

We've learned the art of keeping secrets better than anyone
Whoa whoa
We've become the clashing cymbal in your ear while you say
Whoa whoa
Our hearts don't bleed like they should. Our hands don't do any good
We say whoa
So how can I convince anyone of anything? Like...

They bought cheap wine and replaced the tag
I'm just trying to help you see
I could spend my time perfecting lines
Trying to help you see

But we shatter like glass all over their hands
And they touch their eyes, they touch their eyes
We shatter like glass!

Our love turns into everything that we like
We gather our hate in bundles and still try to say...

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And they touch their eyes, they touch their eyes
We shatter like glass all over their hands
And they touch their eyes, they touch their eyes

We've become the white-washed tombs you've heard about
We are Pharisees, white-washed Pharisees
We've become the white-washed tombs you've heard about
We are Pharisees, white-washed Pharisees
White-washed Pharisees

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