

# Hot Rod Circuit, Fear The Sound

I've got my hands around your neck  
and I'm squeezing them tightly  
I feel you slipping away  
and your paleness it haunts me

You're weighing me down  
when you're here and when you're not around  
and I fear the sound  
and the silence that we've found  
never really ever seems to be  
never really ever felt the need  
never really ever seems to be  
convenient for me

It was the greatest mistake  
and I complain but I failed you  
like a noose around my neck  
you're holding me back  
and I can't breathe

I feel your pain and taste the blood  
as furious as I can be  
I'll call you bluff I've had enough  
you have my heart you own my soul  
I am infected by you  
so hard to let you go  
I f\*\*king hate you