

# Mammals

## The Flatliners

Tear your way right through my flesh.  
All the blood that's rushed to my head.  
I should have concentrated less.  
Oh it's all good, gone and bled.  
Pooling at my feet. The pounding in my chest.

And you were always the king of the last minute.  
No, don't move cause you'll keep sinking more  
Into your own bullshit.

I know, I know, I know.  
The weight of your word is easy to throw.  
I know, I know, I know.  
Blue in the face. Not letting go.  
(Let me out now. Let it all go, yeah.)  
Go  
(Let me out now. Let it all go.)  
Go  
(Let me out now. Let me out.)  
Whoa oh

Holes in your stories again  
And I've been impatient at best.  
It's the past in present tense  
Or a white lie in red hands.  
And so casually composed, my brain is broken.

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I know, I know, I know.  
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(Let me out now. Let it all go, yeah.)  
Go  
(Let me out now. Let it all go.)  
Go  
(Let me out now. Let me out.)  
Whoa oh

Not letting go.  
(Let me out now. Let it all go, yeah.)  
Go  
(Let me out now. Let it all go.)  
Go  
(Let me out now. Let me out.)  
Whoa oh

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