

Brave Saint Saturn "Starling"

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Starling

Music and Lyrics by Reese Roper from album Anti-Meridian

Filthy bird laying in our yard,
four chamber heart never beat so hard.
Dad said she was almost gone,
upside down out on our lawn.
And I could hold her in a shoe box,
if she heals she could be mine.
And if I cannot save her spirit,
dad says I should break her spine.
Shaking, brilliant, silver-black wings,
Jesus Christ, what prayers these tears sing.

Wear your hearts out on your sleeves for,
starlings... starlings.
Of the least of all of these,
are starlings... starlings.

Two years pass, I pump the chamber,
full of air to shoot the birds.
Harmless game to hit them slightly,
Scare them off, in other words.
Starling falling to her death,
piercing copper steals her breath.
See the flutter in her breast,
starving babies in her nest.
Raise their souls up to the sky,
why must helpless creatures die?

Wear your hearts out on your sleeves for,
starlings... starlings.
Of the least of all of these,
are starlings... starlings.

Every breath has sacred weight,
every life has some design.
Can we kill and also save,
speak life,
while digging graves?

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