

Scaterd Few, Sheets

I try to keep it hidden under the sheets
My beloved Spy in the Sky
It shouldn't hurt to wipe the tears from His cheek
Such a crazy crime to keep you Looking to my Side

You know this segregation's out of my reach
They keep a hazy view
We must adopt another's mind

Amazing Grace
Suffocation bottled up inside
Such determined features
Hypnotizing wide-eyed words
In a Tainted Love Child

So what's the cosmic
Could it be your crystal charms
Or your lack of loving arms
It's your lucky lucky day

Do you remember
Ill die by keeping hidden under the sheets
My resisted Spy in the Sky
It really hurts to scar the tears on His cheek
Such a crazy crime to keep you Looking to my Side

Your lack of taste
It keeps you bellied up inside
Such disgusting creatures
Jeopardizing Blood stained lives
For such a desperate Pride Child

So what's the cosmic
Could it be your crystal charms
Or your lack of loving arms
It's your lucky day

Wild thing

Amazing Grace
Suffocation bottled up inside
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So what's the cosmic
Could it be your crystal charms
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