

# 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 start 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