

# 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)