

# Candyland Wedding

Kill Paradise

And it seems like we, should know, that this is wrong.  
And it seems like we, should know, that everything we had once  
is gone.

This is your Mayflower coming over spring shower,  
I'm gonna play 'till I bleed.

And I can't dance with you tonight, I'm gonna make it right.  
It's silk done right, a black candy high,  
And I'm gunna make you fly tonight.

(Chorus)

And I found you in the ocean blue, fake sky.

Rosy coloured bones poke through,

And I can never write a lullaby for you, for you.

Do it man best you can,

Driver's in the hippie van.

Diamonds in my other hand, I can't believe it's happening.

Who's my other sky? Meet me 'cause I'm flyin high.

Jordan's silky dress up tie I can't believe it's happening.

The stars align; makes you want to dine.

Back up 'cause I'm fine, and I can't believe it's happening.

Golden coloured plates, porcelain legs and fancy dates.

Love me 'cause I know it's fate, I can't believe it's happening

.

(End Chorus)

I drink on glasses so I bleed. I just wanted you to know.

Yeast sinks with gases so try to knead, me to you.

A picture perfect chocolate river, and white canoe.

In our graves we're wrapped with leather and I'm kissing you!

Woah-oh.

(Chorus x3)