

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