

Distillers

"Die On A Rope"

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Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on
a rope?

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die?

I wish that you didn't love me no more, I've been dead
for years,

I wish that you didn't own me no more, I've been here
before.

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on
a rope?

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die?

No, I won't!

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on
a rope?

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die?

I want to draw the blood from your neck, spill the lies in
your bed.

I will give you a holy white rose, cut the tongue from
your head.

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on
a rope?

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die?

No, I won't!

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on
a rope?

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die?

I belong to a line of red scent, teach the heart to
reflect.

The wound is wise for primal black eyes, there's a
scarlet letter in my chest.

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