

I hope I never have to use the word friend again
It's the same old slap in the face set in motion,
Ah fuck this place again I've met the end
Don't tell me what is left
There's nothing but a box of pictures
I refuse to open they may cause resent you know
I really don't miss a thing
There's no struggle to confront now
Cause what's said is said and what's done is done
A crude emotion set in forward pace
Get this message straight now 'cause I'm sick as shit
I've got no room for impatience
The bet was set you know I really don't miss a thing
Cause sometimes the rain is warm in winter
And the clouds part everything
Is clear when I play the card I dealt
The ice will warm and melt
And I don't think I'll care
There's nothing wrong at all with spending time alone
And if I ever have to use the word friend again
Don't question just slap my face
There's no devotion when I played and betrayed
And if there are no starts
Then there'll be no more ends
Just another stop treated careless,
To add to the list but sometimes the rain is warm in winter