

Into Your Veins

Five Iron Frenzy

To steal the wind from your lungs
To take the breath from your lips
I am trafficking bliss
I sell wholesale with a kiss
I am a dealer of words
I'll suck the buzz from your scene
And sell it right back to you
Before I get away clean
Before I get away clean
This is your stereo
And your speakers are blown
In this scenario
We are the Guns of Navarone
This is a mutiny
This is a masquerade
This is the pin pulling from a ticking hand grenade

Shoot each word into your veins
Sing until you can't feel pain
You're going down hard
You're going down fast
You're going down like this might be your last
We are your own parasite
A wind blown pilot light
Sinking like a lead balloon
Something you cooked in a spoon
This a firing line
This is Sweet Caroline
This is a slot machine
This is a prison camp
Minus any Steve McQueen

To bind up the brokenhearted
We came here to bleed
To bind up the brokenhearted
You know what you need