

Burning Heads, Little Bird

Spoiled child of the modern age filled with useless rage
Keeps looking for something that's nowhere to be found
I'm being fed like a little bird who can't seem to fly
I could sit and wonder why but it's easier not to think

I always had more than I needed but still I don't see the green grass green
The land of honey remains out of reach

I'm being fed like a little bird who can't seem to fly
I could sit and wonder why but it's easier not to think

I'm against the grain and I don't make it I'm a piece of the puzzle that just doesn't fit
I'll change the world when I finish my meal I don't wanna face it if it's real

I know I don't know what I like I don't even know what I want
Like a little bird who can't seem to fly like a little bird