

Artist: deus

Title: The Magic Hour

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I had a plan, was all made up  
an angel was sent, for keeping all troubles away.  
'Cause lady and I, we could not stop  
as cool as a sigh, as volatile as something you say.

I had a dream, a simple plot  
I held out my hand as if she'd never pushed it away.  
The sun is still there, except it's not  
beside her I care to linger even though it's not safe.

Godawful I adore you  
angels were there before you  
nothing can stop what we do  
it's breaking us up in two.

Hey maybe should we ask it  
could our friends be worthier.  
Like things we trust for if we must  
We must burn them.  
And burn them good, real friends they would  
be understanding if it came to us  
and us we must we must turn to  
the God of small things.  
The God of small things.

I had a plan, was all made up,  
as good it was then the magic hour seemed to be fading.  
'Cause lady and I we could not stop  
as cool as a sigh, as murderous as something you say.

Godawful I adore you  
angels were there before you  
nothing can stop what we do  
it's breaking us up in two.

There is room if you can trust|  
for anyone like us.