

The Amity Affliction "Snitches Get Stitches"

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I can say firmly;
None of them knew the 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 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.
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 in 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 failures throw me overboard;
I'll stare skyward (and) try to remember that, I don't
blame them.
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

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