

Red Animal War "Heath"

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It's the money not the principle it's the taste of wine
from a plastic fishbowl it's so funny versus what you
know it's the scent of them that always brings you
home dead of winter sets inside your soul silent
slumbering but since when was peace our goal and you
know you could be anything here but so scared afraid
of how it might go second guess this looking glass
show i'm feeling low sink your teeth in the snow break
these heels and let it go loosen your grip and let the
blood flow burning time on the anthills with your jackets
on fire nevermind this small razor slip up cut a grin and
carve out a smile at the center of downtown i'm
screaming my fair lungs out can i get an amen my
friends i'm slipping now sink your teeth in the snow
break these heels and let it go loosen your grip and let
the blood flow

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