

# Sky Diver

## Eyedea & Abilities

Use your fist. Please don't knock. My loose teeth are yours to take. Cuddling our new found freedom in keeping our eyes open without being awake. Kiss my ear. The faint still taunts. Children rejoice, "Once hero, now dead."

One last time. I'm really hurting. Just a little taste to take off the edge. I rummage through old love letters and photographs in a desperate reach for a clue into who I am. With only the distant past as a reference, I fail to feel any connection to the bones under my skin. You can cry, but you're still getting sterilized. You can show the sun how to come if you know the sky. He'll let you make a mess if you keep him high. It was a good shoot. The messenger deserved to die for his lies. Make it hurt. Scare me straight. Cursed is he who can't burn by fire. We're all falling. Show me feeling. I'm your designated diver. I can see the cuts on your mind. Your mother made yours. Mine made mine, I know you'd rather be sad then stupid. Genius by day, Junkie by night. By the grace of breeze, I never scraped a knee that didn't help me see bleeding isn't what it seems. Let it steam. Let it steep, `till it screams, "Finally free!" Then, you better leave. I bet that she's gonna kill the king.

Doctored wound. Perfect numb. Thirteen billion years in the making. Black hole at the center of our galaxy. We're still suffering. We're still aching. The sanctuary is closed for repairs. I use god's guide to pet a maniac the nice way. Bad habits make for good memories. I'm good at being at the wrong time in the right place. Crust and clots at the corners of her mouth. Eyes white like yours, but completely different somehow. I caught her post dose, looking like a ghost. Cheeks rosed from the flush of fluid so familiar to us now. Legs folded, the predators pray. There's no messiah that wasn't a slave to it's brain. If I could do with nails, what you do with words, there'd be one more crucifixion, one less open door. Use my fist. But I won't knock. Break it open. Itch me sober. Trust me. We'll get out of this alive. Now take my hand, it's almost over. I apologize for lying about smiling. I'm a frightened little cat that learned to act like a lion. While leviathans beach in the grip of their patience, I'm driving the cheap pirate ship to the pavement. By the grace of the breeze, I never scraped a knee that didn't help me see nothing's really what it seems. Let it steep, `till it screams, "Finally free!" Then, you better leave. I'm aiming right for the head of the king.

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Lyrics submitted by Tyler.

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