

Howling Bells

"Babe"

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I exclude light and wash my hands of you.

By larger being devoured,

Leaving only me to improve.

Weep.

Don't fucking weep.

Your weak eyes cry tears of the week.

Weep.

Catch up with the sheep.

It's a sacrilegious ceremony.

New flavor of the week.

Nothing's sacred in the faces of the soulless

(that you're made into).

You're raptured by a guilty stifle down.

"...And what I'll do

Is mess you up and lie to you."

Look at you

You know it's true.

It's a field trip to Hollywood Babylon.

But I'm not coming.

No.

