

What Hurts the Most

Trophy Eyes

It's a feeling
Outside of common sense
Like I'm bleeding
Without the evidence
It's a reason
To unpick these stitches
To call again and ask you how you've been

We lie
We cheat
We steal what we need
To be the ones we're supposed to be
But there's just something about you
That I can't help but value

What would you think if you saw me now
Don't feel like I've changed 'till I think about
When we were brothers
When we had it all figured out
Where do you hide those years with me?
Or did you kill me off completely?
When we were brothers
When we had it all figured out

It's a picture
From your brothers wedding day
A reminder
That good will find a way
It's your children
That I know I'll never meet
But what hurts the most is that makes sense to me

And I'm still haunted
With how you lied so casually
To think that I believed you hurts like hell
You make me fucking hate myself
But that's what you wanted
You shed your skin so easily
My sheets were barely cold when you slid in
And you still wonder where I've been

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