

Scream of the Butterfly

Acid Bath

A creature made of sunshine
her eyes were like the sky
rabbit howls like something old
as we twitch to a lullaby
the scapel shines in god's sunshine
the streetlights whisper pain
down here near the poison stream
our god has gone insane she smiles like a child with flowers in her hair
with blood on her hands
into the sun she stares
she feels it die
I heard her cry she smiles like a child with flowers in her hair
with blood on her hands
into the sun she stares
she feels it die
I heard her cry...
like the scream of the butterfly sunshine in the house of flames
she loves it where she gets it
but it's never felt the same
surgery, in the house of dissection
when your candle burns out..I Will resurrect you
she runs
through fields of daisies
yeah, it's just a shame that they eat their own babies
who cares cause the air is free
when you get there will you kiss the dead for me? There's blood on the moon and the summer is cold
There's blood in the room but that's gettin' old
There's blood on my face sittin' on a dead shore
A highway of emptiness and I'm gettin' bored there's blood on the moon as we plan our escape
the goddess in bloom
handcuffed and raped
there's blood in the bathtub baby
murdered the king
there's blood on the moon
there's blood on just about everything sunshine in the house of flames
she loves it where she gets it
but it's never felt the same
surgery, in the house of dissection
when your candle burns out..I will resurrect you

she runs
through fields of daisies
yeah, it's just a shame that they eat their own babies
who cares cos the air is free
when you get there will you kiss the dead for me? Something cold is forced inside her a tear spills down her
cheek
Stillborn songs of a dead dreamer, hymns of the needle freak
With sunlight in her hair she smiles like she don't care her dreams are
liquid blue I cut myself again and again to remind myself of you she smiles like a child with flowers in her hair
with blood on her hands
into the sun she stares
she feels it die
I heard her cry she smiles like a child with flowers in her hair
with blood on her hands
into the sun she stares
she feels it die
I heard her cry like the scream of the butterfly
like the scream of the butterfly Yea Yea Yeaaaaaa!!! like the scream of the butterfly
like the scream of the butterfly Yeaaaaaa!!! like the scream of the butterfly
like the scream of the butterfly Yeaaaaaa!!!

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