

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 contain You always have some to try
You always have some to try I always scream like I'm dying
I always scream like I'm dying
For, for, for, for
Nothing We 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 some I'm cutting and your draining
I'm cutting and your draining So I can smile at my point most dead
So I can smile at my point most dead
For, for, for, for
Nothing If you couldn't then who would
Pluck the cord that makes me steal?
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With more blood than I can contain You always have some to try
You always have some to try I always scream like I'm dying
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