

Between the Trees "Words"

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This night, this night's 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,
They surely kill,
Your words they surely kill, (meant to be broke down)
They 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 built to be broke

These thoughts were meant to be broke down
(Die a little each day)
(x11)

Sticks and stones
May break my bones,
Your words they surely kill,
They surely kill
(Meant to be broke down)
They surely kill (

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