

## The Vulture

There's a vulture in the birdcage  
It's not that simple to explain  
Everything is just another darkened stage  
Don't make me one of your saints

Do you think you're clever?  
Do you think you're new  
Yeah, I may have fucked up first  
But the blame still falls with you

The vulture writing boring poetry  
The kind that preys on braindead fleas  
Hitting on bluebird, a simple plea  
And bluebird stoops so desperately

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