

In come the vultures  
Through dusty air  
To take you down and  
Tear the ribbons from your hair.

In come the songbirds  
With bitter melodies  
To sever all your heartstrings  
As they light upon the trees.

This place can sometimes be so ugly.  
This place can sometimes be so strange.

In come the blackbirds  
In murders and in droves  
To cover you in shadow  
As they clean you to the bone.

In I come, a firebird  
Don't offer up your sorrow  
Today you see me crash and burn  
But I'll be back tomorrow.

This place can sometimes be so perfect.  
This place can sometimes be your cage.  
This place can sometimes be so beautiful.  
This place will always be so strange.