

The Blackout, Wild Nights And Fist Fights

my brother i beg for forgiveness
the taste of blood in my mouth, is telling me to stop and walk away, stop and walk away
but i dont think this thing will end not until one of us is dead, one of us is dead.
blow for blow i take it in
one last step, that extra mile
pull no punches, half hearted glances
look to kill, cos you wont see this chance again
pull no punches, half hearted glances
cos the day we quite is the day we die
the taste of blood in my mouth, is telling me to stop and walk away, stop and walk away
but i dont think this thing will end not until one of us is dead, one of us is dead.
one of us is dead.
the blood still left in my veins
drowns the sound around me
pushing harder
beating faster
i was the king and you were my queen