

Planes Mistaken For Stars, Sicillian Smile

its come to this and i cant come up to you
flip the tables and through the windows let the bottles
break and the the blood hit the lawn, because im not able
to walk the line between your wherever and your fucking whens
(I CAN SMELL THE SIN ON YOU)
I'll spill guts to gnaw and slide so sister sleep tight
and since you dont need me you can say i was never here.