

# Tom McRae, Bloodless

This train don't stop  
At the stations of the cross  
No reasons left to believe

Trying to stay awake  
You gave yourself a caffiene headache  
To hide the taste of sleep

In choosing to forget  
You cut away the safety net  
That holds your heart, holds your heart

You go in search of youth  
Touching up your empire roots  
But these days you don't know how to march

Satisfied  
With a knife in your spine  
You're bloodless

So tell me again  
What am I feeling  
You know me so well  
So what am I feeling  
And how can you tell  
I've got a feeling  
You don't know

We think that we're the ones  
We're the bright unconquered suns  
Wait a while  
We'll watch the light grow stale

And we smell so very clean  
But we're the oil in this machine  
And this machine, this machine is going wrong

So choose your sides  
When it comes to the fight  
You're bloodless

So tell me again  
What am I feeling  
You know me so well  
So what am I feeling  
And how can you tell  
I've got a feeling  
You don't know

You choose your sides  
But in the fight  
I see your blood run white  
Your blood run white  
And I've seen it all before

And I see it again  
So what am I feeling  
You know me so well  
So what am I feeling  
How can you tell  
I've got a feeling  
You don't know

So tell me again now

What am I feeling  
You know me so well  
So what am I feeling  
How can you tell  
I've got a feeling

So tell me again now  
What am I feeling  
You know me so well  
So what am I feeling  
How can you tell  
I've got a feeling...

You don't know