Stitches

Sunil Sharpe

Five words, five words is all it would take
Five words to change your heart and mind
In the heat of the sun, I know you?re the only one
You still can?t hold yourself together
Alone, alone, all alone you have this conversation
To satisfy your most intimate inner thoughts
Then you bite your lip when it matters most, a shade of red in sight
Can you taste the blood? Taste it on your lips
Rip the seam, then I?ll show you
How the strings become the stitches in your mouth
In your silence we are louder
When the strings become the stitches in your mouth
Your growing imagination
Preparing you for what your heart requires to say
Then you bite your lip when it matters most, a shade of red in sight
Can you taste the blood? Taste it on your lips
Rip the seam, then I?ll show you
How the strings become the stitches in your mouth
In your silence we are louder
When the strings become the stitches in your mouth
Five words, repeating over in your head
That?s all you ever have to do
Five words, is it really that hard to say
You?re worth more than this
You?re worth more than this
Rip the seam, then I?ll show you
How the strings become the stitches in your mouth
In your silence we are louder
When the strings become the stitches in your mouth
Rip the seam, then I?ll show you
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In your silence we are louder
When the strings become the stitches in your mouth

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