Mr Mastodon Farm

Cake

Birds fall from the window ledge above mine.
Then they flap their wings at the last second.
You see birds fall from the window ledge above mine.
Then they flap their wings at the last second.
I can see their dead weight
Just dropping like stones
For small loaves of bread
Past my window all the time.
But unless I get up
Walk across the room
And peer down below
I don't see their last second curves
Toward a horizontal flight.
All these birds just falling from the ledge like stones.
Now due to a construct in my mind
That makes their falling and their flight
Symbolic of my entire existence,
It becomes important for me
To get up and see
Their last second curves toward flight.
It's almost as if my life will fall
Unless I see their ascent.
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Cuts swatches out of all material.
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Mr. Mastodon Farm,
Cuts swatches out of all material.
Birds fall from the window ledge above mine.
Then they flap their wings at the last second.
I said birds fall from the window ledge above mine.
Then they flap their wings at the last second.
But unless I get up,
Walk across the room
And peer down below,
I won't see their last second curves
Toward a, a horizontal flight.
All these birds just falling from the ledge like stones.
Now due to a construct in my mind

That makes their falling and their flight
Symbolic of my entire existence,
It becomes important for me
To get up and see
Their last second curves toward flight.
It's almost like my life will fall,
My life will fall,
Unless I see their ascent.
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