

## Stars Make Progress

### Thirteen Senses

The stars look curiously  
Maybe they wait for me  
It's like they're telling me things  
I can't repeat  
And how they appear so infinitely  
Out of my reach

Test my senses and call off the tension  
Build my defences before my instinct  
Stars make progress then shot

The stars sit delicately  
Aligning their hearts for me  
Exposing forbidden paths leading to ours  
This is the past so permanently torn into parts

Pass the sentence and call of resistance  
Feel my prediction lose all distinction  
Stars make progress then shoot

One of these days  
And one of these nights  
They'll be calling for you