## Atmosphere "Bid Sings Why The Caged I Knows"

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Its the bird, it must have been the bird. Disguting critter it must, we should've known better than to trust this disease infested ball of lust and carnation, piece of garbage with wings and she has the guts to sing. Get the bird, catch her, shot her, i dont care, get the bird, bring down to the ground from out the air. Gotta tear her apart, let me at her first. Sink her to level of the rest of us that inhabit the earth. Whats she thinkin? Does she really believe, that shes above the creatures that work the dirt and the streets. See her up in the tree lookin down at you and me, like shes chosen over those that walk around on two feet. The bird, the melody she plays, the music she makes, rubbing our faces in the feices of the daybreak, trying to remind us, its time to awake, antagoning and instigating my hate. The cherps, i'll turn them into screams, my feathered friends end will justify the means. Disturbed, i'll grab her by her beak, and swing her in circles until shes too dizzy to speak. Well i'll shake her from her branch, tear apart her nest, break her skinny legs and fry her eggs up for breakfast. She's a snake that can fly, shes just food for the fleas, shes thinks shes better than me just because shes free.i'll shake her from her branch, tear apart her nest, break her skinny legs and fry her eggs up for breakfast. She's a snake that can fly, shes just food for the fleas, shes thinks shes better than me just because shes free. My beautiful birdies gone away... My beautiful birdies gone away...

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