Stitches

Young Guns

Every hour is a season
every minute lasts a day
so i sit here picking stitches
i find comfort in decayhow i long to fill my lungsso tell me how does it feel to
breathe in cold and clean
cause ive been living on my knees
since i was seventeenthought i was safe beneath the snow
but even under cover i still choke

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/