

Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Friendly Fire

We've got a brand new game with an age old name
Called birds and bees it's always been the same
Since the world began

I know I play with fire and you're gasoline
I'm your fool and you're my queen
The one that I admire
Well we've reached the top and don't look back
You took my heart and broke my neck
oooh how I desire
To die in your friendly fire

Well I want you girl and that's all I want
I'll be the blitzkrieg tank at your bedroom front
And I'll roll over your landmines

In your little jungle I'll be the snake
Throwing the apples dive in your lake
And I'll drink it dry

Well we've reached the point of no return
We started a fire that will always burn
oooh how I desire
To die in your FRIENDLY FIRE