

Pale Green Eyes

The Bunny the Bear

Breath.

Our dear children, they're turning blue, smoke in their lungs.

Please, breath. They're just children.

Finding out that whores bring sores.

Breath.

Our dear children, they're turning blue, smoke in their lungs.

Please, breath. They're just children.

Finding out that we all die. Smile, pale green eyes. We're breeding suicide.

Let me take what you dispise and paint it grey.

When we count the mistakes, all the moments awake...

When you count all these stars, when it's gone too far.

I think it's time I burn this city. Washed clean and slain.

We love our sheep, we love to look the other way.

Washed clean and slain.

We love our sheep, we love to eat what we can't maintain.

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