

Bad Blood

Ministry

What's lies, full moon and thoughts collide
We look for answers in those catatonic, dying blood-shot eyes
We ask if vermin are the ones that already learned
Those aren't tears, they're just bad bad blood
Just bad bad blood What lies, no big surprise
We get our clues from the ones who thought up they will conquer us
Are we too fucked to say the end is here too much?
We're left denial with bad blood Do you remember the strain? Do you remember the pain?
Do you remember who caused all the blame?
Bad blood
Do you remember me? Do you remember us?
Do you surrender your dreams or your trust?
Bad blood What lies, he's finally come alive
Out of these mediocre plentiful things all the time
A steady stream of madness, conscious to a flood
The clock is ticking for bad blood

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