

When Angels Cry

Artch

I' ve lived beneath the rails.
I' ve bled from the "cat-o-nine-tails".
I was born in the desert-sun.
Raised on beating, dragged with the scum.
Learned to survive on the run.

Killed a man, I was just sixteen.
The judge put these chains on me.
"We sentence you to the Galley.
Pay penance for your crime.
He's guilty; Take him aside"l

They left me nothing, but my pride.
I'll weep, when angels cry!
Who'll say a prayer for a wanted-man,
now that I am condemned.

I won't weep
Still got my pride.

I was just sixteen...
when they killed the child in me.
Thirteen years on the Galley.
I've paid penance for my crime,
the pain is all inside.

They left me nothing, but my pride.
I'll weep when angels cry!
Can't chain my heart,
or my hopes for tomorrow.
Can't tear me apart...
I've learned how to survive
on the run.