

D. Feathers

Bettie Serveert

What a wonderful solution.
Now we all can rest our weary heads and go to bed.
And you pretend it's all illusion,
so I can pretend my mind is dead.
What a wonderful solution.
Now the wings have clipped the bird instead
and claimed it's head.
But in the midst of all confusion,
remember what D. Feathers said.

I can't trust the things I see,
for I can only trust in me.
And if the whole world should drop dead,
I'll build my own inside my head.

What a wonderful solution.
Now we all can finally turn our heads
on what's been said.
But in the midst of all confusion,
remember what D. Feathers said.

I can't trust the things I see,
for I can only trust in me.
And if the whole world should drop dead,
I'll build my own inside my head.