

Words

Between the Trees

This night, this night just like the rest
These same thoughts running through my head
The same reckless phrase with a different face
They say, they say that I am worthless
But I'm not listening
I swear, and yet
Round round they spin like a record now
Same false hopes built to be broke down
Around and around
I'm falling down, again

Sticks and stones
May break my bones
Your words they surely kill
They surely kill

This feels the same
Complications in different situations
I am holding out for love
Is it worth it
To die a little each day
All for unseen grace

Sticks and stones
May break my bones
Your words they surely kill
(meant to be broke down)
Surely kill
Your words are breaking down now

I would say
Where I've been to where I am
It is worth it
His grace
When all else fades
You can see it
His face
So now...

Round round they spin like a record now
Same false hopes meant to be broke

These thoughts were meant to be broke down [x11]

Sticks and stones
May break my bones
Your words they surely kill
They surely kill
They surely kill
Your words are breaking down now