

A.F.I., Three Seconds Notice

Submission- My back hurts from bowing down.

Attraction - Was once so strong now can't be found.

Affection - One gift I wish you would return.

Frustration - as I accede.

I do not deserve your frigidness, such callousness,
yet I persist. What's wrong with me?

I told you "you can't be replaced";
you showed me I'm disposable.

Spit in my face, as I submit, so I quit!