

AFI, Creative Suicide

I stitch myself one piece at a time that's what I've done for all my life.
I've stitched my life thus far and I am fine.
Whoa slow down I think I'm going to fast again.
Whoa writing my words with the vengeance of someone who wants to run away.
So I
Replace the razor with my pen
The noose becomes my thoughts
My words the pills swallow em down swallow em down.
Replace the razor with my pen
The noose becomes my thoughts
My words the pills swallow em down swallow em down.
I never thought that broken glass, spilt milk, my life
would make me cry.
I never thought my life would be just fine.
Whoa, hold on I'm getting ahead of myself again.
Whoa, rethinking my words with conviction and the faith of one who wants to stay.
So I
Replace the razor with my pen
The noose becomes my thoughts
My words the pills swallow em down swallow em down.
Replace the razor with my pen
The noose becomes my thoughts
My words the pills swallow em down swallow em down.
When I don't see you don't think I don't care.
When I'm not with you believe me I am scared.
Whoa slow down I think I'm going to fast again.
Whoa writing my words with the vengeance of someone who wants to run away.
Replace the razor with my pen
The noose becomes my thoughts
My words the pills swallow em down swallow em down.
Replace the razor with my pen
The noose becomes my thoughts
My words the pills swallow em down swallow em down