

Die on a Rope

The Distillers

Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die on a rope?
Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die? I wish that you didn't love me no more
I've been dead for years
I wish that you didn't own me no more
I've been here before Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die on a rope?
Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die?
No I won't Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die on a rope?
Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die? I want to draw the blood from your neck
Spill the lies in your bed
I will give you a holy white rose
Cut the tongue from your head Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die on a rope?
Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die?
No I won't Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die on a rope?
Tell me something, tell me something
Will I die, will I die? I belong to a line of red scent
Teach the heart to reflect
The wound is wise for primal black eyes
Theres a scarlet letter in my chest

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