

Pop Song for Euthanasia

Shilpa Ray

Build a million signs
In juvenile codes
I'm tellin' the trees
Stop your growin'
Stop your growin'
Grow no more
Spray paint my eyes
The banners on my bones
You're begging me to tag your soul
Your soul
Your soul
How you look surprised at me
You're not blinkin'
How I shot ya dead
World
I shot ya dead
How you looked surprised at me
You're not blinkin'
How I got ya good
World
How I got ya goodWhen I drove off that cliff
Blazing of gasoline
That I sold my arms and limbs for
When I drove off that cliff
Blazing of misery
I sold my blood and kin for
How you look surprised at me
You're not blinkin'
How I shot ya dead
World
I shot ya dead
How you looked surprised at me
You're not blinkin'
How I got ya good
World
How I got ya goodWhen I drove off that cliff
Blazing of gasoline
That I sold my arms and limbs for
When I drove off that cliff

Blazing of misery
That I sold my blood and kin forIf I broke your spine
Would you hold my hand
When I tell you
That it's all over
All over
All over

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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