

Knives Are Dangerous, Kid, So Cut The Theatrics!

Jhariah

Three in the morning, a tortured boy sings
A chilling song no one sings along
The streets are vacant of the throng
The right side of his head throbs where he
Met the losing end of a brawl
'Cause prior that night was talking real tough
Thought he was big stuff, he tested his luck
He's got this nagging, this itch of which he's had quite enough
He looks for a victim to satisfy his taste for blood

Breathe in, breath out, a car's approaching now
Ya gotta give 'em a show, make your big debut
Start to walk with a limp, he rolls his window down
"Hey kid, where you going?"

I've finally got you right where I want you
You don't even know the half of what I'm gonna do
The rush crashes over me like a wave in the sea
It floods all of my senses and tastes oh so sweet

Now, who's that boy there? He should be wary
Of seedy characters in the night
Who find their prey in their headlights
He's got it planned carefully
First, find a passerby (in the night)
Step two, advance carefully
Make sure you're friendly (deadly)
Step three is essential, moment of truth
Ask 'em, "Where to?" Tell them so are you

Breathe in, breathe out, your car's approaching now
Gotta give 'em a show make your big debut
Flash your finest grin, roll your window down

What if I said I would take your life tonight?
(And If I said the same, would it be a surprise?)
What if I said I won't go without a fight?
That I'm not the one who's gonna die?
Die

I've finally got you right where I want you
You don't even know the half of what I'm gonna do
The rush crashes over me like a wave in the sea
It floods all of my senses and tastes oh so sweet