

## Honorary Title, The "Points Underneath"

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What started as a crush became an obsession,  
It was the classic path,  
You've taken the weekend home,  
You're believing that things are somehow getting done,  
But you're wrong,  
You're wrong, you're wrong, oh no.

Now, don't ever leave me alone, not this evening,  
I am cold and shivering without you near,  
I have begged and I have borrowed,  
From my friends, who once admired,  
Now they all have lost respect for me.

Feed me the words to explain this urge,  
With pressure and squeeze,  
From points underneath,  
The streams in your skin are ready,  
'Cause I can, and I will, just as long as you instill,  
This fear in my heart,  
I just hope that you aren't alone,  
I just hope that you aren't alone.

"Did I do something wrong?" her eyes start to question,  
Yes, you did something wrong,  
You just failed to mention.

Feed me the words to explain this urge,  
With pressure and squeeze,  
From points underneath,  
The streams in your skin are ready,  
'Cause I can, and I will, just as long as you instill,  
This fear in my heart,  
I just hope that you aren't alone,  
I just hope that you aren't alone.

Hopefully you will see that the plans and the dreams,  
That we shared under this haze,  
They all wilt away.

Hopefully you will see that the plans and the dreams,  
That we shared under this haze,

They all wilt away.

You were wrong,  
I just hope that you aren't alone.

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