

# heavenly creatures

## The Moves

The color of your eyes  
We don't need to talk  
I can taste your tears  
I'm like a tree, like a bird

I can smell your fear  
We don't need to talk  
I'm a saint, I'm a sinner  
I'm here to be loved

Heavenly creatures  
We are so beautiful  
Playing our games  
Dancing in our underwear

Heavenly creatures  
We are so dangerous  
This is your day  
And you will die

Heavenly creatures  
We are so beautiful  
This is the future  
This is your very very short life

Heavenly creatures  
We are so dangerous  
This is the end  
Remember me

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