

# Angel With Severed Wings

Foo Fighters

It is upon us  
The time is nigh  
This life of servitude  
I would rather die  
My heart is empty  
My soul is spent  
I've made a final vow  
Never to repent

I feel his presence  
The king is near  
Rescue this mortal man  
Fate I cannot bear  
Now full of loathing  
Hate has arrived  
Coursing within my veins  
Finally alive

The serpent begins to coil around

Angel with severed wings  
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I was not born  
To be enslaved  
I am the lonesome goat  
One you cannot save  
Dread and repulsion  
Intensifies  
Bathing within the fire  
Dancing in your eyes

The serpent begins to coil around

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