

# blackbirds

## The Ghost Orchid

Drop that  
Get up  
Take to the streets  
Better lock that kid up  
Face full of teeth when he hock that spit up  
Pacing the beat like a beast  
Rocking the block on repeat  
Speak from the cut like a rush of blood  
Paint red on the sleeves of the ones you love  
Lay the sick ones down and the bells will ring  
Put pennies on the eyes let the dead men sing  
I shiver and shake the warm air cold  
I'm alone on my own  
In every mistake I dig this hole  
Through my skin and bones  
It's harder starting over  
Than never to have changed  
With blackbirds following me  
I'm digging out my grave  
They close in, swallowing me  
The pain, it comes in waves  
I'm getting back what I gave  
I sweat through the sheet as daylight fades  
As I waste away  
It traps me inside mistakes I've made  
That's the price I pay  
  
It's harder starting over  
Than never to have changed  
With blackbirds following me  
I'm digging out my grave  
They close in, swallowing me  
The pain, it comes in waves  
I'm getting back what I gave  
I drop to the floor like I did before  
Stop watching  
I'm coughing  
I can't be more  
What I want and what I need are at constant war

Like a well full of poison  
A rotten core  
The blood goes thin  
The fever stings  
And I shake from the hell that the habits bring  
Let the sick ones down  
The bells will ring  
Put pennies on the eyes  
Let the dead men sing  
Blackbirds following me  
I'm digging out my grave  
They close in, swallowing me  
The pain, it comes in waves  
I'm getting back what I gave  
I'm getting back what I gave

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