

Scary Kids Scaring Kids, My Knife, Your Throat

And the picture frames are facing down.
I'm running from the truth, distorted images of you.
And you insist that you were right but the facts show you were wrong.
I'm holding my ground.

You think this is some sort of game and you need to get your story straight right now, this time.
There's got to be a better way you hang the suit to fit the frame right now, this time.

And the shadows crowd these careless thoughts,
To you I can't describe and you're always on my mind.
I did it all for love that's what she said, and the end is on its way.

You think this is some sort of game and you need to get your story straight right now, this time.
There's got to be a better way you hang the suit to fit the frame right now, this time.

This is my sanctuary if you want my trust just tell me.
I can't solve the problem when there's nothing wrong.
This starts a brand new morning
Wake up to hear the warning.
We can't ignore it when it's been so long.

Throw open windows and the doors I'll give my best you'll ask for more.
What we put together you'll just pull apart.
I'll raise my voice you still won't hear it's becoming harder to stay sincere.
Can't put behind us what we never left.
What we never left.
What we never left.
What we never left

My knife, your throat. (x6)