

# Hole, Petals

She's the angel on top  
of the tree  
sugar, honey, here she comes  
She's going to fall on me  
innocence was our fire  
we told the truth  
I miss the sweet boys in the  
Summer of their youth

CHORUS (x2)

Tear the petals off of you  
And make you tell the truth  
Tear the petals off of you

They will make you so, so cynical  
the fire burns the flesh;  
destroys the best that made our souls  
She's the grace of this world  
She's too pure  
For the likes of this world  
this world is a whore

CHORUS (x2)

oh, it's all mine  
yeah, hey, it's all mine  
I never knew what I could be  
oh the darling buds of May  
they fall with no sound  
they carry you down  
they carry you down  
oooooh  
ooooh ooh oooooh

All the lilies bloomed and blossomed  
Wilted and they're shivering  
I can't stop their withering  
Oh, this world is a war

CHORUS (x3)