

# Atmosphere, The Bird

It's the Bird. It must have been the birds.  
Disgusting critter, it must- We should have known better to trust.  
This disease infested ball of lust- and carnation  
Piece of garbage with wings, and she has the guts to sing.  
Get the bird. Catch her. Shoot her, I don't care.  
Get the bird! Bring her down to the ground from out the air.  
Got to tear her apart. Let me at her first-  
Sink her to the level of the rest of us that inhabit the earth!  
What's she thinking? Does she really believe  
That she's above the creatures that walk the dirty streets?  
See her up in the tree looking down at you and me  
Like she's chosen over those that walk around on two feet.  
The bird. The melody she plays. The music she makes,  
Rubbing our faces in the feces of the day break.  
Tryin' to remind us it's time to awake.  
Antagonizing and instigating my hate.  
The chirps, I turn into screams.  
My feathered friends' ends will justify the means.  
Disturbed! I'll grab her by the beak,  
And swing her in circles 'till she's too dizzy to speak.

(2x)

I'll shake her from her branch. Tear apart her nest.  
Break her skinny legs and fry her eggs up for breakfast.  
She's a snake that can fly. She's just food for the fleas.  
She thinks she's better than me just because she's free?

(10x)

(my beautiful bird has gone away)