

# We Must Bleed

## The Germs

It's Sunday and the streets aren't clear  
The traffic's screaming  
but we can't hear  
The sounds...the metals...  
driving us mad...  
The sounds...the metals...  
driving us mad...  
We must bleed, we must bleed,  
we must bleed

The crash as the bottle breaks  
Flashes it will through my veins  
The pain...the colors...  
making me sane...  
The pain...the colors...  
making me sane...  
the pain...the colors...  
making me sane...  
We must bleed, we must bleed,  
we must bleed

I'm not one I'm two, I'm not one  
I'm two, I'm not one I'm two  
I want out now, I want out now  
I want out now now now now now  
now now now...

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