

Saintseneca

"Blood Drawing"

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When I sight a cliché of a free life...
I don't contend that it comes with no price
Dry my blood like fleas and head lice,
dried and blood make it burn white in blacklight
I was wrong, I was wrong, I was wrong
Always wrong, always wrong, always wrong
I was wrong, I was wrong, I was wrong
No one ever says to you,
"You can complain
about these things"

And even if we found our way,
our way was found; it was not made
And I would give up now,
just lay it down and kick the crown
Breakin' all my toes,
and give it away, no one would know
I would give up now,
just lay it down and kick the crown
Breakin' all my toes,
and give it away, no one knows
And there lies my bed incriminated.
Now lie in the wreck I created.

In torrents we spin, my tornado-like friend
Build homes that we obliterated

I would give up now,
just lay it down and kick the crown
Breakin' all my toes,
and give it away, no one knows
I would give up now,
just lay it down and kick the crown
Breakin' all my toes,
and give it away, no one knows

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