Butterflies

Justin Martin

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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