## Seville

They're gonna kill us all Oh sheena kneels And prays over the graves And wishes of her god to be so brave The roses she had picked Fall from her hand On to the ground which Will soon hold her Sheena Bella

Sheena Bella walks and Sheena Bella strays Oh, fetal Sheena counts off her last days The colors of the grass The shadows on the floor The precious things that she Had no time for

She was only 4 years old She was barely 4 years old

Sheena Bella

They're gonna kill us all

## Pinback