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 thinkI always had more than I needed but still I don't see the green grass green
The land of honey remains out of reachI'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 thinkI'm against the grain and I don't make it I'm a peace 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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