

The Brilliant Green ''Bats!''

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She liked my drugs i liked her hair she's like a god 'cause she don't care she had to watch her little brother die what a great disguise skies are falling so you paint your picture well you can paint one thousand because it makes no difference vicariously we crave disease i don't love you you wish i did skies are falling so you paint your pictures well you can paint a thousand because it makes no difference an overdose bleeding our your nose my heaart is lost baptized in my hate bats! the way you make me chase belief you scream poem into my ear so insincere cut off my ears skies are falling so you paint your pictures you can paint one thousand it makes no difference

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