

No Age, Sleeper Hold

With passion he choose, why don't you scream
With passion it's cold, and nice to try
With passion he choose the one he's like
With passion he's ruined

With passion it's true and what's his name?

Inside home
I don't wanna take a ride home
I shouldn't make a bright one
And I sulk but a bright ones all I choose

With passion it's true and what's his name?
with passion it's you