

# 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