room your forehead is on fire,
Isabelle, Isabelle they're all talking you're not well,
Looking like a ghost doctors shaking their heads,
Say my name, say my name can't you hear me I'm to
blame,

(There have been sadder days...)
Starting to rotting... Pretty angel.

Grab the preachers throat can't you see the light within
the shutters,
Who set up the ball don't you see your dancing frees
my chances,
Put me on my feet there's an angel with a hand that's
open,

Write my name in ink send a letter to the ground and
beg him,

Folding all your clothes changing all your bed sheets,
Isabelle, Isabelle your not with me where I dwell,
Drinking from your glass smash it on the pyre,
It's a shame, It's a shame don't you see me, I'm to
blame,

Some people's lives awake to itsy-bitsy "I'm so sorry's"
the branch breaks you crack a window and the wind
might say,
"The birds are calling for you please don't follow"

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