

Leeches

PT Walkley

Leeches
We are creatures
We leave her as we trust If you say this way
I will take that way
'Til for the fire will it die, fry Spit me out
I'm glad I don't belong
Save me the speech
You'll be forgotten and gone It burns
It rips
It hurts Leeches
They preach to us
Where's the wisdom from the crowd Spit me out
I'm glad I don't belong
Save me the speech
You'll be forgotten and gone It burns
It rips
It hurts They made you believe
Your turn
The chance of a lifetime
How does it feel to be alive? Let's hear it for the bullet
That can't be heard
Pray to yours that I steal Spit me out
I'm glad I don't belong
Save me the speech
You'll be forgotten and gone It burns
It rips
It hurts They made you believe
Your turn, it hurts
The chance of a lifetime
How does it feel to be alive?

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