

Rx Bandits, Infection

This is the first time that I've ever
told the truth before.
To scrutinize what we call fate.
Belief no more of what's been forced into
subconsciousness.
Hold my breath hope to refrain.

Is love an infection or a sick addiction
When there's nowhere left to run to?
Is love an infection or a sick addiction
When there's nowhere left...this crutch is broken.

Her empty needle is my unsharpened sword,
I stab, I stab, I stab but I can't puncture.
Don't want to love it, don't want to feel it,
Don't want to hear it, don't even want to think about it,
Hold my breath hope to refrain.

Is love an infection or a sick addiction
When there's nowhere left to run to?
Is love an infection or a sick addiction
When there's nowhere left, this crutch is broken.

And if I can't afford her, my veins begin to ache.
Don't want to feel this pain no more,
Have you ever felt so high that once you came
down you broke inside?
I know she won't take the blame.

Is love an infection or a sick addiction
when there's nowhere left, when there's nowhere left to go
Is love an infection or a sick addiction
When there's nowhere left, this crutch is broken.

Screaming:
you fucking ripped my heart out
you fucking, you fucking ripped my heart out
you fucking ripped my heart out
you fucking ripped my heart out
you fucking, you fucking ripped my heart out
you fucking ripped my heart out