

Hopesfall "Bird Flu"

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I'm a killjoy
even offstage i'm plastered
memories of a sex stained flower
on the wall of your room
i need a view
i need a few
people around me think they are California bound
we're turning blue and yellow
we don't make a sound
i've sunk into cold floors
half naked and always stumbling

you are to me
however you want to be

as long as we're machines (we will lose)
we are just a dream (the unknown)
no ordinary tease
of another life
come find
we ought to be
how we used to be
a more human and extraordinary love

hush up that gypsy queen in the back of magazines
crush the pills
flip it over
rip this oxy
fuck alter boy sensitivity
make it numb to learn
we can

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