

# Angels

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High in the architecture  
Something's moving  
Unrecognisable spirit  
Dislocated

It's the wrong climate  
No humidity  
Humming humidity

Its fate belongs to another time  
Another place

Projections on fallen masonry  
Ghosts of a once pagan place  
Standing empty  
I stand empty

Dead echoes don't come back  
His stopped cut out  
Fuck you

Nothing ever happens  
Unbelieving no one's receiving  
A vessel filled  
Held and spilled  
Nothing

A trace from another time  
Another place

It's simple  
You don't exist  
You can't possess me  
You lose on a technicality

High in the architecture  
Something's moving

Nothing