

The Return

The Black Angels

Well it's 3 o'clock in the early morn'
You've got your bedface on
At the break of dawn
So you light another cig
And say your prayers
The thief has come
Equipped with his gun
Come on now

Well he came without warning
Like three thousand men swarming
Right out of the sky, like a torch in the night
Well the rocks were screaming
and said it was dreaming
I've been here before,
When I was killed in the war

There's a man who can decide
Between what's wrong and what's right
There's a son who won't fight for
What his father thinks is right
Like Judas of old, with a kiss
You'll be sold,
And those who deny,
Will drop like flies