

All That's Left, Creative Suicide

All That's Left
Miscellaneous
Creative Suicide

I stitch myself one piece at a time, that's what I've done for all my life.
I've stitched myself thus far, I am fine.

Whoa, whoa - slow down, I think I'm going too fast again.
Whoa, 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, whoa - hold on, I'm getting ahead of myself again.
Whoa, whoa - re-thinking my thoughts 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, whoa - slow down, I think I'm going too fast again.
Whoa, 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....

Replace the razor with my pen, the noose, my thoughts, my words, the pills.
Replace the razor with my pen, the noose, my thoughts, my words, the pills... Yeah!