

# Cutting and Draining

## Orange 9mm

If you couldn't then who would  
Pluck the cord that makes me steal?  
Life from a big thick box  
With more blood than I can containYou always have some to try  
You always have some to tryI always scream like I'm dying  
I always scream like I'm dying  
For, for, for, for  
NothingWe could all stand in my head  
And search for what makes me  
I need to go right on back in  
And give some to get someI'm cutting and your draining  
I'm cutting and your drainingSo I can smile at my point most dead  
So I can smile at my point most dead  
For, for, for, for  
NothingIf you couldn't then who would  
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