

Hb

"Cult Of She"

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She's bored with staring at the sun
Waiting for the night to come
And those objects crowded in her sky
Will never be identified.

Wait patiently for explanations in the night.
We cannot be the only ghosts to float this high.

She's holding out for a comet now that the earth
stopped breathing
And she'll be hitchin a ride before her heart stops
beating

She came to naked on the lawn
Wondering where the time had gone
So much more vivid than a dream
But I don't recall anything

Wait patiently for explanations in the night
We can't be the only ghosts to float this high

You've got to come back down here now, the earth
stopped bleeding
And we've been giving her mouth to mouth but she
wont start breathing

I thought the end of the world would be much scarier
Tell me where in the hell are we going to bury her?

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