

# You're In My Blood

Kill It Kid

Vows slipped like the trail of a dress  
And sunlight treated like an unwanted guest

There's blood in my voice, your name pressed to my lips, you know it

You're in my blood

Delicate as an open wound  
We sip cold coffee sheets stripped to ribbons around the room

There's blood in my voice, your name pressed to my lips, you know it

You're in my blood

You're on my lips I taste your name smell of the smoke to calm my blood  
Scent of the rain and dieing flowers open window daylight hours  
you're on  
My lips I feel your hands swallow the smoke to calm my blood scent of the  
Rain and dieing flowers open window daylight hours

You're in my blood