

# Blood

[Lauren Hoffman](#)

She's got a window, it's got a small frame  
She's got a view of what she always sees  
What she believes is there But there's blood in the basement  
Blood in the alley  
There's blood on her hands  
She can't see He's got mirror, a crack in his door  
He peers through to see, the world is ugly  
But there's nothing he can do about it The hole in the roof, these crumbling walls  
This house is falling apart  
There's nothing we can do  
Nothing we can do If there's blood in the basement  
Blood in the alley  
There's blood on our hand  
We can't see No, I can't see, no, it's not safe  
And no I'm not proud of this blood  
There's heat in my mouth  
There's blood in my veins, my love There's heat in my mouth  
Blood in my veins, my love  
Oh, there's heat in my mouth  
There's blood in my veins, my love Oh, there's heat in my mouth  
There's blood in my veins, my love

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