

Widow: A Love Song

Planes Mistaken For Stars

We pull ourselves in, we throw ourselves back.

You're begging for better, you're shifting back.

I'm pissing red, I'm hacking black.

I'm pissing red, I'm hacking black.

When all these pigs start sniffing up your dress, listen close love and I'll confess.

I'll be calling for you, crawling for you, clawing for you, I'll be broken at best.

Oh, love if not you, then who will carry me?

Will tear through me?

Will suffer me?

Only you, only you, only you can bury me.

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

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