

Since By Man, Push The Panic

hips and lips your looks can't stop your hits
touch the way taste the way kill the way you do
bang (x4) shut up (x4)
(paint my hands red)
let's run the risks and play the roles
and start to roll
yeah yeah it smells like sex
and it's a mess
and that's my fault sorry sorry
well it's called love but this war
so what's the score zero zero
so she says love and i say yawn
you got it wrong wrong wrong a
nd i know that it's for fun
and i know that you got it wrong
and i know that you are sorry
and buried and silent silence loving like a car crash
tonguing like this will be the last
it's over before you can count
123 123 1234567 all good children go to heaven (x2)
nevaeh ot og nerdlihc doog lla
i can't hold your breath any longer
this is how you die
(my hands are blood red)