

Cruel Hand

"All This Negativity"

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Saying goodbye to all my oh-so-security
I'm back to square one, maybe negative fifteen
In record time it's gone
No more biting my nails or crossing my
The spilt milk's dried up
I'm so tired of crying for you

When i am twenty-five will i be still alive
Cause i won't be getting any when i'm twenty-one
This magma chamber is expanding
Ready to burst

Self-perpetuating negativity
It feeds on us we can't control it, baby
Volcanic problems arise
Don't you dare give up on me tonight
Cause i might lose my mind
But i'll hold on to you tightly

Will you help me sweep up all of this debris
Far be it from me to deny you what you need

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