

# Your Demise, I'm (Not) The One

I lace up those boots and keep on moving forward,  
The weight of the world on my shoulders but the only thing crushing me is you.  
Stuck in this loveless rut, I look to the skies with my eyes shut.  
(Three year funeral).  
Just waiting to fill the coffin, as each nail goes in.  
Resentment is hard, but pretending to love is harder,  
I'm not the kid that you once knew, I'm not the one that you once knew?  
All these complaints form a queue.  
She left her love at home, she don't love no more.  
(Motherfucker I'm just a loveless whore).