

3 Colours Red, Nerve Gas

How could I let you get so attached
Before I knew you, you had us matched
A broken quartet plays your heartstrings
You're out of tune with everything
Nerve gas, nerve gas, no class
I get asphyxiated
Funny how fast you faded
Nerve gas...
Its cold in the kitchen my nicotine tongue
Is dry and sarcastic and blacker than lungs
You're flipping the tripswitch
And sucking your thumb
And parking your thick head where it don't belong
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