

## Something With Numbers

### "Victim"

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Burn the pictures  
Toss the ring  
Tell me its over again and again  
Promise me you'll never speak my name  
But when you come back empty and worn

I will hold you right beneath me

Curse my presence  
Slap my face  
Blame it all on the way I behaved  
Tell me there's someone better who really cares  
But when you come back broken and lost

I will hold you right beneath me  
I will hold you. How's the water?

Try to swallow deep, try to hold on as the seconds keep  
getting longer  
It's your turn to play the victim  
It's my turn to end the game

Cut me up  
Tear me down  
Tell me how worthless I am  
Dig right in, show me how  
But when you come back weathered and torn

I will hold you right beneath me  
I will hold you. How's the water?

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