

We Suck Young Blood

Radiohead

Are you hungry?
Are you sick?
Are you begging for a break? Are you sweet?
Are you fresh?
Are you strung up by the wrists? We want the young blood Are you fracturing?
Are you torn at the seams?
Would you do anything?
Flea-bitten, moth-eaten? We suck young blood
We suck young blood Won't let the creeping ivy
Won't let the nervous bury me
Our veins are thin
Our rivers poisoned We want the sweet meat
We want young blood

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