

# Liquid Noose

Flotsam and Jetsam

I skinned hope, then cut the rope  
And watched you fall into my show

Thought I cared, feeling impaired  
Cut yourself when no one cared

I'm calling out, attention mounts  
This stowaway's ship is going down

Been running blind, running behind  
Just very violently killing time

All I want from you is another round  
Slamming faster just to hit the ground  
Tip another glass just to get me loose  
Tying on another big liquid noose

Served on ice, serving you sliced  
Ground up men or were they mice

When it gets way down, to nothing or not  
Way beneath less than what you've got

All I want from you is another round  
Slamming faster just to hit the ground  
Tip another glass just to get me loose  
Tying on another big liquid noose

Round my neck, round my back  
Swallow hard as the end's attached

Here's blood in your eye, the tension taken  
Who are you to say that I'm forsaken

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