

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]

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