

Trail Of Blood

Slaine

You like blood?
You ever think about what's in your blood?
The things that people do for blood,
The things that people put in their blood

My man stands in the rain sippin' on pain
His brain's like a whip that's been stripped of its paint
He used to spend change sniffin' 'caine and snort
Now its a new sport, a whole different game
Smokin' a Newport, shootin' dope in his veins
Waitin' for the tired to come and sulk in his pain
Wash it away, these assholes
He nods off and his smoke burns and his ash grows
His cash flow is zero
He knows he's no hero
He knows he roams the streets with weirdos
Night time benches, junkies, bingers
Doors close he's hearin' the hinges
Right there in the trenches
Sharin' syringes with them in the darkness
He's almost thirty with dirty women for partners
So these pass-needles take beads of blood as he bleeds through
'Til the needles he needs soon leave him diseased too
Strange hatched with the rain leaves a crazy mixture
He ain't got the same blood that's in his baby picture
He shares blood with toothless bastards, crazy bitches
A mumbo-jumbo hodge-podge of oddballs
AIDS infected from a hot spoon they call God
When God calls they ignite to rob yours
Then head back to the drugs
And inject the virus as they pass him the blood

This is a tale of a trail of blood on the knuckles
On the boots and knife and on the stucco
Smeared on the car door cut in your vein
Red river runnin' out, blood in the drain
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On the boots and knife and on the stucco
Smeared on the car door cut in your vein
Red river runnin' out, blood in the drain
Murder is ugly

In broad daylight, he roams through a home
To catch your woman alone and put chromes through her dome
Fill her with slugs, this is a killer's drug
Watchin' pain drain from her mug with the spill of blood
But first he fucks her
And cuts her thigh open
Her eyes wide open, she's gonna die hoping
She died quicker, the sicker individual would never let it happen
He's more than a criminal
He's a killer
He rapes your young, hates where you're from
Cold-hearted taste on the tongue for a bit of the old ultra-violence
(Shh!) Stay silent
Its pre-meditated he slice her nipples with serrated
Edges of his knife shes at the

Edge of her life
He's edgy and more higher than a navigator
An aviator
He cuffs her arm to the radiator, radiator
He would gladly hate her and save her for later
But he's madly in love and just can't wait to
So he raises the gun, her face faces the sun
No wait, pace this
I told you that the taste is his fun
No time to waste cause he's about to cum
The woman starts to scream and POW shouts the gun
The blood moves like this in a flood
And the woman now lays lifeless on the rug

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It's blood