

Campesinos!, Los

"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 hearth pokes 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, egg shell for bones, they lead you to
be lost
The dark slope drags you down
The black bird is a part of me, so sad to see
So sad to be me

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, egg shell for bones, they lead you to
be lost
The dark slope drags you down
The black bird is a part of me, so sad to see

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