

Flightless Birds

Comb the Desert

Those who seek direction are grounded
inevitably surrounded with doubt because the sky they are without
Drowning because their wings are filled with grout

Those who seek direction
have the aspiration of flightless birds in motion
Pluck Feathers and cut the skin sharp glaring grin

Cease to seek their direction again unable to procreate and see what's next of his kin

Fall asleep with it weighing
On your chest and you wake up
With it pulling at your bedsheets

Pain pain pain oh pain it won't go the fuck away
Pain pain go away
don't want to feel like yesterday
if you stay oh I swear

I'll blow out my brains somewhere

Those who seek direction find inspiration in their excite-less words
And constipation from their height-less turds

It's self-inflicted they are endlessly harassed couldn't manage to stick their craft
Gluttonous mass devolving fast

And faster faster the pain the pain the pain never seems to go away
Depreciation of insightful words is why we have all of these flightless birds.

Self-realization will never be the internal disclosure of a memory that I've never seen
And I've never seen.

Lyrics Submitted by CTD

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