

I Chose the Sky

Death Angel

Your thoughts attack
You made your bed
You moved your king, now rest your head
The cutting edge
Or so you think
Your thoughts are ancient, your ways extinct

What do you want
What do you need
Just stay away
and leave me be
Stand by your choice
I stand by mine
You chose the ground
I chose the sky

The choice to break
No choice at all
Stung by your venom, chained to walls
Black clouds above
The sun is grey
Bad luck surrounds us just like prey

What do you want
What do you need
Just stay away
and leave me be
Stand by your choice
I stand by mine
You chose the ground
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Now go and roust
your little group
and go convince them of your truth
They'll see your best
No doubt, at first
Until they see you at your worst