

Pale Green Eyes

The Bunny the Bear

Breathe,
Our dear children, they're turning blue
smoke in their lungs
Please, breathe. They're just children
Finding out that whores bring sores
Breathe
Our dear children, they're turning blue
smoke in their lungs
Please, breathe. They're just children
Finding out that we all die

Smile, pale green eyes. We're breeding suicide
Let me take what you despise and paint it grey
When we count the mistakes, all the moments awake...
When you count all these stars, when it's gone too far
I think it's time I burn this city

Washed clean and slain
We love our sheep, we love to look the other way
Washed clean and slain
We love our sheep, we love to eat what we can't maintain