

Angels In The Night

Words and Music by Ron Ciancioso and Michael Varela

VERSE 1

He's but a creature distorted by the rules
A product of us all rejected by the schools
How sad the one, the one with home made 4th of july
How sad, his kind, that cry..... Like angels in the night

VERSE 2

He's out of season needs no reason why
With hands that only accompany last rites
How sad, the one, the one...who waits for fa foggy nights
How sad, his kind, that cry.... Like angels in the night

CHORUS

Cry cry for for cry cry for angels in the night
Cry cry for for cry cry for angels in the night

VERSE 3

His thoughts uneven a past that would define
The final chapter of his state of mind
Who's stars, refuse, to shine...refuse to shine at night.
How sad, his kind, that cries.... Like angels in the night
Chorus

BRIDGE

The darkness in his head
Weaves his pain-filled web
His heart froze up once upon a time
The silent cry of a life that's so unkind
How sad-each cry-a cry that echoes thru the night
How sad, his kind, that cries.... Like angels in the night
How sad, his kind, that cries.... Like angels in the night