

Anatrofobia

"Art Of War"

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Am I the latest,
In your art of war?
Thought your hands could heal,
But they left me sore.

You're so good, at what you think you do to me.
You're so good, at what you think you do to me.

There are songs, I'll never write,
Because of you, walking out of my life.
There are words, that don't belong,
Because of you, I'll never write another love song.

Was I the greatest, in your arsenal?
Or just the latest,
In your art of war?
Your art of war.

You're no good, at what you said you'd do to me.
You're no good, at what you said you'd do to me.

There are songs, (there are songs) I'll never write,
Because of you, walking out of my life.
There are words, (there are words) that don't belong,
(Ooo-ooo)
Because of you, I'll never write another love song.
(Never write another love song.)

There are songs, (there are songs) I'll never write,
Because of you, walking out of my life.
There are words, (there are words) that don't belong,
(Ooo-ooo)
Because of you, I'll never write another love song.
(Never write another love song.)

There are songs, I'll never write,
Because of you, walking out of my life.
There are words, that don't belong,
Because of you, I'll never write another love song.

