

The Burning Of Rome

"Ballad Of An Onion Sprout"

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O lovely don't
Lovely don't think your so cleaver
Wrapped up in hopeless endeavors
Ready to pout
Onion your ready to sprout

The money don't
It don't make anything better
Shrinks your soul just like wet leather
Stuck to a cow
And when your luck comes about

You can roll
The annuls
Of all time

From a scroll
To a bold
Ball of twine

Throw it up
To the sun
Watch it ignite

O Hopi gal
Don't rely on that dream catcher

To filter out with its feathers
All of your doubt
When that white man comes about

Your heart will grow
Larger than the Eiffel tower
Pumping blood of Paris flowers
Into the town
Of those non-natives you found

To be cold
With their old
State of mind

You must buy
Or be sold
To their lie

Grab your gun
Little girl
And make things right

Consummate yourself and shake the reigns
Down the bridal path to a safe place
I will meet you there dying in grace
Soak up all the tears off of your face
And watch you disappear without a trace

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