

I was born when they took my name
When the world turned wicked, when I joined their game
But I turned upon them
Like you always knew I'd do

I sat and dreamed at the foot of your bed
Split my skull and reached inside my head
Pulled out the pictures and wished that I'd forget
But you stitched me up then
Wiped the blood from off my chin

Now I sit on rooftop's edge
Muddy street beneath my swollen head
Trying to forget you
But we've never met

And the sky is ripped from the flying clouds
The chimneys' mouths spewing smoke around
And I can't stop coughing
My lungs just won't calm down
But still I keep grinning
As the blood from my face stains the ground

A bird, caught in the wires
Pleading for help I can't provide, I'm not that big
I hope for the best but nothing changes, I'm sorry

But I was blessed with bad eyes
There's a lot that I missed but I don't mind, I'm not
that old
I'll find out what broke me soon enough