

Yea I'm burying faces, and covering the tracks  
Your eyes are so nice, I want their focus  
And it won't be long 'til, 'til you think twice of me.  
We owe you nothing  
Yeah the memory of a chance for you to be...  
Keeps me glued, handcuffed to you  
No apologizes this time, cause these 'lil guys numb my senses  
I have some wishes left  
And they're mine to keep  
We give bitch to the facts, I accept I accept  
And it may not make sense, but I felt your dead eyes  
These tears are on tap  
Goobye I'll send the letter tonight and it's addressed to you.

"Ever want to punch that which you love?  
Ever wonder why you've been putting up with that which you hate  
?  
Well you might know where I'm coming from then."