

The truth is that I know why I don't see you now
It's 'cause you can't fuck girls with your friends around
These conquests, they're nonsense
Those habits, those comments
You're a fucking mess, so weak and spineless

If you kept your eyes off your phone
You might have learned how to sing
If you weren't conceited at heart
You'd might have seen yourself king
Of a malleable scene
You were burning green since you were nineteen

Old friend we've given you our all
We gave you so many chances that you seldom deserved
So can't you just come clean
I don't know much, but enough is enough
We gave you our trust and you just went and fucked it all up
You tarnished our songs with all of your mistakes
But we loved you enough to drag your dead weight

Infamita
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