

# 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