

Odds, Hurt Me

a brush with death could make me beautiful
who gave the crow that telling voice?
felt good enough to go and do some damage
releasing that important crowing noise

It's gonna hurt me
It's gonna hurt me
as much as it hurts you

low on meat and high on flies
you were hunted down by packs of lies
falling like fruit bats in a bright sunbeam
caught for mining someone else's seam

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