I Know Where the Canaries and Crows Go

The Blood Brothers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Why can't we let our mouths devour each other?
Why can't we turn those miles into inches,
letters into breath, years into seconds?
(We always said we'd return to the candy coated jungle.)
we always said that we would return
to see what kind of orchird our heart seeds grew.
I know where the canaries go.
I know where the crows go.
So pick up the fucking phone.
I sent you a letter just the other day my friend, It said
"tonight my body is crucified across the carcus that our love grew.
Tonight black feathers float from the sky like it's raining lies.
Tonight my lungs are hanging from a telephone wire,
choking on the broken digits of a dial tone.
(Tonight telephone booths and trucks gawk
as my ribcage snaps and snarls like a venus fly trap.)
Where did our hearts go?
Where did our hearts go?
Where did the crows go?
Our mouths are limp mouths.
We said we'd return for our petrified hearts
put our name to the parchment made a pact in the dark.
Guaze gagged beaks may pump
and beat but sealed inside are secrets screaming to speak,
(So open up your chest and let the birds free.
So meet me under the deserted desert tree.
We'll eat sand crumpets and drink cactus tea,
well pretend this dirt is sea.)
We ate the white from the wedding,
ate the sheets from the bedding,
ate the smiles off our children,
ate the leather off our birth skin.

Have we wasted our whole lives
sucking candy coated bullets from the chemical gun?
Every car that passes on this crooked highway bears your face on it's grill.
Every headlight casts your shadow onto my open hear vigil.
I know where the canaries go.
I know where the crows go.
They go into fucking skeletons.

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