

Twisted Light

The Black Angels

Bite into the apple's side
Taste the flesh of red and white
Step into the twisted light
Find yourself a second time

Sitting in the pews below
Gazing through the stained glass
Window

Beggars bend
On corners collecting
All our children
Wild and laughing
At the thought of
Leisured confusion
Appear visions
Imploding knowledge
Spin this nova
Into a flourished pool

Bite into the apple's side
Slip inside your helpless mind
Finally find it's just a lie
I can see you inside me

Keep it evolving
We're revolving
Right over our dreams

The wife of noon
Gathered her fleet
Brought them to town
Let them roam free
She stirred her
Emotions quickly
Slitted was her night gown
Pleasing each crowd
Bouncing business
Her jaw is hardened
As night's kite
Gets tangled in the tree line
The wife of noon
Gets tangled in the tree line
His hearts changing
Eyes on her gems