

# Superstitions In Travel

[Elliott](#)

we're keeping up the fiction and breaking all the mirrors. we're bringing our own troubles by neglecting the cracks we walk on. the daystar is burning in this black cofin we move in. we tried to make it work out hundreds of miles apart. hyou are the luckiest symbol i've ever found and i'm a world away. we are the final students in the dying art of lost astrology. you are the brightest single shining star i saw from miles away. it's superstitious but i keep on wishing on all the falling stars on hold for me. you keep on pulling and causing tension but you're the magnet. if we never find the way home i'd be more than lost without you and to all the skeptic onlookers we should have never made it this far.

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