

# Horror Show, Inconsiderate Me

Dear rosemary  
I'd like to fade away  
So wipe the me away  
From your diary

Suicide whispers  
In my ear and it happens  
A lot around here

When I said, before  
I'd sleep not to wake me if you left  
Well I'm awake  
And you're not here  
And I'm better off dead

This is my last  
Love letter to you  
It's not a stunt  
I'm well aware were through

When you think of me  
Remember better times  
'Cause ive grown to be  
Quite selfish when i cry

Inconsiderate me

Sitting at home for the afternoon  
Don't wanna go outside  
Sick of sun soaked concrete streets  
Close the blinds I'd rather hide  
Because the ghost in me  
Is out of key  
From never keeping love

Sick of pale white bedroom sheets  
Close your eyes, so I can die

You were my spine, my crutch  
My breathe, my sight  
My life, my death, my all  
You were my hope, my fear  
My love, my fear, my love  
My fear, my fall

I can't do this without you  
I can't do this without you  
I've tried, I can't, I'm gone  
Sincerely yours