

Little Bird

Burning Heads

Spoiled child of the modern age filled with useless rage
Keeps looking for something that's nowhere to be found

I'm being fed like a little bird who can't seem to fly

I could sit and wonder why but it's easier not to think I always had more than I needed but still I don't see the
green grass green

The land of honey remains out of reach I'm being fed like a little bird who can't seem to fly

I could sit and wonder why but it's easier not to think I'm against the grain and I don't make it I'm a piece of the
puzzle that just doesn't fit

I'll change the world when I finish my meal I don't wanna face it if it's real

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