

The Kill in Me

P.O.S.

(I'm layin low layin' low, I'm c-c-creepin, I'm p-p-pushin my breath, just q-q-quiet,
No speakin'speakin' from shadows, c-c-corners, a phantom,
With steps, amp up with cold hate, where the knife is
decapitated)

You can't cut surgically with a shaky hand,
And honestly my nerves are shot again,
So please be a doll and rest your head in my hands.
You can't cut surgically with a shaky hand,
And honestly my nerves are shot again,
Let me treat you like a doll and snap your neck in my hands

(In my hand) In my hand is this blade, was a gift,
And I never wanna give it back, it's a slave to my fist,
A little bit to help it to relax, I'm amazed,
It'll stay sharp forever, and if I take real good care of this shit,
It won't go away,
In my play house I lay foundation,
But I think it was a little much, not enough coupons cut,
But I hold of a lost trust, and I'm dazed,
I could play it smart forever, just wasn't down for whatever,
You know, that shit went away,
But I'll act tough,
I walk tall and c-c-carry a big bag of wrenches,
And if you call, I'll play mechanic,
Fake 'til I fix it,
Sick as an -ism, stickin to this holdin due to the shape,
all i got is the cold curve of that blade, so I'm sunburnt,
That should tell you what's what, I got nicked,
I'm pressin just to keep the blood in the cut,
Fade to black like a hemophiliac, fully afflicted
Sick of your... snap, the k-k-killin is in me,

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And it's gone, wash your hands of this,
And I know you never lookin back, Don't just stand there, just,
And it's strange, I could accept it, but check it,
See, I'm just happy with a piece of you,
And I'm sane in the brain, truth is I'm simmerin here,
Steady lookin for a bit of hope, and I hope that you get it,
When I'm steady comin for your throat, and it's strange,
See it's been dormant and docile,
But if you poke a pet too much too long, that shit'll turn hostile,

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No speakin'speakin' from shadows, c-c-corners, a phantom,
With steps, cold hate cold hate, decapitated)

(I'm lookin' to follow

Back with the light
I'm lookin' to follow
The blood will feed the love)

Tucked away in a heart snapped and stripped of it's guard,
Tucked away in a hole carefully picked in the yard,
Sinfully slippin through shades,
Lickin cries and snivellin,
Somethin so significant dies,
Who's the beast? Who bears the burden?
Dirt, prepare for your feast,
If wary eyes, could sight for sore
No there'd be nothin to see (Nuh-uh)
Adapt adjust to maladjusted to me,
Under dirt and over concrete,
Tonight we sleep like angels.

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