

Andrew Bird, Masterswarm

come what may
lay your eggs where it's warm
we come here to swarm
come by sea
swarm like smoke in the dawn
we were the young
we were the swarm

radiolarians
midges and moths
cut from a cloth
we were the young
we were the swarm

flailing fetal fleas
feeding from the arms of the master
burrow into me
and this is sure to misspell disaster
Oh and the young in the larval stage
orchestrating plays
in vestments of translucent alabaster

so they took me to the hospital
they put my body through a scan
what they saw there would impress them all
for inside me grows a man
who speaks with perfect diction
as he orders my eviction
as he acts with more conviction
than I

oh, burrow into me
this is sure to misspell disaster
oh, burrow into me
you're feeding from the arms of the master

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come