

## Birdsong

Tomahawk

I'll feed you now, whisper low in your ear  
The way you look at me when you're hungry  
Lay your head down, shoot a load in your ear  
The way you look at me when you're hunted

On the slow drip down from beak to mouth  
Spit it up, it'll drown, I need it now

You've got me sick  
You lie and feed  
Like you're breathing it in

You know I know you want it  
Say you want it, pray you want it  
Say, say it

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