

Miss May I "Porcelain Wings"

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Through, the eyes of weaken souls tears.
The drowned life acquires all his fear.
A hollowed body stands to represent thy.
Apologies release his life.
Douse away fears,
With all of the,
Divine strength.
Divine strength.
If a bruised bird can fly,
Then why must a modest burden
Shatter my wings.
Our word is true.
Our word is true.
Our word is true.
True.
My eyes are bloodshot.
They have seen the damned.
Bloodshot.
Mountains block the sight of virtue,
Which shadows to all for they are blind.
They have never seen the sun,
They have never seen the sun,
Which shows all hope.
Sun.
Which shows all hope.
Dynasty will reign over the

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