

## Kacy Crowley

### "Blood"

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He was too deep for his own good  
He was the kind of person, nobody understood  
I said I love you, more than you love me  
But I meant something entirely ugly

One year it rained on Christmas  
He said, 'Let's just pretend we're in paradise.'  
But I wasn't having it,  
No I was killing it.  
I think his soul is so out of training, and

Ooh, his blood rushed somewhere silent, and  
Ooh, his words just disappeared.  
He was fragile and  
Sometimes I like that  
I've got his blood on my hands,  
And my hands, and I've tried.

It was the year that my horse broke  
It was the year that I almost lost everything  
I push him away  
Only for my freedom  
It tasted like salt  
Like salt on my hands

Ooh, his blood rushed somewhere silent, and  
Ooh, his words just disappeared.

He was fragile and  
Sometimes I like that  
I've got his blood on my hands,  
And my hands, and I've tried.

(Bridge)  
I can't make what's wrong  
Right again  
But I can shine it up  
Bright again.

Just when you think you're forgiven  
There's not material, left for confession.

You'll be standin' there  
Sorry and a-worthy

Look closer: Guilty and Blood

Oooh, his blood rushed somewhere silent, and  
Oooh, his words just disappeared.  
He was fragile and  
Sometimes I like that  
I've got his blood on my hands,  
And my hands

Oooh, his blood rushed somewhere silent, and  
Oooh, his words just disappeared.  
He was fragile and  
Sometimes I like that  
And I've got his blood on my hands,  
And I've got his blood on my hands.

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