

# 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

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written by PALMERI, FRANK / KETIVE, JESSE / DAVIS, MARK / LIONETTI, JOSEPH / LIONETTI,  
BENJAMIN

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