Little Death

Really Red

I feel lonely when you disown me and my friends,
You say you used to know me then
Now my bodies under arrest
We are not your lovers; we are not your friends,
We are just sinners and we're condemned to death.
We are not your lovers; we are not your friends,
F*ck what you believe in, cause this is the end.
You can't find nothing at all;
When there's nothing there all alone.
I'm everything that you're not;
Which is what makes you, what makes you, want me so

We are not your lovers; we are not your friends,
We are just sinners and we're condemned to death.
We are not your lovers; we are not your friends,
F*ck what you believe in, cause this is the end.
Take me home, please take me home,
Take me somewhere I want to go,
Take me home, please take me home,
Please take me somewhere, I want to go.
We are not your lovers; we are not your friends,
We are just sinners and we're condemned to death.
We are not your lovers; we are not your friends,
F*ck what you believe in, it's the end.

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