

Think that you have me wrapped around your finger
But you loosened your grip
I went slack
Now I don't have to linger
Think you'll keep me wrapped up in your arms
But I'll bite and scratch and kick
Until you see the stars

Hate
That every day's the same
And it's too late
For you to change your ways
God
It's like we've both died
Like we buried ourselves in the ground
To pass the time

I know I am not an angel
Twisted but can't admit it
Cause it's too shameful
I know I might be the devil
Take hurting you
To another level

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And it's too late
For you to change your ways
God
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