

## Bad Blood Better

Bob Mould

Early cloudy Sunday morning  
A somber letter I did write  
To let you know the status of this  
Alcoholic madness, we have landed hard

You deny that there's a problem  
You left your hand print on my face  
You sent an instant message  
With the hardest of intentions

My will imposed on you  
You flail and crack my skull  
All thoughts flood to the floor  
Bad blood better no blood at all

Used me up without permission  
The taste of last night's sex in my mouth  
My breath is blood and sweat  
Choking like a tourniquet

Soulless feeling deep desire  
Destructive answer and call  
Break me break me over and over  
Bad blood better no blood at all

Fucked up in my own head  
Cross myself and hope to God I die happy  
Making my escape as quiet as I can  
I'm leaving you now

I contemplate the situation  
And pray for change upon my fate  
Something tells me it ain't changing