

Mr. Mouse

16

You epitomize in the blood of Christ
You're dead to us a roll up creep

I'm tired of crying
My throat is dry
We can share some wine to drink
With a small child
Under my arm
But he can't see

A bird got shot squawked in pain
He torched your house and your child
We lied awake in bed
But he comes inside

Burn this town down
Tear it to the ground
But we caught your lies