

## Snitches Get Stitches

### The Amity Affliction

I can say firmly;  
none of them knew the colour of the sky (colour of the sky)...  
imagine if we were lost at sea;  
not a single lip would move, to reveal the stars to me.  
I am so... I am so... I am so... I am so... I am so  
I am so lost amongst a sea of desperation  
that these milky clouds fail to shine their light  
on the path I know I'm meant to take.  
the path I know I'm meant to take.

Loose lips sink ships and where were you when the sun went down  
and our bows filled with lies?  
Loose lips sink ships and where were you when the stern broke i  
n two?  
I was left with nothing to hold onto.

No one knew the colour of the sky,  
no one knew where, or how, or why  
cement my thoughts to my ankles and cast me overboard  
the liar, the wretch, the failed.  
Cement my... Cement my... Cement my... Cement my  
Cement my failures throw me overboard;  
I'll stare skyward try to remember that, I don't blame them.  
I don't blame them... I don't blame them... I don't blame them.  
.. I don't blame them

Loose lips sink ships and where were you when the sun went down  
and our bows filled with lies?  
Loose lips sink ships and where were you when the stern broke i  
n two?  
I was left with nothing to hold onto

They could never see the true colour of the sky...  
wistful and lonely, caught on my own  
my sky is the only, my sky, oh so lonely.