

Emery, In Between 4th And 2nd Street

i've had enough of this.
you're all the same to me.
i want to be alone.
eat me alive with your sickenss.
hypocrisy, cold the blood that courses though me.
so should i let it go?
my veins run sand that won't pass.
you were supposed to be my only cure.
and i've had enough of this.
you're all the same to me.
i want to be alone.
eat me alive with your sickness.
you were supposed to be my only cure.
you were supposed to be the one to take her place.
sorry about tomorrow, i'm not sorry about today.
this eats me alive.
i'm going to say what i want to say.
you were my one true cure, my only love.
you were my one true pain, my only hate.
you were supposed to be there.
you were supposed to be the truth.
you were supposed to take her place.
you were supposed to be my solitude, solitude.
sorry about tomorrow, i'm not sorry about today.
this eats me alive.
i'm going to say what i want to say.
you were my one true cure, my only pain.
you were my one true pain, my only hate, my only hate.
my only cure, my only pain.
i hate you, i love you.
my only cure, my only pain.
i hate you, i love you.