

# MS MR, Think of You

You got high off my devotion  
Weak hearts as your crutch  
Like some sick love potion  
I was addicted to your touch  
I carried your weight  
The misplaced rage  
And the burden of hate  
The decadence of decay

I still think of you  
And all the shit you put me through  
And I know you were wrong  
I still think of you  
And all the shit you put me through  
And I know now  
I know you were wrong

You made pain your lover  
Infidelity not discrete  
I knew you found another  
How could I compete  
Abusive words covered me like dust  
I waited to know for sure  
You only give loveless lust

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Dark clouds follow you around  
Your own worst enemy  
Only picked me up to bring me down  
Down, down, down, down, down, down

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