

# Memories Of The Ones We Hate The Most

Favez

We gave you all the hopes we couldn't share and a fraction of the air  
We held on to the strips of what was right to the fading rays of light  
But these rooms are full of ghosts of the memories of the ones we hate  
The most hell you grew up pretty easily I'm sure Mary Queen of Arkansas  
It's too early for the dreaming or the stars and it's too late for the bars  
But these rooms are full of ghosts these rooms are full of ghosts of the memories  
Of the ones we hate the most these rooms are full of ghosts of the pictures  
Of the hosts these rooms are full of ghosts of the memories of the ones we hate the most