

# SFV

## Gentlemen Prefer Blood

you tell me that you hate this place.  
u wish u had a rag to wipe it all away  
the mountains that surround us, the smog that hangs like mucus  
a network of streets and freeways, we are animals encaged.

you tell me that you hate this place,  
yet your actions bind you to it  
like a rat in a maze.  
the circles that you run in, bags of drugs, cans of beer  
that job that keeps you chasing that 20 grand a year.

from the house into the car into the desk (repeat)  
from the school to the job til your dead.

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Lyrics submitted by J.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>