

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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