

Looking a Gifthorse In The Mouth

Emmure

She called me captain. I dragged her into the deepest seas
What am I supposed to do now with these pictures and these memories
Now that I've thrown you away
This is the last song I wrote for you
Where is my closure?
You can feel me clinging to my sheets
Waiting for this new perspective, that these hands are better off empty
Now that I've thrown you away, I'm still waiting
And we've parted ways; and I hope that you're happy
'Cause you are the memory that just won't seem to fade