

He was walking at night mixing himself with the shadows  
Running blue veined caged tight fast past the flesh windows  
And he was not expecting anything  
Not the angel choir inside his head  
Or the litmus test of doves  
And there they were  
And he felt the rolling fever hands of light upon him  
Felt the beady eyes of the night upon his back  
And everything he said turned into something else  
Everything he said turned into something else

And he said, "What kind of beast am I?"  
And he said, "Who brings the tablets down this mountain?"  
And he said, "Is this where I live?"  
And he said, "Ah, sometimes I feel so full."

And a voice answered saying,  
"You are an aerial hung up to the Divine,  
You are a beach for the waves of the world to crash on,  
You are the spilt wine...  
You are the spilt wine at the table of the gods."

And through the wet streets of the city  
Washed bloody with the warfare of the ghosts  
There is a shining something  
There is a shining something  
And death is only one of its faces  
Love is only one of its faces  
And he said, "I will be a testament to this  
I will be consumed in this  
I will be a run of sparks around the coils of this labyrinth  
I am the roar of the bees in summer  
I am a winged victory  
And this is my epiphany

I am a winged victory  
This is my epiphany

I am a winged victory  
And this is my epiphany."