

Used To Be An Angel

Magica

She sleeps in her dark room clung to the ceiling
With her blackened wings wrapped around her
She used to be an angel of the lord

Her bright white silky feathers
Were long long time ago
Covered by the filth
From the sins of the humans she saved

Her dark black tainted leather
Is poisoned with the cries of a thousand lives
Taken away in pain

Her blade once holy fire
Was desecrated by unrighteous blood
Swallowed in ages of crusades

Lips that I once desired
Are mangled now with hate and venomous
Dead roses with a deadly touch

And she hears them crying
And she hears them dying
Every single day over and over
And she hears them crying
And she sees them dying
In every single way

She used to be an angel, angel of the lord
But now that she has fallen, all our hopes are gone

And she hears them crying
And she hears them dying
Every single day over and over
And she hears them crying
And she sees them dying
In every single way