

Because All Suffering Is Sweet to Me

Envy On the Coast

You're not supposed to know this.
You're not supposed to feel a thing
but I've seen how they tear you apart.
The alcohol, the cutlery,
The words that cripple, and whispers that sting
little boys and girls erase themselves with tenderness and ease.

She stutters steps through dreams and to relatives it seems,
that history, just hasn't happened yet.
You're worth more than this to me.
You're worth more than you can see.
I don't care what the book said girl you didn't die in vain.

I found you hanging on their words
from a noose you let them tie 'round your neck.
They took 13 years from you, but you kept the rest.
Aches and pains and medicine
mean nothing if you can feel your skin.
Little boys and girls this seems like hell
but you're worth more than you can take.

She stutters steps through dreams and to relatives it seems,
that history, just hasn't happened yet.
You're worth more than this to me.
You're worth more than you can see.
I don't care what the book said girl you didn't die in vain.

I know a girl who shares a name
with a guardian...
She was a saint,
She was a saint.
They say she took her life today,
but I don't believe a word they say.

She stutters steps through dreams and to relatives it seems,
that history, just hasn't happened yet.

I know a girl who shares a name
with a guardian don't be ashamed,
she was a saint.

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