

Senses Fail

"Coming Up Short"

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You made me hate what I loved
I hope that you're struggling
Don't throw down what you left
What you're slowly dying
And you're holding onto

I'm just glad to see
You're trying so hard
But failing
I'm the best thing
That you ever had
I'm what you want to be

Hate me
Hate me
If it helps you to move on
I'm still here
Wishing you the worst
Even though you're gone

I hope that you feel
The pain of burying
Everyone you ever loved
Fuck your words
Fuck you now, love
Trying hard to disguise
That you'll never realize
That's the color of blood
You are filled with inside

You dragged me through hell and back
To prove you were tall
You wanted the shoes I wore
That you think were too small

Hate me
Hate me
If it helps you to move on
I'm still here
Wishing you the worst
Even though you're gone

Hate!
Me!
Hate!
Me!
Hate!
Me!
If it helps you to move on!

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