

Hot Rod Circuit "Fear The Sound"

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I've got my hands around your neck
and I'm squeezing them tightly
I feel you slipping away
and your paleness it haunts me

You're weighing me down
when you're here and when you're not around
and I fear the sound
and the silence that we've found
never really ever seems to be
never really ever felt the need
never really ever seems to be
convenient for me

It was the greatest mistake
and I complain but I failed you
like a noose around my neck

you're holding me back
and I can't breathe

I feel your pain and taste the blood
as furious as I can be
I'll call you bluff I've had enough
you have my heart you own my soul
I am infected by you
so hard to let you go
I fucking hate you

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