

Weesp "Taste Of Steel"

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I'm tired to pretend alive,
To keep that shit inside.
We're tearing, we're tearing our veins,
We feel taste of steel.

Load up the gun
Roll the load.

Load up the gun, are you suffer?
Never let us...schh.
Tonight I die laughing
I've always been hating you.
And all those years you saw nothing
I'm back just to say good bye.

I'm tired to pretend alive,
To keep that shit inside.
We're tearing, we're tearing our veins,
We feel taste of steel.

Look at that guy - some kind of weirdo
With a bullet in his head.
He will grow up he will learn to survive.

Yeah kiss me lets play with the fire.
Love me lets play with the blade,
Listen it sing.

I'm tired to pretend alive,
To keep that shit inside.
We're tearing, we're tearing our veins,
We feel taste of steel.

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