

# Words

## Between the Trees

This night, this night just like the rest  
These same thoughts running through my head  
The same reckless phrase with a different face  
They say, they say that I am worthless  
But I'm not listening  
I swear, and yet  
Round round they spin like a record now  
Same false hopes built to be broke down  
Around and around  
I'm falling down, again  
Sticks and stones  
May break my bones  
Your words they surely kill  
They surely kill  
This feels the same  
Complications in different situations  
I am holding out for love  
Is it worth it  
To die a little each day  
All for unseen grace  
Sticks and stones  
May break my bones  
Your words they surely kill  
(meant to be broke down)  
Surely kill  
Your words are breaking down now  
I would say  
Where I've been to where I am  
It is worth it  
His grace  
When all else fades  
You can see it  
His face  
So now...  
Round round they spin like a record now  
Same false hopes meant to be broke  
These thoughts were meant to be broke down [x11]  
Sticks and stones  
May break my bones  
Your words they surely kill  
They surely kill  
They surely kill  
Your words are breaking down now

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