

Arthur

Dionysos

She said the rain will come again
I shave my shadow and threw up a bow
She said the rain will come again
I cut the swing with my feet in the sand

I can't believe this crowd of spies
I can't believe this crowd of feet
She said the rain will come again
I cut the swing with my feet in the sand

I can't believe this crowd of spies, I can't believe this
crowd of feet
With their big finger eyes eating the sand