

Hullo Angel

Death in June

Well, Hullo Angel
A Gift and a Smile
Well, Hullo Angel
As We walk a Crooked mile
And a Twisted Man
Leans on twisted sticks
With children's laughter
Hanging from swings

Well, Hullo Angel
And the skipping rope turns
Whilst little bodies twist
In carousel swerves

Well, Hullo Angel
It's the End of The World

Well, Hullo Angel
At the End of your Tether

Well, Hullo Angel
Time for Sleep

Well, Hullo Angel
Time for Prayers

That which is Falling
Should also be Pushed

That which is Crawling
Should also be Crushed!