

## Weapon Of Choice

Angelspit

I wish you happy birthday beloved anti-Christ  
Is Babylon your mother or your hired wife?  
I know you hate your daddy, but you're made in his mould  
Gave you the gift of pain, Wrap in a blood red bow

You look like such a fool beneath that jester's crown  
Crowley's got one too, as he knees before the throne  
Your friends lie on their crosses, silver hammers coming down  
Stretched out on a platter, with apples in their mouths  
(dear god no)

My name is ambition, Sit back and let it slide  
Fear, guilt and shame, like sleeping pills and red wine  
I know where you live..  
...watching you grow numb

Under blood, of the moon  
Voices sing of your doom  
and your weapon of choice