

Stars appear in the sky at night, The Angels fly high above the clouds. Gathering light even when its dark, The Angels work late and hard. They dig deep and down under, Until the night comes, They do not wonder. To Angels miracles don't exist. Who are the Angels? They are guardians my friend. What do they guard? Is the secret of humanity. The Angels will strike their enemies, Who failed the system by their greed and stupidity.