

# ephraim

## Brown Bird

Our heads are in the oven  
Of an awful heartless time  
There's no love for one another  
If the other ain't our kind  
Everyday is saturated  
By an endless stream of lies  
With some feudal facts are filtered  
Through the miser's measly mind  
Our heads are in the oven  
Of an awful heartless time  
There's no love for one another  
If the other ain't our kind  
Everyday is saturated  
By an endless stream of lies  
With some feudal facts are filtered  
Through the miser's measly mind  
Are not alive?  
(Just dreaming away)  
Wipe the ash from my eyes  
(So much more away)  
We can find paradise  
(In the midst of this hell)  
If we tilt our heads just right  
And let our shackles go  
Are not alive?  
(Just dreaming away)  
Wipe the ash from my eyes  
(So much more away)  
We can find paradise  
(In the midst of this hell)  
If we tilt our heads just right  
And let our shackles go  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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