

Annuals, Chase You Off

Dying bumble bee.
Sa ramu sel cumas.
Just come back home to me.
No the snow, it can't go.
No the snow, it can't go.

But leave it up to me
to chase you off.
I'll tie my gloves to my wrists
and wear real big boots.

You crazy, old bitch.
Where are your eyes?
Where are your eyes?
[You crazy, old bitch.
Where are your eyes?
Where are your eyes?]

The deeper I dig this mine,
the walls will begin to shine,
and nothing will ever leave this room.
Oh, and when nothing I find,
I will be the first to die.

Well, at least I found my sanity.
[Well, at least I found my sanity.]

You crazy, old bitch.
How could you send me out here?
You crazy, old...
Well, at least I found my sanity.
Sel cumas