

Kill Me. The King

Portugal. The Man

Basking briefly in this overeating indulgence of insides,
But I fear he's lower than before,
Though he's stronger than he looks,
He's made of feathers mixed with oil and small servings
Of hands and feet.

Up so high...
"How do they flutter so damn high?"
"How do they flutter so damn high?"
Up so high...
"How do they flutter so damn high?"
"How do they flutter so damn high?"

Now begin the search that hails you home.
"I think I lost my means",
He said with his face in the cup.
Desperate times make for desperate people.
Desperate times make for desperate people.

Up so high...
"How do they flutter so damn high?"
"How do they flutter so damn high?"
Up so high...
"How do they flutter so damn high?"
"How do they flutter so damn high?"