Heavenly Creatures

Michelle Featherstone

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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