

# Before the Angels Fell

Kayak

A small wooden cross  
The fragile and silent reminder  
Of innocence lost  
Now gathering dust in a room  
That time has forgotten

Too many ifs  
And too many questions  
To any given answer  
Too many why's  
And too little reason  
You stumble and you fall  
Feeling nothing at all

Everything looks fine in this neighbourhood  
The streets are clean and life is good  
There's a school and several stores  
The big bad world seems far away  
In the park where all the children play  
Their mimicry of wars

And who's to tell  
Which house was built  
With mortar of mercy and guilt  
What stone would hide the poisoned well  
The day before the angels fell

In this city of steel  
The skin feels like melted down iron  
Where guns are for real  
And love's just a deal on the street  
No one cares to remember

Too many ifs  
And too many questions  
To any given answer  
Too many why's  
And too little reason  
With your head against the wall  
You're going nowhere at all

He's a plastic man  
With a drastic plan  
He's got a wife and three kids  
He's a bore, she's a bitch  
Got a job that sucks  
Selling carpets and rugs  
That nobody wants to buy

Now plastic man's  
Got a fictional friend  
With a fictional face  
But a deadly embrace  
That he's felt before  
So he locks the door  
And he's gonna cast the die

There's no way out  
There's no way back  
If the glass will show  
Just a hairline crack  
He'll be watching bullets fly

But plastic man  
Overplayed his hand  
He's got to raise the stakes  
Or slam on the brakes  
He's got a busy mind  
That's working overtime  
Between the cheater and the lie

There's no way out  
There's no way back  
He's got to bend down low  
With the killer in his eye

Love and manipulation  
Are two different doors  
Both will promise salvationv But in different floors

To avoid confrontation  
There's a thin line of trust  
Such a weak separation  
When the line's drawn by lust

Breaking every connection  
To the child he once was  
When his only protection  
Was a small wooden cross

Something has changed in the neighbourhood  
Where the streets were clean and life was good  
They've closed the school and stores  
The big bad world has found its way  
To the park, where children used to play  
That now are kept indoors  
The papers sell  
Their tales of grief  
Claiming anger and sheer disbelief  
About the man they thought they knew so well  
The day before the angels fell

In this city of glass  
The heart's tied to strings of desire  
To memories passed  
To secrets amassed in the house  
That time had forgotten

But too many ifs  
And too many questions  
To any given answer  
Too many why's  
And too little reason  
For dreams beyond recall  
Once and for all

Look at the father  
Look at the son  
If one is the other  
Thy will be done

The story no one lived to tell  
About the day the angels fell...