

Into The Void

The Angels

You gotta lotta problems
And it's plain to see
We've been in a tail spin for so long
It ain't real to me
I don't feel sadness
I don't feel a tragedy
I feel relief
I feel gladness in being free

I wounded you
It was anarchy
You got your redress
Flipsides of the same misery
I don't despise you
I don't like you that much either
I won't chastise you, but
We ain't good for each other

Sweet relief
Floods into the void
Longing for annihilation
Every dream destroyed
Keep your grip upon the crown
But we know this ship's going down
Bump that bitter pill
Cause in the end it drowns

We've been in the death throes
For so long it's not real
Punching down in body blows
There's nothing left to feel
You had your chances over again
You threw your love to the heap
A thousand shots of redemption
The old wounds ran too deep

Sweet relief
Floods into the void
Longing for annihilation
Every dream destroyed
Keep your grip upon the crown
But we know this ship's going down
Bump that bitter pill
Cause in the end it drowns

Sweet relief
Floods into the void
Longing for annihilation
Every dream destroyed
Keep your grip upon the crown
But we know this ship's going down
Bump that bitter pill
Cause in the end it drowns