

# My Knife, Your Throat

## Scary Kids Scaring Kids

And the picture frames are facing down  
I'm running from the truth  
Distorted images of you  
And you'll insist that you were right  
But the facts show you were wrong  
I'm holding my ground You think this is some sort of game  
And you need to get your story straight right now, this time  
There's got to be a better way  
You hang the suit to fit the frame right now, this time And the shadows crowd these careless thoughts to you I  
can't describe  
And you're always on my mind  
So I pretend and contact now but I'm miserable, this life  
And the end is on it's way You think this is some sort of game  
And you need to get your story straight right now, this time  
There's got to be a better way  
You hang the suit to fit the frame right now, this time This is my sanctuary  
If you want my trust just tell me  
I can't solve the problem when there's nothing wrong  
This starts a brand new morning  
Wake up to hear the warning  
We can't ignore it when it's been so long Throw open windows and the doors  
I'll give my best, you'll ask for more  
What we put together you'll just pull apart  
I raise my voice you still won't hear  
It's becoming harder to stay sincere  
Can't put behind us what we never left  
We never left, we never left My knife, your throat  
My knife, your throat  
My knife, your throat  
My knife, your throat  
My knife, your throat  
My knife, your throat

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