

Gigliola Cinequetti**"Anneurysm"**

Visit "[Anneurysm](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse 1: Slug)

...And when the vein start to pop from the blood
Pushed away from the heart
Patience, I need more, as my temper becomes tempted
To up and down on this seesaw
I should escape, I should disappear
Its gettin clear, crystal clear
I'm in a bad position here
I gave you power, gave you control
But you had to play the role
Reckless with the treasure that you hold
There isn't much as unsatisfying
as the blind man listening
Believing in the one that's lying
Hide the crying, tears in the pocket
A fool for the interlude that introduced the moshpit
Exhausted by the storm, before the calm
Holding on to a memory, keeping it warm within my
palm
Wake up, Time Bomb, the clock is ticking
Shot the gift and all you got's a pot to piss in and some
wrong decisions
And here you are again, emotions in your hand
Like your powerless, an innocent victim of
circumstance
Tell me that it hurts again
Tell me that it weighs you down
Tell you that you need me
And I'll tell you that I hate you now
FUCK YOU, you don't know what you need
And this is the last time I'll tell you
Next time I'm gonna leave
I can't watch your destruction
I can't trust your judgement
I swear to God your better then this
I wish you'd quit those drugs, bitch

(Slug and Murs)

High or low, hot and cold, took the wheel, lost control
Good and bad, wrong or right, die to live a longer life
Stop and go, in and out, touch and feel, scream and

shout

Back and forth, up and down, off the course, fuck it
now

(Chorus: Sung by Slug and Murs: Repeat 2X)

I can't sleep now, lying keeps me awake

(Verse 2: Murs)

Now here I stand, the threshold of anger
A pathway-- to which I am no stranger
Danger lurks the other side, once I cross, I black out
And I start to act out, act my age, act my color
Act a fool, actin' other then myself (in a way)
Quick, to the shelf, and dusted of the AK
A war with no reason, America's demon
I reside and hide in the beast underneath
A inch of flesh and skull, if the brain vain pops
Might become a vegetable, so I take the stress in full
Pull hard on a cigarette
thinking that an aneurysm might just be a quicker
death
I flick the Red and keep in step
Figure stress to make you blow your brains out
From the inside, without the double barrel
Blood bubble, eyes narrow
Vains bulged from the forehead
More trouble than it's worth
??? calls red so I pause for my head
two fingers to my temple as the tempo increases
not for peace, but a piece as in cold steel
I hold still, clutch...
Want to cock back, bust and thrust this pressure from
my head
Before my brain starts to flush
Hush, you hear that? It's the voices that's talking
Squalkin, mine can get me stopping, twitchin and itchin
To get into some shit then--- (scream)
Head spinnin, they winnin, blendin, evil would say
it bit in my wheel sendin a chill till I...

(Chorus 6X)

Visit [Gigliola Cinequetti](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.