

Under The Knife

Icon for Hire

This is the song I'm too scared to write
But some of you may need it tonight

Oh there you were, heart made of glass
Fragile little thing, shattered too fast
Tried to pick the pieces up, up, up
And that's the way you first got cut, cut, cut
Devil drew you in, you didn't let it show
Didn't want the others to ever have to know
That you were getting hooked on up, up, up
And all you had to do was cut, cut, cut

You carved a special place for your pain
So it came back to hurt you every night
You closed your eyes and wished it all away
Until you disappeared under the knife

You knew the deal, no one gives a damn
Just another needy kid, sob story in hand
Keep your secrets covered up, up, up
We don't need another cut, cut, cut
But you couldn't hide, a heart made of glass
You put yourself together with all the strength you had
You were finally fed up, up, up
Finally had to scream enough-nough-nough

You carved a special place for your pain
So it came back to hurt you every night
You closed your eyes and wished it all away
Until you disappeared under the knife

Listen, I know it's simplified from the other side
It's easy to gloss over all the messy reasons why
And it's easy to forget where you've been
I guess that's what the scars are for, huh?
When we were fifteen we wouldn't dare let that shit be seen
But now it seems mutilation's gone mainstream
I see you at my shows, scarred up from head to toe
Like there's no point even trying not to let it show
Cause we all know, emo kids like to hurt themselves
Too many feelings, and not enough self control
And I mean does this mess with any of the rest of ya?
It's an epidemic and we're cool with it don't question it
But it bothers me, our scars are currency by which we're measured
Like let the record show who let it slip and who held it together
Cutters and burners and honorable mentions
Posers who still cut themselves up for the attention
I don't care your intentions, I just want you to know
My self-hatred never took me where I wanted to go
At the end of the day, you know I still had to face
That I can pick at the pain, but I can't cut it away
And you know what else I can't do, is give you ten good reasons not to
I've racked my brain for clever sayings of all the things you ought to do
But you know I think if there was something I could say
They'd have thrown it on a brochure and sent you on your way

So I'll keep doing what I always do

Drag my heart to the piano and make it sing for you
I'll keep doing what I always do
Drag my heart to the piano and let it sing for you...

Drag my heart to the piano and let it sing for you