Los Campesinos! "The Black Bird, the Dark Slope"

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The black bird sits atop my guts
And spreads its wings for flight
My shoulders back
My jaw pushed out
My stomach sucked in
Its wingtips push across my lungs
And fill them full of feathers
But the brushstrokes feel like
Hearthpokes into my skin.

The black bird feasts upon my guts
And bears its beak to fight
My shoulders back
My jaw pushed out
My stomach sucked in
Its wingtips push across my lungs
And fill them full of feathers
Now they poke between my teeth
And that's why I thirst

When he flies me to the top There's nothing but the fog A heart of stone Eggshells for bones They lead you to be lost

The dark slope drags you down
The black bird is a part of me
(The dark slope drags you down)
A part of me, so sad to see
(The dark slope drags you down)
The black bird is a part of me, so sad
(The dark slope drags you down)
To see, so sad

I ask before I go For you to drop a lit match down my throat And smoke the bastard out Or burn him to a crisp 'Cause I'm already carrion
Been eaten from the inside too long
This black bird wants to rip me
Limb from limb
The black bird dips its beak
In blood and writes its thoughts in cursive
'Cross the bones that are its jailer
And my ribcage
And when you turn me inside out
Believe in me, without a doubt
The words were all of his
And none of mine

When he flies me to the top There's nothing but the fog A heart of stone Eggshells for bones They lead you to be lost

The dark slope drags you down
The black bird is a part of me
(The dark slope drags you down)
A part of me, so sad to see
(The dark slope drags you down)
The black bird is a part of me, so sad
(The dark slope drags you down)
To see, so sad to be me.

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