# Count The Stars, I Love You Too

I swallow hard, because I know
that what comes next will hurt you more than me.
I bite my lip to try to stop it from shaking.
The teeth have broken the skin
and the blood tastes cold to me,
after all those nights you kept me warm.
I'd hold my breath just to hear you sleep.

I must admit, I saw it coming.
The air between us had gotten harder yet to breathe.
I'd run away if I could help it,
but I can't remember to forget your face.

You can say my heart has changed,
but it's my will you've beaten down.
I'd kiss you now, but I fear my caustic tongue
would only serve to salt your wounds.

You are as beautiful as ever,
yet I'm starting to resent your smile.
Because it's killing me to say this,
but I'm dying inside to leave.

It's a place we've never been.
It's a waste to keep it in.

It means little to you, but the world to me.