

Through the long sleep,
darkness bleeds,
through the silver and I,
reminded the layout as the wings,
they all died.
And it all hates like you,
destroys the message.

Another open eye to secrets,
with plans to scrape them clean.
And I have stacked them
higher than anyone believed.
And it downplays the scene,
it all comes crashing.

Don't be removed,
I got you where I said
that I would always put you.
And I'm heading for the bottom of you.

Come and take me over,
the lights have been removed,
with pieces at ankles, we answered.
And it all tastes like you,
and all it captures.

Take on me as long as you think
that you can handle,
and taking me to truth
and tearing me from scandal.
And it all saves like you,
define disaster.

And I don't die like you,
tormented skies,
treated to taste and outlast the sun.
I design what ails.

Coldest of the cold stay outside,
bring on harm's way.