

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]
And when the path I have made
From the grass to the grave,
I will love you still.
And when the sand turns to glass
And all that's left is the past
And I will love you still.

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