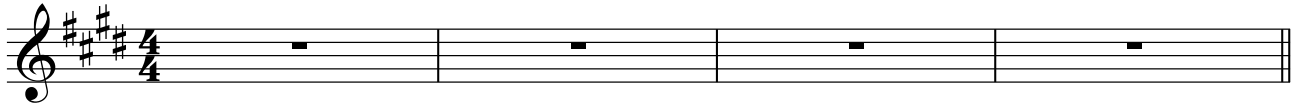


Castles

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