Sister Sleep

Rasputina

We like to smoke pot, we like it a lot
Our small eyes are tearing for what we have not
Our small eyes are tearing for what we have notThe nice pipe is here, a lighter is near
I won't become freaked out, fear not, sister dear
I won't become freaked out, fear not, sister dearWe miss the blue sky, it is cold we will cry
Our being mind is waning and we now know why
Our being mind is waning and we now know whyWe want to feel warm yet outside the norm
We want to be cradle-held and then to be reborn

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