

WASTEISOLATION

Black Dresses

I, uh...
I dunno, I dunno- I'm sorry
Sorry, not feeling good right now, uh...

Every day, I just cut myself open
Every day, I destroy myself
Every day it's ok, its no problem
Every day it's just something else

I can feel you staring
I can feel you waiting for the moment when the blood flows
This is not for you
Or anyone else to know

Every day, it would take one to know one
Every day, it's the hands that we're dealt
Every day, it's another great slogan
We can die, we don't need any help

Listen to the sick girls
Stuck in hell together
Bleeding out from old wounds
I know exactly what you're staring at

What are you waiting for?
What are you staring at?
What are you waiting for, waiting for
What are you staring at?
What are you waiting for?
What are you staring at?
What are you waiting for, waiting for
What are you staring at?