

# The Rapture, The Pop Song

Children died  
too serve my (?)  
i tied a rope i tied a lullabye  
and lala i said i tatter way up high  
and when you lay yourself down to rest  
sometimes a lemon flyeying though your head  
your growing older  
your growing older  
your growing old  
you got let down  
you had to tell your lie  
down on the grind  
your seen way way up high  
and when when yuo  
lay yourself down to bed  
through your rolling victims and silence-head