

Over You

Grieves

The fruit of happiness falls at the feet of agony
You push your pins in the replica you have of me
I look at you and can't figure out what attracted me to such an ugly, terrible person

Girl, you are past belief

But all of that is trivial

Running with a hand full of scissor down a slippery hill

Old clock radio sitting on the windowsill allowing me to listening to the music while our time together gets me killed

Maybe i'm just dumb

Or maybe I believe in something you assume is never gonna come

My last thread wrapped around your thumb playing "take another step" and I swear to god I'll snap it right in front of you

Soaked

Your taking me for granted

I don't know if anybody's told you but your damaged

Heart made of granite that's bleeding through the bandages and judging by your smile it's been going exactly just how you planned it

It's sick

Why you gotta push me to the limit?

Why you gotta hold me down?

You're quicksand, you're a sinkhole

Your'e the fall beneath my stand

Got me falling out of love and trying to land

You're a sickness, you're a fever

You're the itch beneath my skin

You're a virus, you're a cancer

Making my world spin

You're a toxin, and infectious

And it rots me to the bone

And I don't know

Just how to get over you

Your pain swells inside of you like a cyclone

Dragging your nails across my back like a fine comb

We found each other at the bottom of a mine hole

Where you were trying to get a blood diamond out of my coal

Digging, pushing, trying to find my tipping point

You toss me up and spin me round like a flipping coin

I've tried leaving

Every time that I hit the door I'm turning right around like I've forgotten what I went there for

Shit, maybe I'm a moron

Or maybe I enjoy being the flame your lighter fluid is poured on

I keep swimming till the shore's gone

Either I'm a drown in the moment or disappear to the foreground

You reel me in and cast me out that's the way it goes

I call it love you turn your back and tell me no one knows

I know it's killing me

And judging by your clothes you've been waiting for a funeral to go to

I'm fucking sick of it

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Why you gotta hold me down?

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