

## No Nature

## A Lot Like Birds

I say the devil runs this hole  
and hides his subjects wisely.  
We won't be waiting.  
We won't be waiting.

Oh please. (Give it up!)  
Don't use your spells on me. (Give it up! Do your worst!)  
Disruption, the séance, a curse upon all of us.  
An addiction to chaos? I can relate.  
Kinda got the same damn problem myself.

Away from the furnace it feels like a vague supernatural strain.  
Get closer baby! It's like the real flame!

How long can you hold in your breath for?  
Long enough to fan out the fumes?  
Who is it you're saving your best for?  
And is he showing up soon?  
To show you that all prayers fall on deaf ears.  
Best to save the fresh air.

And hey, who can blame you for wishing? (Give it up!)  
Hope's probably the last thing any of us can take from you. (Stop!)  
But we'll get there eventually. We take everything.  
Why'd you even come back in the first place? (Turn! Back!)  
This isn't your home anymore. It's mine. It's ours. (Leave.)

My tangled knots are wound so tight they never untie.  
My mangled tongue's a mother birthing nothing but lies.  
My prodigy's in the dark with no need for eyes.

Hold on, watch your step when you're walking down.  
Don't want to wake anyone.  
Everything you lost watches closely.  
Don't go far from the stairs.  
Oh, when will it be all over?  
Will you let me leave when it's over?

I know you're not superstitious but you might just want to give it a try.  
Cross your heart and pray to die now! Knock on wood, turn off the lights now!  
Put your skin where I can taste it! Come on down, we're in the basement!  
Oh god, someone save us from us!

Pacing back and forth, pacing back and forwards.  
Words fill up the space, words fill up the spaces.  
Is there any way, is there any way in?  
In or out's the same, in or out's the same place.

Home can be such a terrible place  
When they won't let you leave.  
When you don't have the means.

If I die in my sleep, will I dream before I do?  
And live this one final night in my desolate room.  
The room inside my head, ceilingless, fulfilling.  
If God can grant me this, then I might just go willing.