

Atmosphere

"The Bird"

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It's the Bird, It must have been the bird,
Disgusting critter, it must- We should have known
better to trust,
This disease infested ball of lust and carnage
Piece of garbage with wings, and she has the guts to
sing,
Get the bird, Catch her, Shoot her, I don't care.
Get the bird! Bring her down to the ground from out
the air,
Got to tear her apart, Let me at her first,
Sink her to the level of the rest of us that inhabit the
earth!
What's she thinking? Does she really believe
That she's above the creatures that work the dirt and
the streets?
See her up in the tree looking down at you and me,
Like she's chosen over those that walk around on two
feet,
The bird, The melody she play, The music she make,
Rubbing our faces in the feces of the day break,
Tryin to remind us it's time to awake,
Antagonizing and instigating my hate,
The chirps, I'll turn into screams,
My feathered friends end will justify the means,
Disturbed! I'll grab her by her beak,
And swing her in circles till she's too dizzy to speak,
(2x)
Ill shake her from her branch. Tear apart her nest,
Break her skinny legs and fry her eggs up for
breakfast,
(Shes a snake that can fly) she's just food for the fleas,
She thinks she's better than me just because she's
free?
(12x)
(my beautiful bird has gone away)

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