

# Fifty on Our Foreheads

## White Lies

On the cusp of vessel 18, a look of terror in our eyes  
The moonlight licked the face of danger  
Innocence made us like soldiers, untouchable and golden  
The quilt of darkness dotted with our teardrops I know you're sad I'm leaving so this may hurt a little  
But girl look from your window late tonight  
You think my heart is frozen while yours is slowly grieving  
You'll see the boy you loved, star burning in the sky We were a dozen to the project with a galaxy of questions  
And all we heard was lies about the truth  
No choice but be obedient like prisoners of war  
Caught on the wrong side of morality and youth We thought about our loved ones, tallied 50 on our foreheads  
With the pen your mother gave me in the spring  
The sun beat at the windows within an hour James had cracked  
Left the ship and died still clinging to the wings Star burning in the sky, star burning in the sky  
Star burning in the sky, star burning in the sky

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