

Sacha Sacket "Sweet Suicide"

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Give it everything you've got
You're your own worst enemy
Drinking spirits, taking shots
Glass still remains half empty
You wish that you won't wake up
But you can't even get to sleep
Six feet under for these six months
Just dying to be buried

And I'm the one to lift you up
'Cause I can't be your Francis Bean
The love I give will never stop
You don't want to wait and see

It's Sweet
Suicide to my life
Saving you every time
I catch you half-alive
Wish I could compete
With your perfect goodbye
The sweat of your thousand tries
The threat of the same blue sky

You know what it's like to touch
The edge with all apologies
Where just this once is one too much
And you have nothing left to be
You know how it feels alone
To catch yourself still thinking
"Sticks and stones may break my bones,
But words will never hurt me"

But I'm the one to lift you up
'Cause I won't be your Francis Bean
The love I give will never stop
You don't want to wait and see

It's Sweet
Suicide to my life
Saving you every time
I catch you half-alive
Wish I could compete

With your perfect good-bye
The sweat of your thousand tries
The threat of the same blue sky

And I would be your answer
Would be your savior
Would be your sign
And I would be your water
Would be your shoulder
Would be your sigh

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