

Division

Planes Mistaken For Stars

Poet I'm sick of your pretty lies.
And it was about the song that sang of the shelves I wished you
on.
Now sing along.
And I used to wish my heart as good my heart as strong.
And I used to wish i.
Don't say it's gone.
I'll pull the truth to you.
And even if it breaks us both down.
Don't say it's gone
The Time It Took