

Scream of the Butterfly

Acid Bath

A creature made of sunshine her eye's where like the sky, Rabbit howls like something old as we twist her
lulaby. The scalple shines in gods sunshine, the street lights wisper pain, down here near the poision stream our
god has gone insane.

She smells like a child with flowers in her hair, with blood on her hands, into the sun she stares, she feels it die,
i herd her cry. She smells like a child with flowers in her hair, with blodd on her hands, into the sun she stares,
she feels it die, i herd her cry, , like the scream of the butterfly

(Chorus) Sunshine, the house in flames she loves it when she gets it but its never felt the same, surgery in the
house of dissection, when your candle burns out ill reserect you. She runs through the fields of daisies, yea its
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?)

Theres blood on the moon and the summer is cold, theres love in the room, but baby thats getting old, theres
blood on my face sittin on a dead shore, a highway of emptiness and im getting board.

Theres blood on the moon as we plan our escape, the goddess in bloom, handcuffed and raped, theres blood in
the bathtub, baby murder the king, theres blood on the moon, theres blod on just about everything
(chorus)

Something cold is forced inside, a tear spills down her cheek, still born songs of a dead dreamer , yea hymns of
the needle freak, with sunlight in her hair she smiles like she dont care her dreams are liquid blue, i cut myself
again and again to remind myself of you.

Who smiles like a child with flowers in her hair, with blood on her hands into the sun she stares, she feels it die,
i herd her cry. She smeels like a child with flowers in her hair, with blood on her hands into the sun she stares,
she feels it die, i herd her cry,,, like the scream of the butterfly, I like the scream of the butterfly,yea.

I met an angel with a sawed off shotgun working for the F.B.I drop some acid kill the parents then well hit the
road. like the scream of the butterfly, I like the scream of the butterfly yea yea

Lyrics submitted by will.

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