

## Angeltread

Sixpence None The Richer

Cricket's rhythmically sing  
Their mournful melodies  
A monotone by request  
But they fail, they fail  
To soothe the mess

Hands rhythmically grope  
The sheets again for you  
And off-rhythm the time slows  
To make moments eternal  
Moments eternal

Is this some kind of holy test  
To stitch the trademarks off my chest  
To get up walk outside my head  
On a holy search for angeltread

The moon within its ball  
Washes white the darkened wall  
With a milky veil of silk  
And I see, I see the spirits lilt

Now I've lost my fear  
So I pray that you come near  
With a million sparkly lights  
And help me, help me through the night

The milky prints of spirits near  
I pray that they have lost their fear  
A million wisps of sparkly light  
Weaving through the walls...