

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 start 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

Songwriters

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