

Kill To Cure

Screeching Weasel

The other night I had you dancing
To the rhythm of my heart
It might've been a little off but
At least it was a start
And then you went and
Demolished all my work
That's why I feel a little hurt

Recent events suggest you're missing
The forest for the trees
Lest we forget let me remind you
This was your idea
You know perfectly well I've
Got to kill to cure
So you better be absolutely sure

As you were
While I keep systematically
Breaking you down
Till you're pure
And secure
In the knowledge that I'll never leave you
Oh, I won't

Remember when I cut off your hand to
Save your precious arm
You understandably weren't happy
At first until you saw
It's part of a process
To isolate the cells
That would've attacked you
Until you finally fell
It counters the notion
That what you feel is true
It counters the notion
That I don't
I don't
I don't
I don't
I don't love you