

Separate

Trampled by Turtles

Drop me from the ceiling, baby
You're the one that can make it all okay
Maybe today

Filled with fatal flowers and praying
For the sky to turn from black to grey
Hear what I say

Never plain nor simple
It's breaking my heart
But I'm working hard
To separate
war from beauty

Born of fire, earth and water
All in all a current through a wire
To know when it's hot

I'll survive on dirty paper
Miracles that make me wanna die
I wonder why

Oh my god, I'm sinking
It's breaking my heart
But I'm working hard
To separate
War from beauty