

Deftones

"Rocket Stones"

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You're red, soaking wet.
I'm right next to you.
You're red, soaking wet.
Lets writhe, let me see you trip.
One move that will keep you wet.
Lets fall in a long sadistic trance.
Put the keys in our hands.

Guns. Razors. Knives.
(Fuck with me)
Guns. Razors. Knives

You're red soaking wet.
I'm right next to you.
You're red, soaking wet.
Lets sail in this sea of charms.
Lets drown underneath the stars.
Lets drink with our weapons in our hands.
Lets sleep in this trance.

Guns. Razors. Knives.
(Fuck with me)
Guns. Razors. Knives

You're red soaking wet.
I'm right next to you.
You're red soaking wet.

Guns. Razors. Knives.
(Fuck with me)
Guns. Razors. Knives.

You're red soaking wet.
I'm right next to you.
You're red soaking wet.
I'm right next to you.
You're red soaking wet.

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