Ink

Lady Gaga

I climb the mountain top, I saw the bottom drop.
I cling to drift wood, I swim in the deep world.Words unspoken, seem so foreign.
Have you heard this one?The hair on the back of your neck stands.
Another way out, another way out...
The army ants have escaped.
The hair on the back of your neck stands up.
Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany.Fang bite tarantula, taste of my symptoms.
Gasoline and a pistol, blood filling the bathtub.Swollen eyelids, baffled by this.
Tell us what you see?The hair on the back of your neck stands.
Another way out, another way out...
The army ants have escaped.
The hair on the back of your neck stands up.
Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany.I've bit my lip for the last time.
Fog lifts up, for the blind.
Free of body, free of mind.
I'll build my mold up, rest insideInk spills on paper, paper spells my blood.
Ink spills on paper, paper spells my blood.The hair on the back of your neck stands up.
Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany.The army ants have escaped...The hair on the back of your neck stands up.
Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany.Ink spills on paper, paper spells my blood.
Ink spills on paper, paper spells my blood.

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