

Minus 5

"Lies Of The Living Dead"

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They call it paradise
... purple leaves
The sound of silver flutes
The jam of honey bees

Oh I am getting so sick of the lies, the lies, the lies
Of the living dead
Lie, lie, lies of the living dead
Lie, lie, lies of the living dead

And there's no religion,
And rabbits rub your feet
My baby is eating flowers,
That kill of all diseases

Oh I am getting so sick of the lies, the lies, the lies
Of the living dead
Lie, lie, lies of the living dead
Lie, lie, lies of the living dead

Those elevator clouds
And bugs that braid your hair,
This often golden place,
That is supposedly somewhere

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