

The world that I was to ya  
So deep and safe and warm  
Is peppered by experience  
Mutated by the fall

And all the walks in the countryside  
Are better done by bike  
And now we work along the sacred sites  
Don't ensure we ain't so alive  
In the light of war we find Abhoria (oh)  
(When we do, but it's easy just to be here for yer)

If that was your intention  
To take the easy way,  
Goodbye to intervention  
And damn the game you play

And I'm sore with the kind of scars that never heal in time  
Take a tip from company owes  
We ain't wrong just cos we ain't right  
Should we stay on shore and blame Abhoria (oh)  
When I need you I can easily believe you  
Abhoria (oh)  
When I need you when I true believe to grieve you  
Abhoria

Wrap you up in foam to protect you from the fear  
Of spending life alone even though I keep telling you  
Time and time again I wish I wasn't  
The cunt you call a friend, maybe then I can send you  
Away, away, away

Angel, I'll carry you across the sea  
I don't even mind if you board with harmony  
Nobody knows nobody sees, just me and my baby

But the cost is not enough for the time spent with killing  
You can get a job to appreciate the killing  
And why not decide to spit on into fire  
A little bit of heaven and a mass of genocide

If what you see and what you feel don't tend to be the same ideal  
Just stop and find and hope to share a little piece of heaven out the  
re

Angel biscuit