

# Young Guns, Stitches

Every hour is a season  
Every minute lasts a day  
So I sit here picking stitches  
I find comfort in decay  
How I long to fill my lungs

So tell me how does it feel to,  
Breathe air cold and clean  
'Cause I've been living on my knees since I was seventeen  
Thought I was safe beneath the smoke,  
But even under cover I still choke

Well my wings were clipped and even if they weren't  
(Even if they weren't)  
I've not the guts to fly and leave behind the Earth  
(Leave behind the Earth)  
There's no poetry in my soul,  
(Poetry, in my soul)  
Just a list of lies I've told,  
(There's just lies, that I've told)  
And I don't know how much longer I can hold on.

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