Wings

There have never been gods and devils, but there were people who were turned into them by others and trapped in divine incarnations.

No act of spawning was my birth There is no darkness after my dawn I don't commander chthonian gods That call for hatred, tears and pain

I just don't know why I have a pair of wings

You come to me and ask for help You urge me to unleash my wrath You cry and yell and bag and pray You chant some words I don't understand

Is it 'cause I have a pair of wings?

The rites are drawn to celebrate The fall that never happened Over and over you kill the same god Whose name I don't even know

Would you do the same If I shed my pair of wings?

Vader