

Sebastian Bach, Angel Down

Waiting for, for the battle cry
I took you into hell, step aside
Now I know, lost souls looking dead
Without anything and nothing to say

Angel Down
Angel down from the barrel of a gun

I don't feel the same today
This soothing makes me very afraid

Paint your eyes and bite your tongue
Fake lies, I can't hear ya
Wrapped in lies, bathed in truth
If I could see, I'd see nothing

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