

# Don't Get Blood on My Prada Shoes

## The Number Twelve Looks Like You

cringing at the sight, flawless face dragged  
i giggled, kissing my fingers... type C and saliva bubbling  
kissing my fingers...  
find an easier way dying, before you get murdered...  
type C and saliva bubbling  
kissing my fingers...  
the floor boards will never hold the same finish

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>