

## Cut

## Chat Pile

In the quiet of the woods  
All masks off  
I'm thinking  
I'm dreaming  
No need to  
Explain and

This is the place  
Everything changed  
This is why we come here

Like  
Like some holy shrine  
Like some holy shrine  
Like some holy shrine  
Like some holy shrine

I don't wanna be  
Caught on the wrong side  
I don't wanna be

I don't wanna be  
Caught on the wrong side  
I don't wanna be  
Cut  
Cut

In the quiet of the woods  
The pressure  
My fingers  
On soft hair  
The warmth of the life and

I let myself go  
Beneath the trees  
That afternoon  
The sun shone through

Like some holy sign  
Like some holy sign  
Like some holy sign  
Like some holy sign

I don't wanna be  
Caught on the wrong side  
I don't wanna be

I don't wanna be  
Caught on the wrong side  
I don't wanna be  
Cut  
Cut  
Cut

Faithless  
I wandered  
For years

No eyes now  
No need

And her voice was God's voice  
It was God's voice  
It was God's

Her voice  
It was God's voice  
It was God's voice  
And it cut me  
It cut me