

Stitches

Bullet For My Valentine

I can't bow to all your little insecurities
I'm picking out the stitches that you gave me
Cut a little deeper, try and hurt me
I'm picking out the stitches
Picking out the stitches of your hate

Fake, another face, another intervention
Eyes on the enemy, erase this night reflection
Come and make another cut, a little neat incision
Fake all the misery, that brings in your suspicion
I'm a sacrifice, antichrist, anarchist, nihilist
Now cut a little deeper
Hate, another death, another crucifixion

So what's the issue?
I don't see the point in suffering
Sever the ties, sever the chains
And break away
Don't turn to take, don't turn your back
Just take the night, just take away
Sever the ties, sever the chains
And break away

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Take a deeper breath, a final suffocation
Break from the smothering
I'm choking on aggression
I'm a fantasist, activist, masochist, pacifist
Now cut a little deeper
Die, another death, another resurrection

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