

## Moth

Ours

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  
They're 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  
They're 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

There's 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 of 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