

## **The 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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