

# The Bird

SYML

Covered in dust  
The wings of my porcelain dove  
They don't trouble the waters my love  
Frozen in time

Fragile to touch  
She melts like the words on my tongue  
The goddess of heavenly love  
Fades outta sight

All your stars are in view  
I get lost loving you

Fly  
Fly

Dark was the night  
Her shape burned a void in my eyes  
It was black but so violently bright  
Like the birth of a sun

So I cried out  
But my voice could not be heard aloud  
For held here safe in my mouth  
The bird was done

All your stars are in view  
I get lost loving you

Fly  
With a perfect smile  
Fly

Gimme that, gimme that, gimme that money  
Gimme that, gimme that money  
Off the top, game over, uh  
Gimme that, gimme that, gimme that money

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