

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 them Approach 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 too 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 them

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