

The Frames, A Caution To The Birds

The body's not secure,
The truth will not absorb,
And this crumbling apart,
Is no good for you at all..

Sound, there's order in the sound,
The sound that you don't know..

And with eyes that never look,
Past the time under foot,
And this reading in the cards,
Is a caution to the birds..

Sound, there's order in the sound,
The sound that you don't know..