

Dead Saints, Razor Blades

"Razors spinning round and round,
cutting into the ground,
uncontrollably,
what has happened to me?
Circling over head,
I will soon be dead,
This is all I heard,
People screaming in my ear,
I felt a bloody tear,
dripping down my face,
I am slipping to erase,
Blood upon my feet,
Blood on every street,
Blades are trying to find me,
I start to bleed,
why am I so lost?
I know I've been here before,
Why is my head so sore?
I seem to fall to the flood,
I see blood beneath the door,
Razors fall next to me,
now I see,
my head is rolling on the floor,
I am no more..."