

Strip Show of an Angel

Malrun

It is a weird ass kind of weather
I feel the tension rising
On the front porch a long white feather
A visit quite surprising

Coz with the curtains drawn
the game is on, something about you
You make my blood ignite
you show me why
there's something about you
Let us be, let us see, let us drift away
and float into, into the dead night
You're the Angel who fell down to Earth
as my prayer was heard...
A strip show from Heaven!

You are a fix of 100 needles
You make me OD senseless
To hell with rehab I'm too feeble
I opt to be defenceless

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Longest heels in Heaven
Even Hell won't sell 'em
Your wings, on fire
You burn up the night, on fire
You take me higher
A journey through the Ethereal and back
So higher

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