

Angel of Flies – P. Christian

VERSE 1

Asus2 **G**
Wrote my name in the sand
Em7
And let out a sigh

Asus2 **G**
Sat in the shade
Em7
in a circle of flies
C9 **G**
Laying down
Asus2
And slipping away

Asus2 **G** **Em7**
A day old hell is still fresh today

VERSE 2

I dreamt of you
Dressed in a white gown

You rode a steed
with wings and a black crown

Birds flew around
Your shimmering hair

Your fingertips
An electric glare

CHORUS

C9 **Em**
On the border of dreams
I saw a face
A7sus4 - A7- Asus2 – A7
On a pillow of thorns
A coppery taste

FM7 **Esus4**
A mouthful of bees
Asus2
But the honey is sweet

The face looked like mine

And I looked concerned

With lessons taught
But never learned

The Angel's black eyes
We all get our turn

VERSE 3

I woke up alone
And started walking away

The Angel of flies
Still held at bay

Raised a flag
Like I was staking a claim

I claim these flies
And I claim this grave

CHORUS

And birds flew around
Your shimmering hair

Endless eyes
A sinner's snare

The Angel reached down
Touching my face

Then she turned and
The horse flew away

Her fingertips
Left a mark on my face

What would I change?
What would I change?

What would I change?
What would I change?

What will I change?
What will I change?