

Snowden

"Innocent Heathen"

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It's nothing big to keep the lights on
Somehow it's pretty to see them
'Cuz no one else will she feeds them
She's such an innocent heathen
There are such better ways to fix things
And they're soft
And I have trouble remembering
She doesn't mind to take her clothes off
She missed the Garden of Eden
And now the devil is your best friend
The lake of fire feels like cool wind
She shakes your soul up through the ceiling
The innocent heathen

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