

Angel Bomb

No Knife

Sly, seductive river slithers close to heaven.
Borders on the edges. Leaves when it's ready.
You seem artificial, but it could be nothing.
Didn't like your party. No one told me where to sit.

When you hover over ground does your memory let you down?
I see your face when you're not around.
Move from a distance with sound.

Maybe we should slow down. Everything is hazy.
Can't make out the picture. After hours in burning cars.
Deep beneath the surface nothing is expected.
Act on information, cover all the bases.