Seville

Justin King

They're gonna kill us allOh sheena kneels
And prays over the graves
And wishes of her god to be so brave
The roses she had picked
Fall from her hand
On to the ground which
Will soon hold herSheena BellaSheena Bella walks and
Sheena Bella strays
Oh, fetal Sheena counts off her last days
The colors of the grass
The shadows on the floor
The precious things that she
Had no time forShe was only 4 years old
She was barely 4 years oldSheena BellaThey're gonna kill us all

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