

Hoffman Lauren

"Blood"

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She's got a window,
It's got a small frame,
She's got a view,
Of what she always sees,
What she believes is there,
But there's blood in the basement,
Blood in the alley,
There's blood on her hands,
She can't see.
He's got mirror,
A crack in his door,
He peers through to see,
The world is ugly,
But there's nothing he can do about it.
The hole in the roof,
These crumbling walls,
This house is falling apart,
There's nothing we can do,
Nothing we can do.
If there's blood in the basement,
Blood in the alley,

There's blood on our hand,
We can't see.
No I can't see,
No it's not safe,
And no I'm not proud of this blood.
There's heat in my mouth,
There's blood in my veins,
My love.
There's heat in my mouth,
Blood in my veins,
My love.
Oh there's heat in my mouth,
There's blood in my veins,
My love.
Oh there's heat in my mouth,
There's blood in my veins,
My love.

