

Dark Lotus "Blood"

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"ooh what i wouldn't do to taste your blood"

Marz:

Straight for the jugular
Raw dog suck-ular
Blood killa (killa)
I'm the creep in the hearse
With a thirst for the worst
Type of shit you aint heard
Psychopathic (yo)
Anarchistic (what)
massochistic (right)
fuck religion (what?)
a vampire settin churches on fire
bringin down the evil muthafuckin empire
cut a throat-to the bone
to the beat-of my song
and im gone...

Monoxide Child:

Cut yourself, let it bleed-pulsate
My heartbeats bumpin like i aint awake
shadow caster, phantasma
and i wanna take a drink of your plasma
im hangin upside down in an all black room
stickin myself and drinkin the blood from the wound
i gotta consume enough blood to keep me alive
cause if i dont im gonna wither and die
-BYE BYE-

Chorus:

"ooh what i wouldn't do to taste your blood"
gimme dat blood, gimme dat blood
(x2)

Shaggy:

Now blood might drip, blood might clot
Blood flow, but fuck all that
Sit down and listen close to your uncle shags
i take blood in any form, even scabs
dirty needles filled with junkie blood
jus' lemme find this vein

i hang at the emergency ward and lick wounds
gimme that blood for the ritual of the loons

Jay:

I need blood like a mosquito
I'll suck the blood outta heroin needle
i dont care how i get it just come wid it
ill lick the blood off your lip if you bit it
ill slit my neck and wrists and do the windmill
and be a blood fountain for real
i swim underwater sniffin for blood like a shark
but i aint a shark, im a blood suckin retard
...RETARD!

Chorus (x2)

Blaze:

I bend over, blood sippin'
Pull the trigger, everybodys trippin'
all on the carpet, splatted on the wall
shotgun blasts, couple people fall
i even took a slug, im already dead
cocked the guage and made a river of his forehead
wiped his blood on the front of my shirt
would ya die for the lotus, i came from the dirt

Jamie Madrox:

Blood, blood, the sight of it excites me
Im such a mess, slippery excuse me
i spent all day writin "die" on the wall
and my hands all bloody and my fingertips raw
to the bone, bone, now im all alone
and malakai's speakin to me talkin to the crow
mixed with the blood on the third night
will allow the dead to walk again in the sunlight

Chorus (x4)

Jay:

Gimme dat blood, gimme dat blood (x2)

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