

Owen Pallett "E Is For Estranged"

Visit "[E Is For Estranged](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

Boys run like water from the barrow to the trough
They'll never stop their running
Gunning for their brothers
This house is a hostel
It is peaceful but it's always emptying
Boys all want to be someone

Haven't you heard?
I am a flightless bird
I am a liar, feeding the facts to false fires
Pathos is born, born out of bullshit
In formal attire
But I'll score your string ensemble

I saw my son at seventeen
The shutters made projections on his naked frame
But now at twenty-five, he simply cannot stay away
From the ketamine
With make-up on his sores
He spends an hour a day composing his own eulogy
Sometimes he sends me letters
But they're mostly garbled phrases and apologies

Haven't you heard? I am a flightless bird, I am a liar
Feeding the facts to false fires
Pathos is borne, borne out of bullshit in formal attire
Append a Bulgarian children's choir

Visit [Owen Pallett](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.