

Angels of the Deep

am  
One night, when I was sound asleep,  
G am  
I met an Angel of the Deep.  
G em am  
It was no dream, for I was there:  
G em am  
The Deep so dark, the Angel fair,  
C am  
a tall-grown man, face like a sphinx,  
C am  
with silvery hair and swan-like wings,  
C am  
who'd roam the oceans down below,  
C G am  
where even Death does fear to go.

G em am  
They tell me Heaven's in the sky,  
G em C am  
and Hell is down below.  
dm G am  
They think it true, so it's no lie,  
G dm am  
but angels swim and Demons fly,  
em am  
for I've been there. I *know*.

Maybe the Angel called my name  
or whispered it. The sound's the same:  
A bell within my heart, a gong,  
and I, who waited for so long  
would rise out off my sheets and drown  
within his eyes. *Come down, come down!*  
And though he never touched my hand,  
he took me where all light does end.

They tell me Heaven's in the sky,  
and Hell is down below.  
They think it true, so it's no lie,  
but angels swim and Demons fly,  
for I've been there. I *know*.

Down, down we ventured, side by side,  
and with his wings, he ploughed the tide.  
And I beheld, like in a trance,  
his beauty and his elegance.  
And darker as the ocean grew,  
his gleam grew bright and brighter, too,  
until his body, silvery scales,  
would shine like stars of many tales.

They tell me Heaven's in the sky,  
and Hell is down below.  
They think it true, so it's no lie,  
but angels swim and Demons fly,  
for I've been there. I *know*.

I touched the water and grew cold.  
I touched the darkness and grew old.  
But he did smile, his face so fair,  
and breathed the water like the air.  
And when I started smiling, too,  
I could behold I dazzling view,  
of thousand Angels, wild and free,  
who swam like skylarks of the sea.

They tell me Heaven's in the sky,  
and Hell is down below.  
They think it true, so it's no lie,  
but angels swim and Demons fly,  
for I've been there. I *know*.

As this abyss does bear no ground,  
To nothing are the Angels bound.  
They leave the Deep but late at night -  
There can't be Light where there is light,  
since sun will melt all dreams to die.  
But why so deep, if they could fly?  
We fall and fall at midnight speed.  
The Angels are where there is need.

They tell me Heaven's in the sky,  
and Hell is down below.  
They think it true, so it's no lie,  
but angels swim and Demons fly,  
for I've been there. I *know*.