

# Into Your Veins

## Five Iron Frenzy

To steal the wind from your lungs  
To take the breath from your lips  
I am trafficking bliss  
I sell wholesale with a kiss  
I am a dealer of words  
I'll suck the buzz from your scene  
And sell it right back to you  
Before I get away clean  
Before I get away clean  
This is your stereo  
And your speakers are blown  
In this scenario  
We are the Guns of Navarone  
This is a mutiny  
This is a masquerade  
This is the pin pulling from a ticking hand grenade  
Shoot each word into your veins  
Sing until you can't feel pain  
You're going down hard  
You're going down fast  
You're going down like this might be your last  
We are your own parasite  
A wind blown pilot light  
Sinking like a lead balloon  
Something you cooked in a spoon  
This a firing line  
This is Sweet Caroline  
This is a slot machine  
This is a prison camp  
Minus any Steve McQueen  
To bind up the brokenhearted  
We came here to bleed  
To bind up the brokenhearted  
You know what you need

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