

You're not the first girl
To draw her fears on her arms
In hopes to capture
All the memories that hunted you down
You can sew your lips shut
With your heart strings
Cause God knows that you don't need them to hold yourself together

But don't look down because I don't know
Falling is fatal from this height I know
I should've never helped you up
This high, this high

You're not the first girl
To cut her fears in her arms
Then let them trickle down
Past memories to pools in your hands
You can hang yourself with your heartstrings
Cause I know you won't use them to hold yourself up anymore

But don't look down because I don't know
Falling is fatal from this height I know
I should've never helped you up
This high, this high

Pull the needle from the back of my wings
Pull the needle, pull the pin from my picture
From my picture

And I will fall to the floor
But you have to pull yourself together

But don't look down because I don't know
Falling is fatal from this height I know
I should've never helped you up
This high, this high

This high, this high