

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