

## Stitches

### Much The Same

A violent scream is better than the whisper of sweet nothings.  
It holds us together, and I'll never understand  
Why we don't let the flame burn the fan  
No I'll never understand, why we don't let the flames burn the  
fan

Kindness is where we fail  
Don't understand why we're happy to be (content to be!) in disc  
ontent  
This life is not well spent  
Is it better to suffer than to be alone?

So hide your heart and close your mind  
And put the key in a dark place that I can't find and don't for  
get to lie  
'Cause we would rather leave the truth behind  
No don't forget to lie  
'Cause we would rather leave the truth behind

If I treated you like dirt would you stick to me like mud?  
Why is this your idea of love?  
And I cant be clean we're coming apart at the seams  
Stitches can't fix everything