

Blisterhead

"Razors In The Night"

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Running away, something better ahead
But you gotta think fast before it's too late
Just one cut around your head
Just one minute and you'll call me dead

You better watch out for the razors in the night
You better leave out the razors in the night

Backstreet boys wear boots and braces
Razor blades and angry faces
Too much tension, too much fear
What the hell are we doing here

Murder is the biggest prize in sport
Cause violence is the only game you've been taught
A pool of warm blood is your prize
Or a cold blade across your eyes

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