

I can't shake this
Wrapped around my ribs
Squeezing my lungs tighter 'til I'm out of breath
Put my pieces
Back into one
Put the oxygen in and come undone

Anesthetic needle, punctures the vein
It is cold at first, but then you go
These tools are sterilized, and gleam
Soon covered in blood, glistening
In and out of consciousness
I'm soon to wake up, I'm soon to wake up
They have punctured my flesh, so carefully
I'm weak, now let me sleep

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Puncture! Puncture!
Break the mass up! Break the mass-

Come test me out
What's going through?
Looks as though these tubes won't work
Remove this tumor, all hands on me
Their gloves, tainted, colored red

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(Puncture! Puncture!)
Break the mass up! Break the mass up!
(Puncture! Puncture!)
Break the mass up! Break the mass...
Up!

Let's begin healing well
Stories with scars to tell