# Sails

## The Whiskers

Citizens of a starless sky
Have stolen the sun
And held it for ransom
An endless greed unsatisfied
Can see the blood on their hands
Does more than just feed them
It's there for a reason
Because for all we know
All this is just a dream
Things are not exactly as they seem
Save time to sit back and have a drink
Another man might just believe what he's told
But I'm on my way to being bought and sold
Can't wait to measure my blood
Out in gold and platinum sales
So drink the wine, boy, drink it down
The past is far gone replaced by this moment
You know we're shadows of ourselves
Confined to shelves with nothing left to say

Content to fade away
'Cuz for all we know
All this is just a dream
Things are not exactly as they seem
Save time to sit back and have a drink
Forgetting is easy without any soul
With each empty promise it keeps getting old
Learning to measure my blood
Out in gold and platinum sales
Or have I just failed or lost sight of the trail?
Oh, if all this is just a dream
Things might not be quite as bad as they seem
I'd probably sit back and have a drink
Another man might just believe what he's told
But I'm on my way to being bought and sold
Can see them setting their sales
For the gold and platinum skies

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/