

Die

Shamir

I met a Satanist who said that he was on his way to heaven
I grabbed a pamphlet from a catholic inside the 7-11

Everybody's talking bout some God up in the sky
While I'm lying in the meadow asking for one good reason why
They wanna leave the leaves and the birds and the bees
And the sun and the moon and the heavenly breeze

I know, I know, I know, I know
I know that we're gonna die
I know we're gonna die
I know, I know, I know, I know
I know but I'm feeling fine
I know we're gonna die

Waved to a spider in the hallway of my studio apartment
It's kinda small but we can both fit baby
He made a web to catch the flies and that sticky shit goes the
hardest
If I'm being honest

Normally I'd tear up for that winged little beast
But eventually my atoms will become somebody's feast
Like the trees and the leaves that are home for the bees
And if nothings really real at least its fun to believe

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