Children 18:3 "You Know We're All So Fond Of Dying"

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It's a lesson in progress How far away can we go? Everything is progress As far away as I know

Take a life and make it something less Please, anything more than stupid tests And tests and tests and tests They've found the answer to my selfishness

Cry, cry, cry Hear them sing

Please, stop killing us You know we're, oh, so fond of dying Please, stop using us Forever shut up

Please, stop killing us You know we're, oh, so fond of dying Please, stop using us

It's an acceptable practice And I am loathe to say Snuffed out the wicks from a sea of candles Maybe Jesus would take it away

Please, stop killing us You know we're, oh, so fond of dying Please, stop using us Forever shut up

Please, stop killing us You know we're, oh, so fond of dying Please, stop using us

The carousel comes round again
I cry and scream but I pretend
They're running down and I can't chase
Or put that smile out of place, yeah
Say, it isn't so, oh

Come, they come to take them all away But I'm not going home Come, they come to take my soul away But I'm not going home

Cry, cry, cry Hear them sing

Please, stop killing us You know we're, oh, so fond of dying Please, stop using us Forever shut up

Please, stop killing us You know we're, oh, so fond of dying Please, stop using us, yeah, yeah

Please, stop killing us You know we're, oh, so fond of dying Please, stop using us Forever shut up

Please, stop killing us You know we're, oh, so fond of dying Please, stop using us

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