

# Angel

Peace

Snowflakes land on her face  
She aches like all angels ache  
Purest of the pure  
Skin soft smooth to her toes  
She hates having nowhere to go  
In her orange sweater

I think fuck, you're an angel  
Floating dangerously closer to the sun  
All of my memories, melted and fading  
And I'm terrified you'll burn

I want her to be entertained  
By the products of my brain  
I'm smart enough to know I'm stupid  
I want her to be warm and dry  
I cry and I cry and I cry  
My memories being wiped tomorrow

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Yeah, I worry  
Yeah, I worry  
Yeah, I worry  
Yeah, I worry about my angel  
Yeah, I worry  
Yeah, I worry as I want no harm to find her

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