

THE BLOB

PVRIS

Can't get enough
I can't get enough
I'm a glutton for your punishment
You go all out, I keep coming back
I keep coming back for more

Standing on an open flame, just to talk about the feeling
And, baby, I'm praying for rain while I'm under a glass ceiling (Ceiling)
I'm not addicted to the pain, I'm addicted to the healing
I'm not addicted to the pain, I'm addicted to the healing
So 'round and 'round and 'round we go

Can't get enough
I can't get enough
I'm a glutton for your punishment
You go all out, I keep coming back
I keep coming back for more

I'm an insect, little pest in the drainpipe
Go and knock me dead with a wrench, with a scrape, bite
Wipe the bloodstains on face and I take five
Take a breath and come down from the high
Little rush of blood to the head, fright night
Feeling got my mind twisted, blind side
Hit and my face bruised red
Think I wanna go and do it all over again

'Cause I can't get enough
I can't get enough
I'm a glutton for your punishment
You go all out, I keep coming back
I keep coming back for more

Little rush of blood to the head, Friday night
Feeling got my mind twisted, plain sight
Hit and my face bruised red
Think I wanna go and do it all over again
It's like
Little rush of blood to the head, fright night (Can't get enough, I can't get enough)
Feeling got my mind twisted, plain sight
Hit and my face bruised red (Can't get enough, I can't get enough)
Think I wanna go and do it all over again
Little rush of blood to the head, fright night (Can't get enough, I can't get enough)
Feeling got my mind twisted, plain sight
Hit and my face bruised red (Can't get enough, I can't get enough)
Think I wanna go and do it all over again