

# Portugal. The Man, Kill Me The King

Basking briefly in this overeating indulgence of insides  
But I fear he's lower than before  
Though he's stronger than he looks  
He's made of feathers mixed with oil and small servings  
Of hands and feet

Up so high  
"How do they flutter so damn high?"

Now begin the search that hails you home  
"I think I lost my means."  
He said with his face in the cup  
Desperate times make for desperate people