

One Fucked Pony

Planes Mistaken For Stars

Here lies pestilence feeding on the flesh of our discontent.

Here stands arrogance in the face of our best intents.

We fell so hard to the fighting side, I fear that it quickened the fight in us to die.

We tried so hard to bring beauty to light, we left unkempt the bitterness we hide.

We all are set to fall.

Let us sing one last time, one last dance before one last goodnight.

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

Lyrics provided by

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