

Angels of Broken Things

Pain Of Salvation

Sheets of spotless white
Voices fading out
Thoughts are growing dim
As my longest night begins

A dry taste of morphine
Fluorescent lights all gleam
I'm stuck beneath my mind
This isn't my night

Fallen angels
Spread your wings
Take me from this
World of broken things

Fallen angels
Let your wings take me
From this bed of thoughts and dreams
Even sleep is full of broken things

I'm settling the score
I have been here before
Then I was in that door
Just cursing the

Fallen angels
Spread your wings
Fly me across the
Seas of burning things
Pills and needles
Tears and stings
Fallen angels
Save me
From these things

Give me black
Put nothing in my dreams