

Blood

Lauren Hoffman

She's got a window, it's got a small frame
She's got a view of what she always sees
What she believes is there But there's blood in the basement
Blood in the alley
There's blood on her hands
She can't see He's got mirror, a crack in his door
He peers through to see, the world is ugly
But there's nothing he can do about it The hole in the roof, these crumbling walls
This house is falling apart
There's nothing we can do
Nothing we can do If there's blood in the basement
Blood in the alley
There's blood on our hand
We can't see No, I can't see, no, it's not safe
And no I'm not proud of this blood
There's heat in my mouth
There's blood in my veins, my love There's heat in my mouth
Blood in my veins, my love
Oh, there's heat in my mouth
There's blood in my veins, my love Oh, there's heat in my mouth
There's blood in my veins, my love

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