

# 16 Volt, Something Left

I can't release you after all the things I put in you  
My pointed edges seem to be always peeking through  
This dead red skin feels nothing like what I make you see  
I gotta hold out something, I gotta hold out something left for me  
Something left  
Something left  
Something left  
Something left  
My angels wings are clipped to keep from getting too high  
I cough up hell and watch it swarm around inside  
It's what I'm about, my favorite inside source is defeat  
I'm on the losing side, I'm on the losing side of the bottom sheet  
Something left  
Something left  
Something left  
Something left  
Is there something left  
There's nothing left