

# Nothing else - 1/1

**Interprété par Archive.**

My angel clipped wings I know  
Wonders in darkness on grimey ground  
In a forest unclean unsound  
Everything everything's gone wild  
Make land for the cows to graze  
Leaflets scatter around to advertise sell out

A swamp in it hands stretched out  
To catch a passing dime  
Donations to the rich widened  
Pavements for the poor  
Somewhere else to lie  
But my friend the carriage door  
Stands slightly ajar  
And I know clipped wings make uneasy flight  
But we've got to reach

Chorus :

A place where the feast never ends  
A moment when the music celebrates  
And a time when darkness belongs  
To night skies and nothing else  
Nothing else -No-

Tomorrow my spirit seen  
Fears today my mind  
Soul aches so deep  
Always craves my body to reach

(Repeat Chorus)