

The Burning Love/Hate

Love and hate is not child's game.

So why do they sound same?

They burn with a white hot passion

People treat it like mission, like true love kissing.

People push to you side lines, or hook you like a fishing line.

If you don't know both sides, you get hurt and tears rise.

Help me to figure it out!

Because it seems like that losing this bout.

Fists of emotion, coming out.

And they all want to knock me out.

They come in and get what without ringing the bell.

It feels like I'm slowly descending into a pit called hell.

I'm so tired of chasing dreams...

In the end you'll want to scream.

I'm gonna put you in the spot, you did something that you should not.

I thought you were just crazy, when you decided to betray me.

The likeness should fit like a glove.

That's why it is called true love.

I'm so tired over fighting you.

The Burning Love/Hate

So I'll just say that I'm through with you.

Since you think this is a game,

I'm gonna treat you just same,

You got yourself to blame,

It is truly a shame, because you feed the flames, and thought that this was a game.

All I feel for you is hate,

Out the door is your fate.

Don't try to come back.

You know already know the fact.

You thought that I was in a daze when I wanted my space,

When I really just want to give you one to your face, because this ain't your place.

Now please just go,

Your moving to slow, your taxi 's about to go.

I'll be sure to shut the door.

Because I'm sitting on the floor.

Crying, trying to figure out why it went all so well.

It was like a magic spell,

That our love was to meld.

But you messed up and wanted screw.

So now you are shrew.

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I'm so done with you.

I take all of photos and clothes and in the bottom floor of my place.

I take little match and set your stuff ablaze.

I was so sure that we were one, but now that's undone.

I see you now for what you are, and things have come apart.

I take a shovel in the space,

Found a photo in the ashes of grate,

The moment is called the burning love/hate.

I see you and me, and then I start to seethe.

I tell myself it isn't real,

But this anger is how I feel

And that to me is real.

So I won't conceal and all I do is feel, because is this real.