

There's a time for grown up boys
to make a mess of pretty things
to lose yourself and find
a piece in your goodbye

I lost my faith in you
to distant dreams of true
Nothing here redeems me
no angels to release me

I dream of falling angels
I dream of falling angels
touching me

A shadow's burried me
in rusty memories
hopes for inside
my angels called goodbye

you lost that photo album smile
to memories faded, faded..

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