

Poison The Well, Sticks And Stones Never Made

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