

Foreign Alien

Birdwu

This damsel cigarette, nature divine.
Acrylic silhouette, high.
A nico-element, liquor designed.
All papa's medicine, fine.
It's all unfortunately sane, sent to the brain.
It builds mal-visioned character.Come in for the air.
All is secret, all is fair.
Come in, satisfy despair.
Even if it's all for nothing.Speakers on the ceiling, foreign align.
Swallow your innocence and ride.
Lantern is a carnivore, eats up the night.
Feeds on a gathering sign.
It's all unfortunately sane, sent to the brain.
Mirrors an ashed canister.(Chorus)

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