

# Dead Saints, Razor Blades

"Razors spinning round and round,  
cutting into the ground,  
uncontrollably,  
what has happened to me?  
Circling over head,  
I will soon be dead,  
This is all I heard,  
People screaming in my ear,  
I felt a bloody tear,  
dripping down my face,  
I am slipping to erase,  
Blood upon my feet,  
Blood on every street,  
Blades are trying to find me,  
I start to bleed,  
why am I so lost?  
I know I've been here before,  
Why is my head so sore?  
I seem to fall to the flood,  
I see blood beneath the door,  
Razors fall next to me,  
now I see,  
my head is rolling on the floor,  
I am no more..."