

Empress

The Arcadian Wild

Woe to thee with fearful eyes, their lighthouse is burning up
And down goes the ship in which they wasted their whole lives
Cursed are tongues that speak in only can't's, and won't's, and
Oh, what if the world went and died, left you buried in regrets
You never kissed the ceiling

Broke are feet with timid souls that only move an inch, no more
No, don't you even try to take a step the other way
Useless are the hands that rule, they're tightly bound, so fake
So full of fear that someday they're handed opportunity
They never kissed the ceiling

Blessed are the minds that need no disguise
That fly up o'er mountain
Dance like an empress, you'll impress them all
Unmask the beauty you're given

Oh, and shame to thee with harden hearts, feel for nothing, cry
for none
Your own flesh and blood, ripped of life before your eyes
Sickened are the selfish souls that spread disease to those wit
h hope
They steal away the ones that try to save the mess they've made
They never kissed the ceiling

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Oh, and kiss the ceiling

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