

# Archive, Nothing Else

My Angel! Clipped wings, I know.  
Wanders in darkness, on grimy ground.  
In a forest, unclean, unsound.  
Everything, everything's gone wild.  
Make land for the cows to graze,  
leaflets scatter around to advertise.  
Sellout....

A swamp, in it hands stretched out  
to catch a passing dime.  
Donations to the rich,  
widened opavements for the poor,  
somewhere else to lie.  
But my friend the carriage door  
stands slightly ajar,  
and I know clipped wings make uneasy flight,  
but we've gotta reach!

A place where the feast never ends,  
when the music celebrates.  
In a time when darkness belongs  
to night's skies and  
nothing else.

Tomorrow my spirit's seen,  
fears today my mind,  
soul aches to deep,  
always craves my body to reach  
A place where the feast never ends  
a moment when the music celebrates  
and a time where darkness belongs to night's skies and  
nothing else!