

After Dark

The Angels

She walks down the line, no sense of time
Eternity
She talks of the years, blinded by tears
Her majesty
Fantasy
The mirror just confused her

She pleaded guilty to a charge of
Perverse delight
Trying to control the childhood dream that
Haunts her through the night
Is it the spoken truth or is it
The truth that is heard?
There's no one speaking
And no one's listening to words

On skid row after dark
Skid row after dark
Skid row after dark

She hides in the night, turns down her light
Time to wait
She holds out her hand, dreams of her man
Love or hate, it's all too late
Already she was dying

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Perverse delight
Trying to control the childhood dream that
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