

Pist*on

"Mix Me With Blood"

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Take me in and take my arm
I think this could be love
Have me in the bridal suite
Digestion overcome
Fake me out with vinyl sheets the problem hasn't come
Blackened meat like irish feet just look what ive
become

Worry tomorrow but mix me with blood
Cry out tomorrow but mix me with blood

Take your time but ruin mine to feel but not become
Exit life and future gripe existing in a ball
A bargain life the darkest times can change but never
show
Take me in and take my hand i loive to see you crawl

[chorus]

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