

Angel

Peace

Snowflakes land on her face
She aches like all angels ache
Purest of the pure
Skin soft smooth to her toes
She hates having nowhere to go
In her orange sweater

I think fuck, you're an angel
Floating dangerously closer to the sun
All of my memories, melted and fading
And I'm terrified you'll burn

I want her to be entertained
By the products of my brain
I'm smart enough to know I'm stupid
I want her to be warm and dry
I cry and I cry and I cry
My memories being wiped tomorrow

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Yeah, I worry
Yeah, I worry
Yeah, I worry
Yeah, I worry about my angel
Yeah, I worry
Yeah, I worry as I want no harm to find her

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