

# 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