

## Brooke Mackenzie

### "Razorblades And Knives"

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I feel the cold blade on my skin  
Then I feel it cutting in  
I see the red stuff seeping out  
The stuff I couldn't live without

Like a sword, making wounds  
They bleed, they weep, they keep me doomed  
I'm trying not, to give up  
I keep on going, cut cut cut

Razorblades and knives (hey)  
Razorblades and knives (hey)  
Razorblades and all sharp things  
Cutting into my tough skin (x2)

Cutting, tearing, piercing me  
I can't hear, and I can't see  
Tears are rolling down my face  
My crimson blood, begins to waste

I see the blade go deeper yet  
Quite how deep, my brain forgets  
I push it further, bit by bit  
It hurts like hell, but I love it

Razorblades and knives (hey)  
Razorblades and knives (hey)  
Razorblades and all sharp things  
Cutting into my tough skin (x2)

How much blood, I can't say  
I hope I bleed some more today  
I cut it more, I cut it deep  
This sure beats the fatal leap

Finally the blade breaks through  
The grinding of my white bones too  
Now the time has finally come  
Life and death, death has won

Razorblades and knives (hey)

Razorblades and knives (hey)  
Razorblades and all sharp things  
Cutting into my tough skin (x2)

You come in and see me there  
You see the cuts, they're all so bare  
You see the blood, the blade, the wounds  
Bound with tears you flee the room

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