

On The Last Day, The Taste Of Blood

For the first time the faults,
The faults not mine.

This picture's not right, it's blurring the lines
And shifting blame to you, you, you, you!

(One more)

And I'll sit through this last time, through every single one
Of your swipes at our hearts. And then the knife hits.

Now I've tasted blood! (Now I've tasted blood!)

And then comes the flood! (I've tasted blood!)

She whispers so soft! (Now I've tasted blood!)

Now I've tasted blood! (I've tasted blood!)

More, give her, give her, more!

The blood won't stop.

The pictures, nightmares, and everything that I can't seem to clear from my mind,
I'll give to you.

To you.

I'll give to you.

It's not my fault.

I blame you, you, YOU!