

Vanna, Magnetic Knives

You have lost yourself
You will never be found
We'll cut from ear to ear
We will open you up
You have that look on your face
The kind that razors can trace
Can we cut to the point
Where have the carving knives gone
We will leave you underground
Screaming out so loud
You won't make a sound
Lost in love
Last in love
They'll need more than a shovel to dig you up