

## The Cuckoo

Motorpsycho

We swear we're innocent but now that's all illusion  
The opium fog just finally seems to clear  
Enough to show the cracks, enough to bring confusion  
And now our swaggers's swung to fear  
The cuckoo settled in, he's busy feeding, growing  
He'll be claiming everything we've known  
We let him slip right in, how could we think we knew him?  
Now it doesn't feel like home  
Pull the curtains back and let the light come shining  
Catch him while he's busy putting up his throne  
Keep the searchlights on, you better keep them burning  
The sun ain't turning him to stone

In our haste to really clean it  
We've gone and thrown the baby out  
Is this really what we wanted?  
Is this what we're all about?  
Faced with reality compassion is first to go  
Faced with uncertainty some turn unkind  
Keeping the fear in check, you die if you don't  
Maybe not vigilant, but never blind  
Keep holding the mirrors up, Narcissus is holding court  
Hope isn't the only thing we might lose today  
Invincible empire, with pride comes the fall  
Grace isn't the only thing we might lose today