All Birds

The Bunny the Bear

Well, all these words have come to nothing,
like all my thoughts that fade away.
And every night I pray for something,
then every day I throw it all away.

All birds sing something,
Their songs define our means, their songs define our lives.
Praying for something, (As I release my arrow and it pierces their eyes.)

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I will be alone.
I will be alone.
I will be alone.

Tie me down with nothing but a string,
and preach your faith in nothing...
I'll mourn for you with passing of our time.
When will we see our shadows without light?
The time will come when all that's left is all our demons here to fight.

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We'll all be swallowed, live and whole,
blisters from digging our own holes.
We'll be too deep to see the light,
We'll be too lost to set things right.

Nice to meet you, Mr. Maker.
Nice to meet you, see you later!

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Nice to meet you, see you later!

Who never knew who?

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