Up Syndrome "I Believe This Knife Belongs To You"

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Don't think I don't think about the knife Resting in my spine Open wound dripping blood stained on my back It's just a matter of time

YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU DESERVE YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU

Maybe you like to bite the hand that feeds And just push it aside Maybe you'll find yourself crawling on knees It's just a matter of time

[Chorus]

If I could puke in your mouth I'd gag myself all day
I'd like to show you just how
Rancid karma can taste
I got my doll now
Got my voodoo doll now
Got my voodoo doll now
Outta pins now
Running outta pins now
Outta pins now
Running outta pins now

I'm a man of God so I pray
That life will teach ya better
Than again I'm just a man, so hey
I hope to find ya dead or
Repressed but with a "D"
Let's bring back lepracy
Or S.A.R.S yes maybe
Or a qudrapalegic

It's sick
How quick you turned
You played with fire
And I got burned
And twice not you thought

Of betraying A humble pave That's why I sing

[Chorus]

And I believe this knife belongs to you…

[Chorus]

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