

The Truth We Can't Handle

Our Last Night

If it's what you want, then don't talk. We'll sit here in silence; no words, no letters.

We'll sit here in silence

because maybe it's better than realizing the truth we can't handle. I feel as if I'm trying,
and I'm willing to die to make you realize our situation. As if nothing's enough, we could make it out alive and
unharm'd. I keep this inside with the best intentions,

but it brings out the worst in what we have. We will get out alive.

My stomach feels like caving in every time I hear these words,
"it's never too late and later is better than what we have." I feel as if I'm trying.

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