

Dance Of The Bad Angels

Tim Booth

What a journey
So hard to describe
Your harbour so small
The ocean so wide
Spin the wheel, spin the wheel
Go wherever she spins
Surrender to this wave that's rolling in

Homing fingers
Starting to dig
Raising expectations
Lifting the lid
There's a show going down
Going deeper within
I long to lose myself
Inside your skin

What a feeling under the stars
My body's rotating from Venus through Mars
There's a war going on
Between my head and my heart
I wonder how they grew
So far apart

I'm so shaken, about to explode
The myth of kissing princes is they turn into toads
There's a war going on
Between the sun and the moon
Before they come to terms, we'll be consumed

Oh my God

Please take me now

I'm ready for ascension

If I only knew how

Give me wings, give me wings

Now I'm stuck on the ground

Receive this blood and bones

I'm homeward bound

See the statue growing wings

This singer was a virgin

Until he conceived

God is love, God is love

And her lover I'll be

I long to leave the world in ecstasy

Dance with me around this fire

The dance of bad angels who'd love to fly higher

God is love, God is love

And her lover I'll be

I long to lead the world in ecstasy