

Bird Sings Why the Caged I Know

Atmosphere

It's the bird, it must have been the bird
Disgusting critter, it must
We should have known better then to trust
This disease infested ball of lust and carnage
Piece of garbage with wings and she has the guts to sing
Get the bird, catch her shoot her, I dont care
Get the bird, bring her down to the ground from out the air
Gotta tear her apart, let me at her first
Sink her to the level of the rest of us that inherit the earth

What's she thinking? does she really believe
That shes above the creatures that work the dirt and the street
s
See her up in the tree, looking down at you and me
Like she's chosen over those who walk around on two feet
The bird, the melodys she play
The music she make, rubbing our faces in the feces of the daybr
eak
Trying to remind us, its time to awake
Antaganizing and instigating my hate
The chirps, I turn them into screams
My feathered friends end will justity the means
Disturbed, I'll grab her by her beak
And swing her in circles untill she's too dizzy to speak

Well I'll shake her from her branch, tear apart her nest
Break her skinny legs and fry her eggs up for breakfast
(she's a snake that can fly) she's just food for the fleas
She thinks she's better then me just because she's free?
I'll shake her from her branch, tear apart her nest
Break her skinny legs and fry her eggs up for breakfast
(she's a snake that can fly) she's just food for the fleas
She thinks she's better then me just because she's free?

My beautiful bird has gone away [x12]