

# 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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