

Aviary

Ego Likeness

In come the vultures
Through dusty air
To take you down and
Tear the ribbons from your hair.

In come the songbirds
With bitter melodies
To sever all your heartstrings
As they light upon the trees.

This place can sometimes be so ugly.
This place can sometimes be so strange.

In come the blackbirds
In murders and in droves
To cover you in shadow
As they clean you to the bone.

In I come, a firebird
Don't offer up your sorrow
Today you see me crash and burn
But I'll be back tomorrow.

This place can sometimes be so perfect.
This place can sometimes be your cage.
This place can sometimes be so beautiful.
This place will always be so strange.