Chasing Victory, A Taste Of Your Own Medicine

You're about to feel a rush of blood run down your spine
You're about to taste a dose of your own medicine
I'm bending over backwards and I'm cutting it close
I put my life at risk for you
Your love for failure clearly shows
I'm better off to let you go
You only lead the darkest alleys
You're misleading me with your ghost
I felt so afraid when you showed up
With your means to betray
Oh no, I'm tearing down all the memories of your face
Though I never saw you I can recognize your taste of love
This can't be love, you haven't the slightest what that means
Love is patient, with no intentions to deceive