

Kill Me. The King

Portugal. The Man

Basking briefly in this overeating indulgence of insides
But I fear he's lower than before
Though he's stronger than he looks
He's made of feathers mixed with oil and small servings
Of hands and feet

Up so high
How do they flutter so damn high?

Now begin the search that hails you home
I think I lost my means
He said with his face in the cup
Desperate times make for desperate people

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