

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
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My knife, your throat

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