

## Higher, The "Guts"

Visit "[Guts](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

The consequence of a child  
The mild months of worthwhile  
No mess you better decide  
With grace but not by design  
She smokes like guns to the world  
We'll catch your moderate slur  
And sing your modern love song  
But wish you'd died anyway  
Now gone I'm gonna get you for that  
Get you more like a chance  
I'm more of a guns to the wall  
The guts that cut through your lungs  
Every breath takes a sound  
You're deciding on them all

I felt like I would learn to fly the pattern you were  
aiming for  
You feel like time is not all necessary, but my mind  
would  
I come around so much less without you, without you  
I can't breathe

The consequence of a child  
The mild months of worthwhile  
No mess you better decide  
With grace but not by design  
She smokes like guns to the world  
We'll catch your moderate slur  
And sing your modern love song  
But wish you'd died anyway  
Now gone I'm gonna get you for that  
Get you more like a chance  
I'm more of a guns to the wall  
The guts that cut through your lungs  
Every breath takes a sound  
You're deciding on them all

I felt like I would learn to fly the pattern you were  
aiming for  
You feel like time is not all necessary, but my mind  
would

I come around so much less without you, without you  
I can't breathe

I can only think that you would be unhappy for me after  
all the silly shit we've been through  
I can only hope that life would be so lax and so free  
when the mornings get you more than before  
I would only hope that everything would come back to  
you just to say you wanted me too  
I would be the one to let you catch up and go through,  
go through

I felt like I would learn to fly the pattern you were  
aiming for  
You feel like time is not all necessary, but my mind  
would  
I come around so much less without you, without you  
I can't breathe

Visit [Higher. The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.