

## Bird Flu

Hopesfall

I'm a killjoy  
even offstage i'm plastered  
memories of a sex stained flower  
on the wall of your room  
i need a view  
i need a few  
people around me think they are California bound  
we're turning blue and yellow  
we don't make a sound  
i've sunk into cold floors  
half naked and always stumbling

you are to me  
however you want to be

as long as we're machines (we will lose)  
we are just a dream (the unknown)  
no ordinary tease  
of another life  
come find  
we ought to be  
how we used to be  
a more human and extraordinary love

hush up that gypsy queen in the back of magazines  
crush the pills  
flip it over  
rip this oxy  
f\*\*k alter boy sensitivity  
make it numb to learn  
we can;t get far enough  
from nights of  
dancing on the streets like we paved them ourselves  
and now we've learned to chase our liquor with disaster

palm readers never let you know  
palm readers never let you go  
we're all ribbon chasers  
without ribbons of our own  
under the watchful eye of a dirty bird  
my chemical companion  
can't you read my mind?  
you want some attention  
but i'm tired of it tonight