

## The Music That The Angels Do

Listener

I want to be the insulin the needle medicines instrument. With every increment, killing it, filling it, then revealing that. Although presumptuous with the outcome where doubt runs in large sums. I speak the words given to me like spouts run. Whispered through the moon, sky, fire, water, and the earth. To these ears and eyes aspires this father to birth. Listeners don't be so sure when that time comes a knocking. That you haven't been watching that wrong clock. Tic talking to you, telling you it's alright, it's ok, follow me, forget what you're doing let's all go this way. But if you listen, if you really try to be that silent person. You'll know that you need some more time for rehearsing. You're on the clouds now, go there, don't worry for us. You're where you dreamed about, sung about, don't think about us. and although grim words reap what they sow. As the angels sing their songs so you know. You think you know, but you don't because we all have to die. and we fight it, we fight it like we can win against the sky. Or time or death or youth or earth or what we have. It's what the angels do for all it's worth, so here's a stab. It's not rap, or rock it's not pop or independent. It's the language of love, and death with every remnant.. Scissors cuts paper, paper covers rock, rock crushes scissors and it all falls apart. People it all falls apart and you're left holding your heart. Massaging it hard, but you can't get it to start.

And they sing for us, but we don't want to hear it. They watch over us, and we hide our own spirit. Well they do it all for love just to keep us brand new. It's the music that the angels do. Oh they sing for us, but all we seem to do is hide. They watch out for us, and we keep it all inside. See they do it for love, even though we're all used. It's the music that the angels do.

You're not drinking enough there buddy to drown out the sound. So take it easy there young one we're all lost and found people. With profound calling all bound and falling together. But no matter whether your to my arm or to foot. I'll hold you out like you're my heart and let people read this book. It doesn't have a sound, but oh I'll let it fill my ears. You can't touch it, smell it, see it, but it will bring you years. It's knowledge, it's wisdom, it's so much more than right now. It's in your breath, it gives you life, it's the answer to all your hows. and I'm nothing I really believe that in the grand scheme of things. I'm just doing my part trying to say these things to you from my heart. Let the tears drown out your thoughts and think closely of home. and if you can't compose yourself it's best to compose a poem. Right here where it's empty, from where it's empty and hurting. Let it float away like a feather or whatever but

without burden. I'm a child and so are you, so let's learn it all again. Flip the page again and hit the stage of life again and again. I'm not scared anymore it's because of you who saw me through. The music that the angels do, I listen and translate what they say for you.