

Lemon Demon, Archaeopteryx

Saw him in a book of fossils
Dancing with some old Apostles.
I think if I went back in time,
He'd be there, alive.
Root of all my jealousy.

Grounded in my devastation,
I can't get no aviation.
Up in the sky, his grandchildren fly.
I don't sing, I sigh.

<i>Tell the Archaeopteryx
That I never wanted this
Featherhead metropolis.
Liar liar, wings on fire.</i>

When it's fast approaching winter
And I eat my turkey dinner,
Tickles of hate, they rattle my cage
And evolve to rage.
This is when I make a choice.

I will build a time contraption.
I will start a chain reaction.
Know what I think I'm going to do?
I am going to

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Now the clock ticks,
And I hope this will fix
All the present bird tricks.
Farewell, Mr. Archaeopteryx.

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Liar liar, wings on fire.</i>