

# Separate

## Trampled By Turtles

Drop me from the ceiling, baby  
You're the one that can make it all okay  
Maybe today  
Filled with fatal flowers and praying  
For the sky to turn from black to grey  
Hear what I say  
Never plain nor simple  
It's breaking my heart  
But I'm working hard  
To separate  
war from beauty

Born of fire, earth and water  
All in all a current through a wire  
To know when it's hot  
I'll survive on dirty paper  
Miracles that make me wanna die  
I wonder why  
Oh my god, I'm sinking  
It's breaking my heart  
But I'm working hard  
To separate  
War from beauty

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