

## Worhead

## Little Comets

Standing in a field of green  
Looking for a blade of grass  
Squeaking like we all got clean  
Hoping that this age will pass

And it's a wrong road  
That we're all on  
And we see this  
And we see this  
But we tear apart everything  
My sweetheart  
What will remain?  
If you flout it  
If you flout it  
You flout it all

Tolerate lies  
Push the button and everyone dies  
It's the lack of a singular thing  
That a weapon could bring  
To put love in the eyes of us all  
Tell me now profit and war  
Are analogous. What am I for?  
Are the hazardous hands on the guns  
Just the same as the ones  
Using a testicular epithet indicative of what's wrong?

And when the world ends  
Did we see this?  
Could we see this?  
But obliterate everything  
My sweetheart  
Can we lean more?  
To the left side  
To the left side  
To the left of everything

Sitting in a field of green  
Looking at a hopeless dawn  
Sleeping is my only dream  
Seeing that this age will pass