

Crooked Mile

Planes Mistaken For Stars

We beat west (it beats us back) from that bitter broken bitch, she pulled us back to nurse on her silted tit, and
pull us down to her rusted womb, to be unsung cogs fell to unmourned/unmarked tombs.

We beat west for bluer skies and sweeter lies, we fell past the pale and back through the pulp and the pink.
We made our beds and now, like rust, we shall never sleep.

So let us drink to the dreams, and the dreamers long dead and gone between us, line up a shot for every fight
we've fought and lost, and let us pray that it's slow, we tip to the measuring line, to be fit for a box of pine.

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

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