Blood Moon

Make Them Suffer

I went and turned it off; I'm not finished.
I tried to stitch it shut; I wasn't finished.
Please, please, please beat me to pieces.
I'll never cry again. Bludgeon me senseless.

For the friend in my head, let's endlessly talk.
For the love of god, make him stop.

Fill me with pain. I've had enough.

Spill me. Wipe me up and wring me out again.

Now the blood moon is bawling it's eyes out.
And my friend in the dark dances on.

I'm not even there.
No I'm not even there.

Everybody wants a piece of me.
Cut me up taste my misery.
How come nobody wants of piece of me.
Stitch me up to fix my agony.

Spill me. Wipe me up and wring me out again.

Cut me open;
I'm not even there.
Spill my insides;
I'm not even there.
Stitch me up and fix my everything again.
No I'm not even there.

Everybody wants a piece of me.
Stitch me up and fix my misery.
How come nobody wants of piece of me?
This schizophrenia's got me bawling my eyes out.

This blood moon, it's got me bawling my eyes out.
Please, please, please beat me to pieces.
But now i'm bawling my eyes out.
I'm not finished.