

## **The Red Paintings "Dead Adults"**

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And look how far we've come,  
Spread our sand through the universe.

The uncompleted are one,  
I feel the changes in the air.

And all the creatures,  
And all the creatures left inside.  
Abused, Abused.  
We've hit a long long road,  
Now it's time to choose a path,

I choose the yellow brick road,  
To take me to wonderland.

And as the days fall,  
And in a moment we're all stuck.  
As one, you run, we talk.

How does all these things make it right?  
The dead adults sang it.

How could all these things make it right?  
It's so not right.

\*musical interlude\*

And look how far we've come,  
I've left a message in the land.

About a long long road,  
Where you stand.

Where all the creatures,  
And all the creatures stood as one.  
We knew, they knew.  
The dead adults sang it.

How does all the raindrops fall, keep in time?  
We sang it yesterday.

And how does all the raindrops fall, keep in time?

So much time.

So much time.

All I want is to feel it,  
But my imaginations slipping.  
Toys becoming blood.

The great escaping,  
The talking,  
And the enemies closing.

They're working night, to fall.

And how could all these things make it right?  
We sang it yesterday.

And how could all these things make it right?

It's so not right.  
It's so not right.

Shh...  
It woke up.  
It woke up.  
It woke up.

Shh...  
It woke up.  
It woke up.

Shh...  
Shh...  
\*repeat\*

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