

# Butterflies

## The Cult

The wild wide eye with her painted wing  
She crushed the gray boy  
Don't you know my selfishness was my suicide  
Her painted wing became my suicide, suicide  
The whole world did not start to cry  
They just got inside me  
And now they walk behind me  
They walk behind me  
They walk behind me, oh Lord  
Like little dogs  
Like stony dogs, you know  
Stony dogs, stony dogs  
They walk behind me, oh Lord  
They walk, behind me  
Behind me, oh Lord

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