

Bird of Prey

Editors

Every lie you've ever been sold
The greatest story ever told.
A circling bird of prey,
Above a church on a Sunday.

I wrap myself in you,
A little something that I can cling to.
Oh, there you are my love,
There you are my love.

Rain down through my hands,
Scream out like children,
My heart is a church bell ringing.

You are a shiver,
The gold and the silver,
My heart is a church bell ringing.

Every lie you've ever been sold
The greatest story ever told.
A circling bird of prey,
Above a church on a Sunday.

Rain down through my hands,
Scream out like children,
My heart is a church bell ringing.

You are a shiver,
The gold and the silver,
My heart is a church bell ringing.

To the birds,
To the birds,
To the birds.

To the birds,
To the birds,
To the birds.

You are a shiver,
The gold and the silver,
You are a shiver,
The gold and the silver.