

# I Chose the Sky

## Death Angel

Your thoughts attack  
You made your bed  
You moved your king, now rest your head  
The cutting edge  
Or so you think  
Your thoughts are ancient, your ways extinct

What do you want  
What do you need  
Just stay away  
and leave me be  
Stand by your choice  
I stand by mine  
You chose the ground  
I chose the sky

The choice to break  
No choice at all  
Stung by your venom, chained to walls  
Black clouds above  
The sun is grey  
Bad luck surrounds us just like prey

What do you want  
What do you need  
Just stay away  
and leave me be  
Stand by your choice  
I stand by mine  
You chose the ground  
I chose the sky

Now go and roust  
your little group  
and go convince them of your truth  
They'll see your best  
No doubt, at first  
Until they see you at your worst