

# The Grudge (David Wallace Rem

## Mortiis

Trying to think of you as some kind of heroine  
Trying to think of you is something that will fade with time  
Trying to think of you is some kind of distant sin  
Trying to think of you is just a day's forgotten dream  
The things that you said and the things that you never did  
Things that you did and the things that you never said  
Left me empty and alone, kinda trying to atone  
Left me empty and alone, kinda trying to atone  
You must be an emotional heretic  
Your word has become like shit on a stick  
No matter how hard I tried  
Someone close to me right now, I carry the grudge  
Empty and alone, the only thing that's real  
Empty and alone, the only thing that's real  
Empty and alone, the only thing that's real  
Empty and alone, the only thing that's real  
Things that you said and the things that you never did  
Things that you did and the things that you never said  
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You must be an emotional heretic  
Your word has become like shit on a stick  
No matter how hard I tried  
Someone close to me right now, I carry the grudge  
How can someone be so elusive?  
And how can someone be so fucking passive?  
Even if I walked through the circles of hell for you  
You wouldn't even piss on me  
But it's too late, it's too late, my dear  
Because I'm already there  
How can someone be so elusive?  
And how can someone be so fucking passive?  
Even if I walked through the circles of hell for you  
You wouldn't even piss on me  
But it's too late, it's too late, my dear  
Because I'm already there  
You must be an emotional heretic  
Your word was always shit on a stick  
No matter how hard I tried  
Someone close to me right now, I carry the grudge

Songwriters

Ellefsen HavardPublished by

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