

You hover above and I can do nothing but stare
As your greedy black eyes search and glare
The skies turn grey and then you will come
Black scavengers of the night
I loathe you with my entire strawfilled heart
You have come only to pick a fight

You grusome creatures are the only company I have
To you I am a place to sit, while you ignore my wrath

The loneliest scarecrow in the world
Proud but useless you are
The loneliest scarecrow in the world
Crows, pick me apart! So someone will fix me again

I am nothing to you, lonely scarecrow, but I have
feelings too
It is funny how humans are very much like me, are you
like me?
I am nothing to you but lonely scarecrow, but I have
feelings too, do you?
It is funny how humans are very much like me, are you
like me?
It is funny how humans are very much like me

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Pinned to a tree destined to live my eternal life
With nothing left but crows by my side
Slowly picking me apart, to bring me peace
So you'll fix me, human contact brings me relief

And after I've been fixed I will hang here with them
Waiting for them to pick me apart so I can be fixed
again
So we live in a malevolent never ending game of sin
I need the creatures in order for my life cycle to end
and begin