

Much The Same, Stitches

A violent scream is better than the whisper of sweet nothings.
It holds us together, and I'll never understand
Why we don't let the flame burn the fan
No I'll never understand, why we don't let the flames burn the fan

Kindness is where we fail
Don't understand why we're happy to be (content to be!) in discontent
This life is not well spent
Is it better to suffer than to be alone?

So hide your heart and close your mind
And put the key in a dark place that I can't find and don't forget to lie
'Cause we would rather leave the truth behind
No don't forget to lie
'Cause we would rather leave the truth behind

If I treated you like dirt would you stick to me like mud?
Why is this your idea of love?
And I can't be clean we're coming apart at the seams
Stitches can't fix everything