

I, The Hand Grenade

Highasakite

Yes, the real terrorist is me, my love.

Yeah, the real terrorist is me. I am a vital weapon, I'm a hand grenade.

My ignorance a tool to justify. Yes, the real terrorist is me, my love.

Yeah, the real terrorist is me. Still nothing to gain, we suffer more.

Flight, trade, coffins load into the ground. My name is suburban homes.

My name is above you, who-oooo.

My name is suburban homes.

My name is above you, who-oooo. Whoooo-oooo-ooo Yes, the real parasite is me, my love.

Yeah, the real parasite is me. I am a vital weapon, I'm an infantry.

My ignorance a tool to justify. Yes, the real parasite is me, my love.

Yeah, the real parasite is me. Still nothing to gain, we suffer more.

Flight, trade, coffins load into the ground. My name is suburban homes

My name is above you, who-oooo.

My name is suburban homes.

My name is above you, who-oooo. Whoooo-oooo-ooo I, the hand grenade. I bash into the table and burst, and you
bring out your worst. My name is above the earth, bones.

My name is above you, who-oooo.

My name is above the end, homes.

My name is above you, who-oooo.

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