Envy On The Coast "...Because All Suffering Is Sweet To Me..."

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You're not supposed to know this.
You're not supposed to feel a thing
but I've seen how they tear you apart.
The alcohol, the cutlery,
The words that cripple, and whispers that sting
little boys and girls erase themselves with tenderness
and ease.

She stutter steps through dreams and to relatives it seems,

that history, just hasn't happened yet.

You're worth more than this to me.

You're worth more than you can see.

I don't care what the book said girl you didn't die in vain.

I found you hanging on their words from a noose you let them tie 'round your neck.
They took 13 years from you, but you kept the rest.
Aches and pains and medicine mean nothing if you can feel your skin.
Little boys and girls this seems like hell but you're worth more than you can take.

She stutter steps through dreams and to relatives it seems,

that history, just hasn't happened yet.

You're worth more than this to me.

You're worth more than you can see.

I don't care what the book said girl you didn't die in vain.

I know a girl who shares a name with a guardian...
She was a saint,
She was a saint.
They say she took her life today, but I don't believe a word they say.

She stutter steps through dreams and to relatives it seems,

that history, just hasn't happened yet.

I know a girl who shares a name with a guardian don't be ashamed, she was a saint.

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