To Spit a Sparrow

Planes Mistaken For Stars

Rather a bastard than a snake, you've left a slick in your wake.

Take stock of the grace you've been given, take note of the tales you'll have told, it's all you'll have, it's all you'll hold, try as you may child you are not your own, not get on.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/