

Medieval

Her's

They're calling it a crime
You give yourself to him
Taking your love for lies
Subdued to fit their whim

Off you go to your childhood home
Off you go put behind closed doors

This could be
A memory

Of mine
Of mine
Of mine
Of mine

I've never felt that fine
I'm never giving up
I'm always on your side
Right now that's not enough

Slowly dying in this awkward room
Slowly dying, little did they know

This could be
A memory

Of mine
Of mine
Of mine
Of mine

Where did I go wrong
I don't want to know
When did I go wrong
I don't want to know

Where did I go wrong
I don't want to know
When did I go wrong
I don't want to know

Where did I go wrong
I don't want to know
When did I go wrong
I don't want to know

Where did I go wrong
I don't want to know
When did I go wrong
I don't want to know