

# Hell On The Throat

## Dashboard Confessional

A line of strands to mark the trail,  
No one said it would be easy. I must admit I'd thought the risk was better waged in younger seasons, all these  
years in the cold play hell on the throat  
Until everything I say burns like cinders,  
Well it's hard to belong to a girl or a song  
And the crease of a strangling winter It's strange to be lost, stranger still to belong  
On the strings of a twisting lie.  
Along the way the turns are sharp,  
No one said they would be easy,  
I must admit I thought the trip was better made in younger seasons.  
But all these years in the pursuit made a man of a fool,  
Till every word I say is unwavered. Well it's hard to belong to a girl or a psalm  
In the case of a selfish believer,  
It's strange to be lost, stranger still to belong  
On the strings in a twisting line [x2] And when the path I have made  
From the grass to the grave,  
I will love you still.  
And when the sand turns to glass  
And all that's left is the past  
And I will love you still.

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