

My Tide

Them & I

Love, far too young
To ache like this
Keep, the words that weep
Behind our lips

'Cause I wanna feel your soft breathing
And I wanna see your chest rise
But I'm sitting here as you're leaving
Words pouring out your eyes

And we both wanna stop the bleeding
But we're the ones who hold the knife
And there's a beauty in destruction
Like when the rocks kiss the tide