

Nerve Gas

3 Colours Red

How could I let you get so attached?
Before I knew you, you had us matched
A broken quartet plays your heartstrings
You're out of tune with everything Nerve gas, nerve gas, no class
I get asphyxiated
Funny how fast you faded, nerve gas It's cold in the kitchen, my nicotine tongue
Is dry and sarcastic and blacker than lungs
You're flipping the trip switch and sucking your thumb
And parking your thick head where it don't belong Nerve gas, nerve gas, no class
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Funny how fast you faded, nerve gas

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