Stitches

Much the Same

A violent scream is better than the whisper of sweet nothings.
It holds us together, and I'll never understand
Why we don't let the flame burn the fan
No I'll never understand, why we don't let the flames burn the fanKindness is where we fail
Don't understand why we're happy to be (content to be!) in discontent
This life is not well spent
Is it better to suffer than to be alone?So hide your heart and close your mind
And put the key in a dark place that I can't find and don't forget to lie
'Cause we would rather leave the truth behind
No don't forget to lie
'Cause we would rather leave the truth behindIf I treated you like dirt would you stick to me like mud?
Why is this your idea of love?
And I cant be clean we're coming apart at the seams
Stitches can't fix everything

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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