

## Dying By Degrees

### Planes Mistaken For Stars

Our histories, they hold no apologies  
And how we suffer what we can't, what we won't let go  
You sad little man, you scared little girl  
You're passing torches pissed out long ago  
So long ago  
Choke this beast on the cord which it feeds  
(hand over fist, sew up your wrists, live to shine again)  
Oh, my mother, I'll see you hurt no more  
You sad little man, you scared little girl  
You seal your fates with the weight  
Of your fears and your failures  
Choke this beast on the cord which it feeds  
Oh, my brother, I'll see you raped no more