

Woe, Is Me, For The Likes Of You

Leave me here,
Biting my nails, breaking my stride,
I put my faith into your desolate life
Happened so fast that I should be afraid, I won't be afraid
Three years blessed, I gave it my best,
It's time to put it all to rest
Your present is my past

Through my eyes, I've seen nothing but time,
Forty four thousand lies
Straight from your putrid mind
High tides drag you through the decades of nights,
At anguish cause you'll never know why
Loved ones who turn out your lights, seem like they care

I am an island, and you're the tides that pull at my feet,
but now she's sinking in this void

Aging, forcing my nerves
Cut your chords, count your chores, stop using yourself,
for fruitless scars,
just cut your chords

And your back will keep breaking,
From this glass house,
that you have created
Hear me out, your heart is too heavy, too heavy for trust
So build me a promise and take my advice a word from the wise
A fault confessed, I have redressed,
she feels such unrest,
so pray, so fucking pray
For tonight is your last.