

## No Love

Frank Iero

No love for my love. No glance to steal  
No thrill from my touch  
It kills me to feel the ghost of what we once embraced

There's no tell in your face, although I can tell  
There's no talk on your lips, just the taste of his  
And the gall it took to boast while you burned our bridges down

I know how all of this goes before the words come tumbling out  
I've felt the pain that you gave in spades  
But I'll go to the end of the earth if it means I end up with y  
ou  
I'll cross the distance you aim to create

No love from your love. No kiss and tell  
No fucks to give, love  
Just one last farewell in the form of a fragile poem  
That promptly turns to dust

I know how all of this goes before the words come tumbling out  
I've felt the pain that you give in spades  
But I'll go to the end of the earth if it means I end up with y  
ou  
I'll cross the distance you aim to create framed as last goodby  
es

Twenty four seven I hate my love for you

I know how all of this goes before the words come tumbling out  
I've felt the pain that you give in spades  
But I'll go to the end of the earth if it means I end up with y  
ou  
I'll cross the distance you aim to create framed as a last good  
bye