

## Nevea Tears "Helium Queen"

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The pearls will drop at the end of the line every morning.  
Just a little bit closer, and with a loose touch I'm here to watch you.  
Let's share the stare and turn off the radio.  
Downtown skiesÂ... (play on our fears) are comingÂ...  
(they knew where the cancer grows)  
Like white horseÂ... riders are mysteriousÂ... the pearls will drop at the end of the line every morning.  
Just a little bit closer, and with a loose touch I'm here to watch you.  
Let's share the stare and turn off the radio.  
Downtown skiesÂ...(play on our fears) are comingÂ...  
(they knew where the cancer grows) like white horseÂ...  
Riders are mysterious.  
Reach out, a pourcelain touch disguised with fingertips below us.  
Downtown skiesÂ... are comingÂ... like white horseÂ...  
riders are mysteriousÂ...(mother of all whores, mourn her, dressed with pearls, drunk with the blood of saints, she is dead and burning.)

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