

# Cyclefly, Small Idols

Tall lies disable.  
That pen within.  
We crash the cradle.  
Through shadow grins.  
Ever we adore.  
Desperation star.  
The tappastry of sores.  
Small idols.  
Ever we adore.  
Desperation star.  
The tappastry of sores.  
Small idols.  
Small lines keep calling out.  
Our fear begins.  
Bound bent and bradle  
Through lonesomes grins.  
Ever we adore.  
Desperation star.  
The tappastry of sores.  
Small idols.  
Ever we adore.  
Desperation star.  
The tappastry of sores.  
Small idols.  
Ever we adore.  
Desperation star.  
The tappastry of sores.  
Small idols.  
Ever we adore.  
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