

# Suicide Of The Guardian Angle

Project Pitchfork

Searching gold you and me  
Just a reflection of insanity  
Digging for the wrong things  
Until we're old  
Like in the case of this fucking gold  
We want to make the change  
But we can't 'cause they won't  
We're bored of the lies  
They're not  
They just close their eyes  
Chemical industry say  
Nothing can go wrong  
They say it since forty years  
And now we see the fact that it's too late  
Nature strikes back  
The bury the garbage  
Of their magalomania  
And the guardian angle  
Has choked himself  
By tearing out his wings  
He swallowed them