# Ours, Moth

Out of the pan into the fire
Out of her hands into a liar
It would be better
If everyone gave what they wanted
And they said what they won't
It would be better
It would be better
Hate on the left of me
Pain on the right side
Theyre taking the best of me
Wait for the right time
But stay out of the sun
Stay out of the sun
You fell from her hands into your sight
Felt everything
And wished you went blind
It will be better
It will be better
Out of the way
Out of the way
Out of the way
Hate on the left of me
Pain on the right side
Theyre taking the best of me
Wait for the right time
But stay out of the sun
Stay out of the sun
Stay out of the sun
Theres a glare there in the sun
That will tear through the ones
That were there and called when no one else was there
They carried you home
Is it true a moth dies flying to the light
Stay out of the way
Out of the way
Into the calm and stay
Out ouf the
Out of the way
Out of the way
Out of the way
It will be better into the womb
On the heels of her letter
Into the womb
If we forget
Into the womb