Rachael Cantu, Blood Laughs

I called those numbers they said that you're not at home so I'm calling up arms on the telephone
I know you have yours, you don't need mine you've definitely pinned me the fool this time and all things are coming down and all things are coming down

and this it is a private funeral your mouth full of blood laughs are bound to leave you all alone and this is the painting that I will leave on the wall you're soft and you're sweet but you din't want me to call

my, my my, my

and things are coming down all things are coming down

my, my my, my

my, my

my, my