

Weapon Of Choice

Angelspit

I wish you happy birthday beloved anti-Christ
Is Babylon your mother or your hired wife?
I know you hate your daddy, but you're made in his mould
Gave you the gift of pain, Wrap in a blood red bow

You look like such a fool beneath that jester's crown
Crowley's got one too, as he knees before the throne
Your friends lie on their crosses, silver hammers coming down
Stretched out on a platter, with apples in their mouths
(dear god no)

My name is ambition, Sit back and let it slide
Fear, guilt and shame, like sleeping pills and red wine
I know where you live...
...watching you grow numb

Under blood, of the moon
Voices sing of your doom
and your weapon of choice