

# Poison The Well, Sticks And Stones

Never Made Sense  
Thought that I would  
shove everything aside  
to shake your hand  
barbed wire wouldn't come fast enough  
why does your name leave a bad taste in my mouth  
when it rolls off my tongue  
in your world excuses mean everything  
stitch me for days because  
I keep splitting myself for you  
why does your face seem better on the floor  
have you thought about death today  
ask me I'll help  
you never knew me  
these are my last words  
not that it matters anymore