

Snuff

"BAD BLOOD"

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What is left to forget here that doesn't exceed
repression?
What's the use of acquiring things when they only give
birth to obsession?

This is the plan after last plan after last plan
Heavy losses of the Fall of Man
I'm the self-effacing cannibal run out of bread
My stomach's upset and my sleep is dead

I can't shut myself up anymore
My teeth are ground down to the gums
And I'm afraid yours truly's incompatible with me
BAD BLOOD UNDER MY THUMBS

Take me up the creek
Dogs chatter up my barked leg
I can deal with the feel - it's the look of the abrasions I
don't like

Take me up the creek
Take me up the creep

This hike is going neither up nor down
Paradimbo's bigger than everything
I can hear the pro decoies siren call on merit ramps
Will make me cover sorted seconds with their censor
stamps
There's a green horned ungulate out for my soul
More than ready to kill to reach his goal

All Snuff Pop Inc. music and lyrics written by Ant Mozart
Khadaffi

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