

# Sebastian Bach, Angel Down

Waiting for, for the battle cry  
I took you into hell, step aside  
Now I know, lost souls looking dead  
Without anything and nothing to say

Angel Down  
Angel down from the barrel of a gun

I don't feel the same today  
This soothing makes me very afraid

Paint your eyes and bite your tongue  
Fake lies, I can't hear ya  
Wrapped in lies, bathed in truth  
If I could see, I'd see nothing

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I'd see nothing  
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