

Silverstein

"Sick As Your Secrets"

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You're only sick as your secrets,
How many times did you disappear?
You're only good as your word,
How much longer can I believe?
I've buried bodies myself,
A hundred graves, a hundred ghosts
I see myself in you,
How much longer,
How much longer can I believe?

You paint a picture
In my head of where I've been
You write the scripture,
I hang on every word you say
As sick as thieves (As sick as thieves)
We huddle in you call the plays
How sick are we? (How sick are we?)
How sick are we now?

How can I believe?

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