

The Promise Drive, Robot's End Is Guys

I've grown so tired of chemical depression
Your lack of medication's no excuse for jealousy
and honestly you've gone too far you've crossed the line
it's too late to take back what you said to me
Don't write me don't call me
and don't you dare come to my house
it's better this way you're probably seeing someone else
I've got your picture hanging on my wall
All I ever wanted was you to accept us for who we are
You're always asking if you're just wasting time
If you have to ask me you already know the answer
It's over now I'm walking out
Is this the answer you were looking for all along?
Go whine to all your friends, "He did me wrong..."
She's like a robot, a machine going through the motions
You'll destroy us all