

# Emm Gryner, Fetching Decay

I need you to be the cancer that swallows me  
All my mates decided drowning was much better than me  
Fuck it all I say  
They'll be sorry in the end  
So help me vanish  
Help me get myself outta here

Wait I wouldn't leave without celebrating  
Your birthday in the middle of July  
Can't believe you wanna have me  
Been wading through this bucket of lies

Fuck 'em all I say  
They'll be sorry when the star buries the girl  
So help me vanish  
Help me get myself outta here

It might be a good vacation  
I don't know