

# Tales From the Burg

## Emmure

I'LL NEVER FORGET WAKING UP IN BALTIMORE;  
MY PALMS FULL OF SWEAT, CLEARLY YOU'VE HAD  
YOUR REVENGE FOR THE NIGHT, I SPIT IN YOUR FACE  
YOU WILL NEVER FORGET AND I WILL NEVER FORGET,  
EVERY WAKING MOMENT I SPEND WISHING YOU WERE DEAD.

JUST FUCKING DIE!!!

IT MUST OF BEEN HIS BRAND NEW HAND PENTAGRAM.

OR THE FACT THAT HE FUCKS IRON CITY GIRLS,

NO CONDOM, ON THE RAG. JUST SO YOU KNOW

THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE SUCKING HIS DICK

YOU'RE TASTING THE BLOOD OF A PIRATES FAN.

TELL ME' HOW MUCH LOWER CAN YOU GO

IN LIFE; YOU FUCKING BITCH.

I'M SO OVER IT,

I'M FUCKING OVER IT.

I'M NOT OVER IT

I'M NEVER OVER IT

WHAT A PERFECT ROMANCE

A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES-

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Lyrics submitted by Zackory.

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