

Aeva and the Waving World

Falling Up

I cut my ties at the end of a catatonic
When I woke up shaking like a blaze
At first my heart it beat like a helicopter

But soon it blurred like the lights on the freeway
It bloomed with an opened wound
Now walk the Earth

All it takes is a golden angle
Or a golden head of an arrowed light
Cause an arrow points to a lie that they spoke
And a new angle in great in a fight