

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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