

Penicillin

Martin Grech

Young and scared
Thoughts impaired
False emotions
Impure accusations
Is it coming near?
The end I fear A world an infection with no penicillin Stop bleeding on me
Stop bleeding on me Watch out
Reinstate
Take out
Your inner hate Your silhouette trapped in my head
Like that unforgotten song for the dead
Taste my desperate soul fending for more
Like a junkie out of control
Feed this desperate soul
Fucked up and back on the floor
Feed this desperate soul
You got me screaming for more Stop
Stop
Stop Bleeding on me

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