

# Bloodlet, Learn To Fly: Ascent

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