

## **Blackmail**

### **"Dull"**

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I m creeping around the circles  
Of friends I have inside my head  
Stone the witch of population  
Leave me there when I m dead  
All in all we spent our days to get in trouble too  
And wicked like the sun I m melting for the spell of you  
two  
Im off the shore and fade into your sea  
Dont seperate me when I suffer  
Use a bit of me indeed  
Dont even stop me when I m on speed  
All in all we spent our days to get in trouble too  
Wicked like the sun Im melting for the spill of you two  
But now I m coming through  
Ive reached the point of mass confusion  
Built to pick it into sand  
Request it to your own illusion  
Thats the story and thats the end.

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