

Haste The Day:Stitches

Five words, five words is all it would take.
Five words to change your heart and mind.
In the heat of the sun I know you're the only one.
You still can't hold yourself together.

Alone... Alone...

You have this conversation to satisfy your most intimate inner thoughts.
Then you bite your lip when it matters most.
A shade of red in sight.
Can you taste the blood?
Taste it on your lips.

Rip the seam then I'll show you,
How the strings become the stitches in your mouth.
In your silence we are louder.
When the strings become the stitches in your mouth.

Your growing imagination preparing you for what your heart requires to say.
Then you bite your lip when it matters most.
A shade of red in sight.
Can you taste the blood?
Taste it on your lips.

Rip the seam then I'll show you,
How the strings become the stitches in your mouth.
In your silence we are louder.
When the strings become the stitches in your mouth.

Five words, repeating over in your head.
That's all you ever have to do.
Five words. Is it really that hard to say?
You're worth more than this
You're worth more than this.

Rip the seam then I'll show you,
How the strings become the stitches in your mouth.
In your silence we are louder.
When the strings become the stitches in your mouth.