Them

Mimicking Birds

A new army in the yard with all their discarded hearts
You dare to redefine a subtle line to refine a designHer coal and oil boils under the soil a serpent coils
To ensure it's planning to strike at anything it likes or for that matter dislikes
It displays its level of distaste across its face - you he wants to erase
And you know he will do so, just takes the time, until it showsAnd I have no idea why they are them
And I have no idea why they are themIt's buried in the sands of Egypt the way they killed them that's the way that they'll kill us I know
I hear the code so openly spoken like all 206 of my brittle bones are being broken
It's blatant yeah it's oh so prolific in the unseen hieroglyphics it's horrific
Seeps in and out like winter man-made smooth wood will eventually splinter
A new army in the yard and the barricades they plan to bombard
You dare to redesign a hill's incline climbing a slippery vine
Her layers of surface shake, wiggling in place, their tension displaced
No pain in scratching an itch, but when the tickle's goneAnd I have no idea why they are them
And I have no idea why they are them
It's buried in the sands of Egypt the way they killed them that's the way that they'll kill us I know
I hear the code so openly spoken like all 206 of my brittle bones are being broken
It's obtrusive yeah it's oh so prolific in the unseen hieroglyphics it's horrific
Seeps in and out like winter man-made smooth wood will eventually splinterA smoke plume begins to bloom
My eyes are shocked and raising up towards the sky.
I know why we're all going to die
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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