

Your Blood

Destroyer

I went for you in military times and, then, I waited well into the 2300s.

I made my way through the Union Street design kids.

They were alright.

They were on fire.

They harbored an elementary desire to do good works.

I bought 'em all, I bought 'em all!

I made donations to The Plague, and The Fall and The Old Grey M are in her stall!

Endangered Ape, a couple years in Solitary never really hurt an yone.

Distinguished colleagues, dead music-writers' brides - I apologize.

They were alright.

They were on fire.

They harbored an elementary desire to do good works.

I bought 'em all, I bought 'em all!

I made donations to The Plague, and The Fall and The Old Grey M are in her stall.

I don't know, I guess I'm doing alright.

Tabitha takes another stab at becoming light.

She never wants to go.

Always want to stay illuminated.

Ride towards the dawn, Quicksilver on the side of nothing.

Never had a chance.

Never had to choose Your Blood versus Your Blues.