

## Crooked Bird

Gas Huffer

Flapped ragged wings - or the boundary kings  
There is often her stock of the fortune it brings  
It's my living stoop - brings out a broken croop  
It delivers it's steam to the manner of fault  
The way they ward it off - just pray it stays aloft  
When it comes for the brave - and it comes for the soft  
Beware of the jagged beak - in which they fear to speak  
Now they'll think your exempt from the truth here it seems  
And if you you here that the crooked bird just closed your shut  
test eyes  
Heed the warning wriiten here to live to see the lies  
If you look into the sky and can't you tell  
They ward it off - just prays it stays aloft  
When it comes for the brave and it comes for the soft  
Beware the jagged beak - in which they fear to speak  
Now they'll think your exempt from the truth here it seems  
And if you here that crooked bird just close your shuttest eyes  
Heed the warning written here to live to see the lies  
If you look in to the sky and you can't tell  
It will alight  
And if you here that crooked bird just close your shuttest eyes  
Heed the warning written here and live to see the lies  
If you look into the sky and can't tell  
It will alight