

Visqueen, Buttercup

Buttercup you carry me faster than
I possibly, could overthrow
The sons in someone's family

Taking pictures of a bright blue sky,
cinching up their skinny ties half a world away

Heathrow
Flying on this plane until tomorrow
Said so
I'm landing in the frame on your wall

Rising up from the sea
Atmospheric chemistry
Broken stars can still shine
Drifting apart from their pieces
Half a world away

Heathrow
Flying on this plane until tomorrow
Said so
I'm landing in the frame on your wall

Unravel the daylight
Burn it up to the nighttime sky
We make mistakes so forget that they're ruling you

Broken stars can still shine
Coming up inside to keep me warm
Talk about impending storms, half a a world away

Unravel the daylight
Burn it up to the nighttime sky
We make mistakes so forget that they're ruling you