

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 my hand gone nigh(?)  
Chiseled a glance improved the stone paradigm  
Must hurry back before the end alls rise  
Paradise  
Employs the martyr  
I'm too willing to take the name from them

Approach 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 end alls 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

Take the feathers if you wish I will fly with or without them  
Fly on high fly on high