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 the hand on the knife
Chiseled a glance improved the stone paradigm
Must hurry back before the endless rise
Paradise
Employs the martyr
I'm too willing to take the name for themApproach to 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 endless 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 unbeautiful things
Beggars, orphans, willful widows clutch the ground
Hopeless, outcast, harlots trying to hold on
We're all so willing to take from themTake the feathers if you wish
I will fly with or without them
Fly on high, fly on high

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