

## After Dark

### The Angels

She walks down the line, no sense of time  
Eternity  
She talks of the years, blinded by tears  
Her majesty  
Fantasy  
The mirror just confused her

She pleaded guilty to a charge of  
Perverse delight  
Trying to control the childhood dream that  
Haunts her through the night  
Is it the spoken truth or is it  
The truth that is heard?  
There's no one speaking  
And no one's listening to words

On skid row after dark  
Skid row after dark  
Skid row after dark

She hides in the night, turns down her light  
Time to wait  
She holds out her hand, dreams of her man  
Love or hate, it's all too late  
Already she was dying

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Perverse delight  
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