

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