

## Archaeopteryx

Lemon Demon

Saw him in a book of fossils  
dancing with some old Apostles.  
I think if I went back in time  
he'd be there, alive,  
root of all my jealousy.

Grounded in my devastation,  
I can't get no aviation.  
Up in the sky, his grandchildren fly.  
I don't sing, I sigh.

Tell the Archaeopteryx  
that I never wanted this  
featherhead metropolis.  
Liar liar, wings on fire.

When it's fast approaching winter  
and I eat my turkey dinner,  
tickles of hate, they rattle my cage  
and evolve to rage.  
This is when I make a choice.

I will build a time contraption.  
I will start a chain reaction  
Know what I think I'm going to do?  
I am going to

Tell the Archaeopteryx  
that I never wanted this  
featherhead metropolis.  
Liar liar, wings on fire.

Now the clock ticks,  
and I hope this will fix  
all the present bird tricks.  
Farewell, Mr. Archaeopteryx

Tell the Archaeopteryx  
that I never wanted this  
featherhead metropolis.  
Liar liar, wings on fire.