

Moth

Ours

Out of the pan into the fire
Out of her hands into a liar

It would be better

If everyone gave what they wanted
And they said what they won't

It would be better
It would be better

Hate on the left of me
Pain on the right side
They're taking the best of me
Wait for the right time
But stay out of the sun
Stay out of the sun

You fell from her hands into your sight
Felt everything
And wished you went blind
It will be better
It will be better

Out of the way
Out of the way
Out of the way

Hate on the left of me
Pain on the right side
They're taking the best of me
Wait for the right time

But stay out of the sun
Stay out of the sun
Stay out of the sun

There's a glare there in the sun
That will tear through the ones
That were there and called when no one else was there
They carried you home

Is it true a moth dies flying to the light

Stay out of the way
Out of the way
Into the calm and stay
Out of the
Out of the way
Out of the way
Out of the way

It will be better into the womb
On the heels of her letter
Into the womb
If we forget
Into the womb