

## Sicillian Smile

### Planes Mistaken For Stars

its come to this and i cant come up to you  
flip the tables and through the windows let the bottles  
break and the the blood hit the lawn, because im not able  
to walk the line between your wherever and your f\*\*king whens  
(I CAN SMELL THE SIN ON YOU)  
I'll spill guts to gnaw and slide so sister sleep tight  
and since you dont need me you can say i was never here.