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