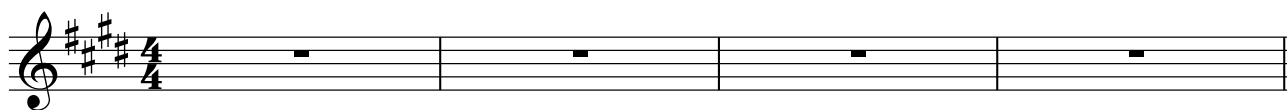


Castles

Freya Ridings

♩ = 116



You learn my love, — you hit the tar - get You get — that rush



— and then you walk out the door — You kept me small,



— it's what you wan - ted I ne - ver no - ticed



1. You held my hand in- to the dark- ness I did- n't care
2. Each time_ you left, — there was a hun - ger_ I felt — so dead,



it made me just want you more My god, your love
— I could - n't take a - ny - more — Lo - sing — your love, —



it seems so harm- less I ne- ver no- ticed And I hate
— it left me stron - ger_ I ne- ver no- ticed



— that you're gone And I hate — that I don't wan- na let — go — And I hate