

Kisschasy, United Paper People

Staple my feet to the gravel then run me (run me around)

Around like your pet dog.

My organs are on the dinner table and you were the first (You were the first)

To ask for more.

For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead now

The paper people stand united

And you were the blade that (You were the blade)

Cut them off.

You're the bad taste medicine leaves, it stays on my lips(It stays on your lips)

For far too long.

For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead now

For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead now