

## **Most Precious Blood**

### **"Mad As The March Hare"**

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Lock me in a room, throw away the room  
There's nothing left  
Growing fears  
Sleep for years  
Wake in tears  
I'm on the edge  
I'm on the fucking edge  
I swear to you  
Make one move  
Give me one excuse, I dare you  
These words are ammunition  
This voice is a gun  
Not one of you is safe  
Fuck you all  
Turn and run  
I've learned my lesson  
Life is barren and bereft  
Deaccession until there's nothing left  
Puttin gyou away or putting you to rest  
Denial or death, which one is best? So much for trying  
So what, you're dying  
Better you than me  
Boiling contempt  
Singe and sear  
No escape from here  
I'm on the edge  
I'm on teh fucking edge  
I swear to you  
Make one move  
Give me one excuse  
I dare you  
These words are ammunition  
This voice is a gun  
Not one of you is safe  
Fuck you all  
Turn and run

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