Disco Biscuit

Rishloo

Who's there?
I've forgotten
Who said?
Run away
Run where

Against the wall's an armed forgotten
This amputee holds mending tools
I look to the left to see my hand gone nigh(?)
Chiseled a glance improved the stone paradigm
Must hurry back before the end alls rise
Paradise
Employs the martyr
I'm too willing to take the name from them

Approach the clouds a winged imposter
To trip among the gods so proud
I look to the right to see my feet to the sky
Embellish the fall to encourage the lie
Must hurry back before the end alls rise
Paradise
Denies the lover
I'm to willing to take the name for them (for them)

Sever the scavengers' wings casting out from the heavens unbeau
tiful things
Beggars, orphans, willful widows clutch the ground hopeless, ou
tcast, harlots trying to hold on we're all so willing to take f
rom them

Take the feathers if you wish I will fly with or without them
Fly on high fly on high