

I was born when they took my name  
When the world turned wicked, when I joined their game  
But I turned upon them  
Like you always knew I'd do

I sat and dreamed at the foot of your bed  
Split my skull and reached inside my head  
Pulled out the pictures and wished that I'd forget  
But you stitched me up then  
Wiped the blood from off my chin

Now I sit on rooftop's edge  
Muddy street beneath my swollen head  
Trying to forget you  
But we've never met

And the sky is ripped from the flying clouds  
The chimneys' mouths spewing smoke around  
And I can't stop coughing  
My lungs just won't calm down  
But still I keep grinning  
As the blood from my face stains the ground

A bird, caught in the wires  
Pleading for help I can't provide, I'm not that big  
I hope for the best but nothing changes, I'm sorry

But I was blessed with bad eyes  
There's a lot that I missed but I don't mind, I'm not  
that old  
I'll find out what broke me soon enough