

# Virus, Lost Peacocks

Picture sordid  
It's all like pure pleasure, light and laughter  
Hear the constant sneering  
We will stay clean no matter how much we wade in  
our filth

Peacocks used to walk this lawn  
'Till all our lost treasures came back full of ash

With the fortunes granted us  
We entered the house with the dishonest entrance  
Busily betraying  
It spat us in our eyes; it cleansed us with its nest of  
tongues

Peacocks used to walk this lawn  
'Till all our lost treasures came back full of ash

Our eyes are behind us  
And the sky licks itself away  
Our eyes are behind us  
And the sky licks itself away

See our scoundrel flowers  
The disgrace as we present them gleaming in the  
mirrors

A swarm of birds has slipped off  
Dressed purely in the comfort of our skin

Peacocks used to walk this lawn  
'Till all our lost treasures came back full of ash

My eyes have fallen behind  
As I lick the empty skies  
My eyes have fallen behind  
As I lick the empty skies