

## The Razor

From Our Hands

Why are you so sad?  
Why are you so down and out?  
This is you weak side  
Why are you so sad?  
What have I done?  
What have I done?

Pumping in your chest  
Pressure's rising and you sweat  
You feel like you're going to faint  
The pills you possess are not going to help you

She's like a razor  
Her silhouette cuts through the brain like alcohol  
Her grace will embrace and heal your soul  
But negative side effects lead to the hospital

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This is you weak side  
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What have I done?  
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Pumping in your chest  
She will haunt you, you can't rest  
Until the end when daylight dies  
Expect the worst, no, no one will help you