

# Strip Show of an Angel

Malrun

It is a weird ass kind of weather  
I feel the tension rising  
On the front porch a long white feather  
A visit quite surprising

Coz with the curtains drawn  
the game is on, something about you  
You make my blood ignite  
you show me why  
there's something about you  
Let us be, let us see, let us drift away  
and float into, into the dead night  
You're the Angel who fell down to Earth  
as my prayer was heard...  
A strip show from Heaven!

You are a fix of 100 needles  
You make me OD senseless  
To hell with rehab I'm too feeble  
I opt to be defenceless

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Longest heels in Heaven  
Even Hell won't sell 'em  
Your wings, on fire  
You burn up the night, on fire  
You take me higher  
A journey through the Ethereal and back  
So higher

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