

## Angels Ride

TNT

Don't you believe in where you're going  
You act like you're afraid of knowing  
They washed your brain in filthy water  
And you drank it down, in the fear you drowned  
And it looks like you're never gonna sleep

Don't like these caravans you follow  
Your own hypocrisy you swallow  
What kind of god would make you question love?  
And your guilt is a sin  
They don't know where you've been  
And you're dying all the time

Angels ride on the darkest side of your soul  
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Ah you know how they ride

Think your love has turned to hate  
Think your love might've turned to hate

Solo

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