

Think Of You

MS MR

You got high off my devotion
We caught as you crutch
Black some sick of potion
I was addicted to your touch
Carried your weight the misplaced way
Had the burden of hate
The decadence of decay

I still think of you
And all the shit you put me through
And I know you were wrong
I still think of you
And all the shit you put me through
And I know now, I know you were wrong

You made pain your lover
Infidelity not discrete
I knew you found another
How could I compete
Abusive words cover me like dust
I waited to know for sure
You only give what was lost

Dark clouds follow you around
Your own worst enemy
You only picked me up to bring me down
Down, down, down, down