

Planes Mistaken For Stars, Spring Divorce

cornered, drawn and quatered, you've forever bound this beast to you.
and when we sleep, it sharpens its teeth, it licks its jowls,
and threatens to gnaw free.

and oh, my angel, are you scared, are you scorned?

has your faith been shaken to deeply to ignore?

there is one step stolen for every taken forward.

there are two prides and three lives breaking, if you're keeping score.

and oh, my angel, are you sick?

or are you bored, of the lines we have drawn to fall in,

when the feeling is more than we can afford?

just past the point where we let go,

lies a truth and a love bigger than what you alone,

and what i alone could ever know.

lover, don't go.

are you scared, are you scorned?

are you sick, are you bored?

do you feel cheated, do you feel worn?

is this not what you signed on for?

oh, my love.