

Cage

"Blood Boy"

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[Verse 1]

From the sonar to the water-break it went according to plan
Three buckets of blood would pass through the doctor's hands
He pulled the baby out, she reached for her son
First breath was spit blood being patted from his lungs
They tried to clean him up but no amount of sponges could stop it
In the weeks they would observe until the month ends
She had to leave him there, once he started breathing air
He could leave, she didn't need to be told his disease was rare
She wrapped him up warm, signed forms and left
By the time the elevator door opened, he was wet
Lobby to the street, the sky was black, no stars
Three blankets were soaked up by the time they got to the car

[Chorus]

Blood, the red floods, hopelessly in rags
Searching to be held, but nobody wants to hug
Drugged, the plot's dug; I'm only here for love
So when I'm snuffed you can all pretend you gave a fuck
And you can all pretend you never gave up
And you can all pretend you never gave up
And you can all pretend you gave, and you can all pretend you gave
And you can all pretend you gave a fuck

[Verse 2]

Christmas time wrapped up in gauze
Camouflaged, sitting on Santa's lap to no applause
And 'cause mall doors to exit the screams exiting jaws
When his pores pour out it shellacs the floors
Unless you are massively hemorrhaging to death in a bath
Would you ask to be sat next to Blood Boy in your class?

In a pool of cranberry dirt and squandered skeletons
The worms are technicians when you relieved of
modern medicine
More hemorrhaging, high school, first relationship,
death's a friend
The color red leaking from fang holes in his neck again
Some long to be near it, sing songs and swear at
The crowds that flock up like sheep to stare at

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

And you can all pretend you laid in blood
Coat's ripped up, the line across your stomach re-
opened up
Before sewn shut, start to drift up then drone back in
the cut
After a flat-line, this could be enough
Transfusion's the plug, God saves
About the hell in health
But upon death came back to life as something else
And though it seems dead dreams of teens are left
with them
Where people worship gods that don't come from
Bethlehem
They know his name now, his brain's out
Just wanted to find a way to turn the pain down
Youth feed from his veins now
Slowing the latency, a hole becomes a vacancy
Of patiently awaiting people that pay him to make 'em
see

[Chorus]

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