Stitches

Young Guns

Every hour is a season
every minute lasts a day
so i sit here picking stitches
i find comfort in decay
how i long to fill my lungs
so tell me how does it feel to
breathe in cold and clean

cause ive been living on my knees
since i was seventeen
thought i was safe beneath the snow
but even under cover i still choke
well my wings were clipped and even if they wern't
ive not the guts to fly and leave behind the earth
theres no poetry in my soul just a list of lies ive told
and i dont know how much longer i can hold on x3

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