

Vanna "Magnetic Knives"

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You have lost yourself
You well never be found
We'll cut from ear to ear
We will open you up

You have that look upon your face
The kind that razor's can trace
Can we cut to the point?
Can we cut to the point?

Where (where) have (have) the carving knives gone?
Where (where) have (have) the carving knives gone?

We will leave you underground

Screaming up so loud, you won't make a sound
We will leave you underground
Screaming up so loud, you won't make a sound

Last chance
Last breath
Last word
Tell them a prayer

Lost in love
Lost in love
Lost in love
Lost in love
They'll need more than a shovel to dig you up.

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