

# Burning Airlines, A Lexicon

now the leeches are in love,  
and the serenade's begun.  
maybe you're the lucky one,  
but you can't trust a simple song.  
you're no fun.

are we speeding to outrun identification?  
stoop for the honor,  
this pen's poison.  
defeated honorees trade self-made mythologies.  
who are these vampires,  
these ugly beauties?

we are.

we are steering by falling stars,  
swearing upon a lexicon of scars,  
but sweetest revenge never comes true.

why sing it again?  
try something new.

test for fatal deficits.  
prove to you that you exist.  
part-time assassin,  
who's next on this list?

we are.

we are steering by falling stars,  
swearing upon a lexicon of scars,  
but sweetest revenge never comes true.  
why sing it again?  
try something new.

if this is a curse,  
it christens you king midas in reverse  
without retinue,

your mercenary faith begging for proof  
when sweetest revenge never comes true.

why sing it again?  
why sing it again?