

Live somewhere in between of what
I've meant to be
Pick the bones clean of angelicanteen meat
Carnivaluate the short and tallerate the weak
Stuck 6 feet sheep yr older than you look
Cracked eyes black as soot

Ariel ariella isadore is a door
Isador able to close the sky and holes
In your eyes when you rise when you feel the
Velvet skies you rise

Manifestering stations ailing incarnations
A test of the broadcast emergency at last

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'Til you rise I fill your skies
'Til you rise I field yr skies