

A Colour Eoptian

Falling Up

you're on your own now
dressed in armor, if you run faster you'll forget

they walked along the walls
it was strange enough, just to cause an itch, to lie right trou
gh my teeth
except for my situation, love i saw your war
in the casting call, on my way to forum A
and dazzled flies, and flyind lines
i know you never left the room, i know you

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the strayers bite their tongues
cause' they feel the tingling violence in their minds
but i was forced to speak
proclaiming golden shapes
they hissed out the window
the fingerprint, the royal color
then i heard several gasps
"tell them to slither out"

down, down, down, where are the stirrings of old?
i knew you had to last (2x)

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