Dancing with the Angel – Mike Pellegrino – 2006 01 03

Please forgive her she knows not what she does
she knows not what she's doing she sees the sadness of the Sun
And the passing of divinity and far beyond, and
Into sadness and then she's gone

And it – it smells like money and it looks like snow
But it's her holiday now, now that she knows.

And she's dancing with the angel
She's playing with desire,
She's dancing in the snowfall
And into the mire/fire [or] And preaching to the choir

She's now singing to me at the top of her voice,
And it's screaming to my ears, but she doesn't have a choice,
It's leave it or believe it she can't tell above the noise
It's leave it or believe it she can't tell above the noise

Chorus

The din is getting louder, the lipstick starts to smear,
Her upper lip is quivering, but it cannot be from fear
Her madness isn't moving it's spiraling about
She's dancing her last dance, the angel isn't here

Chorus