

# 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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