

Louis XIV, Misguided Sheep

We keep hiding the ball of easter eggs
For reasons we just can't say
We're hiding a ball of money
When the tax man comes to prey
We keep hiding and hiding and hiding
All our bits and precious bobs
Were hiding all our freckles
Our wrinkles, and dead end jobs

We keep hiding and hiding and hiding
From all our hope and fear
Until hate boils through us
And there's no one left to care

We'll be hiding from what we want
So poisonous and soaked in sin
We'll be hiding from even our thoughts
Until they come around again

(all come out)
I can't see
What you don't let me
(all come out)
I can't see
What you don't let me

All come out
All come out to play X3

Well we duck and we dodge, we pocket and cover
All our scrubs and ticks
Hiding a ball of lustful needs
So they won't know our kicks
We keep hiding and hiding and hiding
Under blankets inside our bed
We nervously chew our pencils
Until our teeth are stained of lead
We keep nestleing to people like teddy bears
because the good book says,
Well he who holds to soft things
Won't die before they're dead.

(all come out)
I can't see what you don't let me
(all come out)
I can't see what you don't let me

All come out to play
All come out to play

I can't see what you don't let me
(All come to play)
We keep hiding and hiding and hiding
From robbers and from cops
Hiding our paranoid fits, snaps, cracks, and pops
Well we hide from what we want,
So nave and drenched in sin
We hide from even our thoughts
Until they come around again
So we nervously chew up our pencils
Until our teeth are stained of lead
And he who hold two soft things
Won't die before I'm dead