

Devoted Few "Invisible Birds"

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waiting for the moment to come to stop the beating in
my head
and i'm holding my breath for to long, it's all a means
to the end
this air is killing us, where are we anyway
i can't see beyond my hand, the sky has melted again

it may be a hard act to follow but it's only something in
my head

wake up at 3am, curse the clock in my head
the twilight stuck to your brow, 9 to 5 zombie
give a little bit and it don't mean nothing else, down the
stairs to your sea
give a little bit and it don't mean nothing else, think
that way and you'll see
it's only beginning

it may be a hard act to follow but it's only something in
my head

up here the birds are invisible

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