

Planes Mistaken For Stars, Dying By Degrees

our histories, they hold no apologies
and how we suffer what we can't, what we won't let go
you sad little man, you scared little girl
you're passing torches pissed out long ago
so long ago
choke this beast on the cord which it feeds
(hand over fist, sew up your wrists, live to shine again)
oh, my mother, I'll see you hurt no more
you sad little man, you scared little girl
you seal your fates with the weight
of your fears and your failures
choke this beast on the cord which it feeds
oh, my brother, I'll see you raped no more