

Perry Blake, We Are Not Stars

I could kill a hundred times a day
Just to find something that I would want to save
Don't you know who owns the stars ?
Controls the sea ?
When i stop to catch it all, it passes me.

We are not stars
Were nothing but descendants
Of butlers and attendants
We are like cars
Rusting in a graveyard
With some forgotten saviours.

I could host a funeral tonight
Lift her dress and kiss her while she's still alive
She who kept a swallow in her mouth
Just to make it think that it was flying south.

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