

36 Crazy Fists "Ceramic"

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Come brush away these fists and I will tell you
everything
I hope you know how long I'm lacking
So carve my name and take me to the strength under it
all
Then bury me where I fall

Push and pull like sex machines, like sex machines
Push and pull like sex machines, like sex machines

Questioning if I should even be here
I won't make that same mistake
And taking to bed all these things that I hate
I will complain, I will complain

A bleeding light has made us all just want to wash away
And best believe I want it blinding
Under it all I black out holes and glorify disguise
Still draining me from all this strife

Push and pull like sex machines, like sex machines
Push and pull like sex machines, like sex machines

Questioning if I should even be here
I won't make that same mistake
And taking to bed all these things that I hate
I will complain, I will complain

Stare at the sun
Staring at the sun...

Questioning if I should even be here
I won't make that same mistake
And taking to bed all these things that I hate
I will complain, I will complain

...Bury me where I fall

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