

Tranzas

"Threatnurse"

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Forget about that film
That one with te rounds we make
With the guns we hold up to the temples we build
And from what I recall
It ended on a sour note
Just like that call where the rug was pulled from
underneath you
You're not going to last, mr. axe-grinder
Not like this
With your general store know how and your future all
lodged in plastic
They make suits for your weekdays so that you can
decide
Which one looks best for you to buried in
Constant rotation
Unending relief?
With the culture you speak?
Not on your fucking life (or lack thereof)
Guard up
We're about to choose sides
And get on with out headlines

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