

Bloodlet

"Learn to Fly: Ascent"

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Can't stop staring at the mirror
your confused gaze keeps perfect time

You never let them hold you down
you jump up and take the crown
then proceed to hold it down
you win, hands down

Just six miles
the crow flies
he fell in love with its disease
he needs to be seen
it's part of his God complex
he dreams he is chosen
so he's driving with his eyes closed
as the pages blur near the end
he still hasn't learned how to fly
not for the faint of heart
not for the ill at ease
a never ending subconscious thorn in the side
he dreams he is chosen
so he's driving with his eyes closed
doesn't he know the martyr always dies

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