

## Dull

### The Blackmail

I am creeping around the circles  
of friends I have inside my head  
stone the witch of population  
leave me there when I am dead  
All in all we spent our days to get in trouble too  
and wicked like the sun I am melting for the spell of you two  
I am off the shore and fade into your sea  
Don't separate me when I suffer  
Use a bit of me indeed  
Don't even stop me when I am on speed  
All in all we spent our days to get in trouble too  
wicked like the sun I am melting for the spill of you two  
but now I am coming through  
I've reached the point of mass confusion  
built to pick it into sand  
request it to your own illusion  
that's the story and that's the end.