

Pms

"Poor Thing (Shout Pt. 2)"

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::spoken::

It...It happens to other people.
You say how sad.
You say poor thing.
But when its you its something else.
It's everything.

::sung::

You'll never believe the nightmares.
You'll never know the pain you caused.
You'll never see the scars you've left me.
The things you stole, everthing I lost.

You took my body, tore it in half.
You took my childhood, my heart and my laugh.
You took everything I kept for myself.
Then your gone.
I'm not your poor thing.

You took my body, tore it in half.
You took my child.
Took my heart and my laugh.
You took everything I kept for myself.
And then your gone.
I'm not your poor thing.

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