

**1208****"Low Heaven"**Visit "[Low Heaven](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

in not wanting to have their eyes pennied  
and/or a bone shown broken to the open air  
they're...  
praying for their lucky stars to shoot...

we remain such gluttons  
for the generous threat of being,  
supreme being safed or susceptible...  
subject to a man mold maker with a tendency  
toward the more dramatic side of everything...  
we are...

flattered i'm sure,  
and what does modern child mistakenly chalk up  
to the humongous homogenous win column of god

-the swapping of a dearest dead pet for a fresh one...  
finding someone else's wallet or say, a snow day.

they're...  
threatening their lucky stars to shoot...

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