

# Squirrels

[Neva Dinova](#)

1 lie 2 lies 3 lies 4 lies 5 lies

Flying in formation now the word is out

6 lies 7 lies 8 lies 9 lies 10 lies

Bouncing out of the sun two hands onSail on...When I see them my ears might start to bleedOne lie told the

another yet other got shot down

In the confusion there was death there was doubt

And faces burning, fingers burning

Lies incoming the ground returning

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