

Murder of Birds

Jesca Hoop

i'm not a bird
i'm a murder of birds
shifting my shape
when your tongue finds the words

like i hate you when i
love you the most
love you the most
love you the most

this shape of a snake
in a defensive coil
same retracted lips
of the one foolish girl

says she hates you when she
loves you the most
loves you the most
loves you

and i've got demons when i need 'em
don't ask to see them they're not
supposed to be used against
you oh

can we build a safe house
far from the bitter bride
and we'll make a home with a brown recluse
and the cobra locked outside

for the spider we'll give a web
to the cobra a lullaby
and keeping the demons happy
you make free for me to fly

and the shape of home baked bread
and the girl in a turned down bed
in a wake of twisted thread
from the loving words you said
birds

and i think i'm alone
in desire for graves
fire only shimmered
and i'm no longer safe

i say i hate you and i
love you the most
love you the most
love you the most

this shape of my breast
and a shape of my kiss
demented coil
with a slither and hiss

said i hate you and i

love you the most
love you the most
love you

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when i need 'em
don't ask to see them theyre not
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to the spider we'll give a web
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and the girl in a turned down bed
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and the girl in a turned down bed
in a wake of twisted thread
from the loving words you said

'cause i'm not a bird
i'm a murder of birds