

The Razor

From Our Hands

Why are you so sad?
Why are you so down and out?
This is you weak side
Why are you so sad?
What have I done?
What have I done?

Pumping in your chest
Pressure's rising and you sweat
You feel like you're going to faint
The pills you possess are not going to help you

She's like a razor
Her silhouette cuts through the brain like alcohol
Her grace will embrace and heal your soul
But negative side effects lead to the hospital

Why are you so sad?
Why are you so down and out?
This is you weak side
Why are you so sad?
What have I done?
What have I done?

Pumping in your chest
Pressure's rising and you sweat
You feel like you're going to faint
The pills you possess are not going to help you

Pumping in your chest
She will haunt you, you can't rest
Until the end when daylight dies
Expect the worst, no, no one will help you