

Planes Mistaken For Stars, The Last Winter Dance

and these walls, they whisper
and these walls, they taunt and they mock
and these walls, they whisper
and these walls, they taunt and they mock and they say
"old man, pack it in, you can't stay here, but you can never go home again
if not to burn a bridge, if not to bury a friend"
I won't relent
with blood on my teeth and blood on my hands
It's my piece mother fucker, and I'm digging in
because it's the last winter dance party
you can trade your seat, but you're still going down
It's the last winter dance party
make your peace, because we're all going down