

Burning Brides, Blood On The Highway

I don't know why you suck on your thumb and cry.
All the fuzzy caterpillars turn into butterflies.
You wanna go where the flowers are nameless and rainbows unfold.
I watched the monkey make his habit,
A halo through a needle of gold.

Left foot, right foot.
March to the drums and die.
Hoist your favorite flag into the breeze on the Sunday sky.

I made it back from the magical station where everything flows.
A white lie turned to blood on the highway where the purple winds blow.
All my life, all I wanted was a best friend,
Then I looked into the sun.

A white lie took me far away again.
Far away from my little one.
Little one, little one, little one...