

# One Man Army, The Hemophiliac

I use to think myself lucky, maybe a little unkind  
I caught something contagious by you  
It all starts with an itch that always burns me  
when I told you it makes my nose beled  
and when we kiss I feel it deep inside  
like the first time you left me here to die  
I wake up every morning by you  
a silence on your lips so loud  
and your skin such a pretty blue  
you got nothing to worry about  
nights to lay around  
nobody to touch you  
but me cause  
I'm allowed