

Pinback, Seville

They're gonna kill us all

Oh sheena kneels
And prays over the graves
And wishes of her god to be so brave
The roses she had picked
Fall from her hand
On to the ground which
Will soon hold her

Sheena Bella

Sheena Bella walks and
Sheena Bella strays
Oh, fetal Sheena counts off her last days
The colors of the grass
The shadows on the floor
The precious things that she
Had no time for

She was only 4 years old
She was barely 4 years old

Sheena Bella

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