

True Thrush

Dan Deacon

Beast of my brain, everybody's the same
With the beast's control, it will never turn gold, and that's j
ust life
Don't touch the flame, of the burning decay
With the lies you've been sold, let the nightmare unfold, if yo
u don't mind

And they're all out, I'm lost there alone
No hand to hold high, Looking for me, I'm gone
Spread those wings wide and take me along
Now show me the sky and tell me I'm wrong