

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