

# Angry Angel

Imogen Heap

This is an obsession, a kind of aggression with himself  
It's the way hell always be  
He loves to rebel to go against his ten commandments  
For him, that's just being free.

And he always will, get his thrills, the only way he knows how  
Well it might make you frown  
But he loves, being that dove, roaming where he cares to go  
To a state of mind that no-one knows

Over there stands my angry angel  
And he's shaking his head, in disgrace with me  
Yeah over there stands my angry angel  
And he's frowning like hell, but I'm not feeling guilty

Over and over again, more and more for the pain  
To release himself, from this shell  
Time after time, you may glare at  
Him for the way he looks like something drawn up from hell

But that's just his cover  
From what is under it  
All his imagination, his  
Passion for a creation  
Which he has discovered,  
Uncovered a world, of  
Amazing sensations  
His own little nation

I don't care,  
I'm flying