

Skin Yard, The Birds

I'm sitting in a rather small room
My walls have nothing to say
I memorize every hole
Squinting eyes all day

Fold me up and bring me home
With the night I cannot stay!

Violence surrounds my house
I'm a loco loser
Springing the noose, stay rather far

I rest from the fact
The birds cover trees on my side
Violence surrounds my house
So I sit on the side
These birds are mine, together
The friends of your blood
I smile, then divide
The birds all take mine

Fold me up and bring me home
No I will not stay
These birds surround my house
I cannot stay

I'm sitting in a rather small room
My walls have nothing to say
I memorize every hole
Squinting eyes all day

Resting from the fact the birds
The birds cover the trees, my side
Violence surrounds my house
So I sit on the side

These birds
My mind
Together
They fly

On the side I hide my eyes
Stole my mind
I feel my flight

The milkman passes through today, on his way
He's bringing home the noose of mine
The birds are his tree
I'm sitting in a rather small room
My eyes of nothing left to say
I can remember a time I was
As pretty as the day!