

Planes Mistaken For Stars, Rhythm Dies

friend swallow hard and breathe deep
blur the lines where rhythm dies.
you can tell the lies that
we've swallowed by the time it took to choke them down.
the wrists have been slit and stiched
and our conscience have been left hallowed.
we've been brought up to be brought down
and im not buying it.
blur the lines where rhytm dies