

Braulio

"Plans"

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There's a liar at my door
Writing every single word
(Let's justify, no let's use the fire)
There is a key to be found

Plans turn out to mystery, from mystery to privacy
Can you fly?
You're on mortal ground, on the border now
Privacy to heavy thoughts, from thoughts way up to
heavy sounds
Can you fly?
You're on the border now

Wrong
Did you believe it?
Don't
You'll make a fool
Out of yours***
Trying is one step closer to failure

Your plans turn out to mystery, from mystery to privacy
Can you fly?
You're on mortal ground, on the border now
Privacy to heavy thoughts, from thoughts way up to
heavy sounds
Can you fly?
You're on the border now

Will your life ever stop tormenting me?
Give me an answer, this time
Waiting for the next round

Plans turn out to mystery, from mystery to privacy
Can you fly?
You're on mortal ground, (on the border)

Privacy to heavy thoughts, from thoughts way up to
heavy sounds
Can you fly?
You're on the border now

Plans turn out to heavy thoughts from thoughts way up
to heavy sounds

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