

Bowerbirds

"Knives, Snakes & Mesquite"

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Listen through the walls. The wave has got to break soon.

Only so many nails to a room, only so much could it support.

The floorboards sigh to the sway of the dance that could keep going

All night and peel away the dawn.

And I am a peach down in the forest of knives and snakes and mesquite,
Where all is a dream, all eyes on me, and I bite my nails till they bleed.

I see your claws come off and your knees come out
Like an iceberg, like a secret offer.

Sailing the waves of that icy morning,
While all in between theres a new wind blowing.

And I am a peach down in the forest of knives and snakes and mesquite,
Where all is a dream, all eyes on me, and I bite my nails till they bleed.

(The prevailing winds from the east) I will set my sights
on defeat

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