

Paint

Gruntruck

Well you paint with the blood from your veins
Angel with no wings, well, you come upon
Stars will recover your arms
A little more tomorrow

Well you said that it felt so right
First time it shot, it shot like burning light
Paint with the blood from it all
Now the pain goes on and on, yeah

Well you paint with the blood from your veins
First time it shot, it shot like burning light
Stars will recover your arms
But now the pain goes on and on
Now the pain goes on and on, yeah

Well you paint with your blood
Coming out of your veins
Yeah you paint with your blood
Little pictures of saints
A little more tomorrow
Yeah, a little more tomorrow

Well, you paint with your blood
Coming out of your veins
Paint with your blood
Paint with your blood
Paint with your blood
Yeah, you paint, yeah, you paint
I said paint...