

## Air Tight Alibi

### "A Heart Shaped Hand Grenade"

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Seven seconds between each heartbeat, I've washed up bleeding on the floor. (Seven seconds to go) Spare my poor liver as hope walks out that door, and I'll be stuck here forever more. (Broken hearts on the floor)

This warm air, can kill the mood so fast. But I'll ring the blood from this bleeding heart and clean it up for you.

So hold my head under water, the air pockets racing up to the sky. The pressure of conflict is heating up to the boiling point, the steam follows the light (Prepare for war)

This warm air, can kill the mood so fast. But I'll ring the blood from this bleeding heart and clean it up for you.  
This warm air, can kill the mood so fast.

Just pull my pin and let me walk away.

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