# Kill My Friends

## The Bronx

Want to take a chance, want to wait
But it burns cut me what you want
But give me just a little more
I already know how it's going to feel to let you goCough me aside, put me out like a cigarette
But I won't forget, I'm not dead, I'm not fine
Feed me lies all of this time spent sitting in my room
Trying to match with the faceless bloodCut me what you want
But you give me just a little bit more
I'm running out of words so listen up
'Cause here I go, I'm not dead, I'm not aliveFeed me truth, kill my friends
Unless they do what I say
I need silence, I need addiction
I need a reason for my sins before

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