

Orange 9mm, Cutting And Draining

If you couldn't then who would,
Pluck the cord that makes me steal?
Life from a big thick box
With more blood than I can contain
You always have some to try
I always scream like I'm dying,

I always scream like I'm dying for, for, for, for...Nothing
We could all stand in my head
And search for what makes me need to go right on back in
And give some to get some
I'm cutting and draining
So I can smile at my point most dead for, for, for, for, Nothing