

Memories Of The Ones We Hate The Most

Favez

We gave you all the hopes we couldn't share and a fraction of the air
We held on to the strips of what was right to the fading rays of light
But these rooms are full of ghosts of the memories of the ones we hate
The most hell you grew up pretty easily I'm sure Mary Queen of Arkansas
It's too early for the dreaming or the stars and it's too late for the bars
But these rooms are full of ghosts these rooms are full of ghosts of the memories
Of the ones we hate the most these rooms are full of ghosts of the pictures
Of the hosts these rooms are full of ghosts of the memories of the ones we hate the most