

Under Your Wing

Golden Fable

If you trust that soul
You will reach the top
And then you will drop
Blind faith keeps you hanging,
Hanging in the air
And you will see,
You never really touch reality,
Never really touch reality
Feed the dog that bites your hand
Kick their face, pat their head
And when their back is turned
Stick it in, revenge is the future
To the ones who've done the wrong
You'd better keep your eyes peeled,
Hate never heals
I'll be around - hammer and nail
Kiss my hell, spill your fill
It turns to love, turn to love
Every drop is one less beat
Take me please, please take me
Under your wing, under your feet
Chained to a black heart
What's it like to die?
What's it like?
A million deaths, a million breaths
To kill a million dreams,
Tears flow like streams in ecstasy
To worship God, to worship the Devil
To fuck Jesus, suck Satan cold
To grow older than old
To be born wicked and bold,
Wicked and bold
You never touch reality,
Never touch reality
And then you drop
- Eva O.

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