

The Black Bird, the Dark Slope

Los Campesinos!

The black bird sits atop my guts
And spreads its wings for flight
My shoulders back
My jaw pushed out
My stomach sucked in
Its wingtips push across my lungs
And fill them full of feathers
But the brushstrokes feel like
Hearthpokes into my skin. The black bird feasts upon my guts
And bears its beak to fight
My shoulders back
My jaw pushed out
My stomach sucked in
Its wingtips push across my lungs
And fill them full of feathers
Now they poke between my teeth
And that's why I thirst When he flies me to the top
There's nothing but the fog
A heart of stone
Eggshells for bones
They lead you to be lost The dark slope drags you down
The dark slope drags you down
The dark slope drags you down
The dark slope drags you down
The black bird is a part of me
(The dark slope drags you down)
A part of me, so sad to see
(The dark slope drags you down)
The black bird is a part of me, so sad
(The dark slope drags you down)
To see, so sad I ask before I go
For you to drop a lit match down my throat
And smoke the bastard out
Or burn him to a crisp
'Cause I'm already carrion
Been eaten from the inside too long
This black bird wants to rip me
Limb from limb
The black bird dips its beak

In blood and writes its thoughts in cursive
'Cross the bones that are its jailer
And my ribcage
And when you turn me inside out
Believe in me, without a doubt
The words were all of his
And none of mine When he flies me to the top
There's nothing but the fog
A heart of stone
Eggshells for bones
They lead you to be lost The dark slope drags you down
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The black bird is a part of me, so sad
(The dark slope drags you down)
To see, so sad to be me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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