Automatic Loveletter "Black Ink Revenge"

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I wanted this I wanted you
I wanted it to last but you fell through
But each point don't you see
That here on the west we follow our dreams,
Why don't I know you anymore
The color of your lips are red and I swear I never wear lipstick
Ohh my god I drank too much,
Laughing while I'm crying so you let them know your dying,

Dying, dying to break out dying to get that skin out, Through the window of the abyss, click my heels but I am stuck here,

I'm pledging and this is how, I'm swearing to you now, The whole world will hear me shout out,

This is the last time, this is the last line,
Sunset to sunrise morning to midnight
This is my goodbye
Blow out the candle, The bottle is dry
And if pages learned to think
You're not even worth my black ink revenge
I guarantee guarantee you'll miss me
I can't stomach this
I think I'm going to be sick
My heart's made of wick, and you start the fire out of it
With the kerosene, Shocked my feet
She smiled at me and closed the door
But not to sleep

This isn't making any sense
I was worse the night before it
The smell of your sheets is the remnants of the
Breaking of my heart
You're breaking it so hard
The whole world will hear me shout out

This is the last time, this is the last line, Sunset to sunrise morning to midnight This is my goodbye Blow out the candle The bottle is dry
And if pages learned to think
You're not even worth my black ink revenge

I guarantee guarantee you'll miss me
And so I'm writing you out of my dreams
You'll miss me I swear when I leave
Yeah I'm writing you out of my dreams
You'll miss me I swear
Cuz I'm writing you out, I'm crossing my T's
I want back the necklace I said you could keep
You miscomprehended and I scorn you till death
My words are as strong as my last gasp of breathe
Leave nothing behind not a trace or a crumb
I urge you to walk out, how painful this was

So I'm writing you out of my dreams,
You'll miss me I swear when I
This is the last time, this is the last line,
Sunset to sunrise morning to midnight
This is my goodbye
Blow out the candle
The bottle is dry
And if pages learned to think (x2)
You're not even worth my black ink revenge

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