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 right in your face
You will never forget and I will never forget
Ever 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 your sucking dick
Your 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