

MS MR, Think of You

You got high off my devotion
Weak hearts as your crutch
Like some sick love potion
I was addicted to your touch
I carried your weight
The misplaced rage
And the burden of hate
The decadence of decay

I still think of you
And all the shit you put me through
And I know you were wrong
I still think of you
And all the shit you put me through
And I know now
I know you were wrong

You made pain your lover
Infidelity not discrete
I knew you found another
How could I compete
Abusive words covered me like dust
I waited to know for sure
You only give loveless lust

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Dark clouds follow you around
Your own worst enemy
Only picked me up to bring me down
Down, down, down, down, down, down

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