

Burning Heads

"Little Bird"

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Spoiled child of the modern age filled with useless
rage

Keeps looking for something that's nowhere to be
found

I'm being fed like a little bird who can't seem to fly
I could sit and wonder why but it's easier not to think

I always had more than I needed but still I don't see the
green grass green

The land of honey remains out of reach

I'm being fed like a little bird who can't seem to fly

I could sit and wonder why but it's easier not to think

I'm against the grain and I don't make it I'm a piece of
the puzzle that just doesn't fit

I'll change the world when I finish my meal I don't
wanna face it if it's real

I know I don't know what I like I don't even know what I
want

Like a little bird who can't seem to fly like a little bird

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