

## Paint

Gruntruck

Well you paint with the blood from your veins  
Angel with no wings, well, you come upon  
Stars will recover your arms  
A little more tomorrow

Well you said that it felt so right  
First time it shot, it shot like burning light  
Paint with the blood from it all  
Now the pain goes on and on, yeah

Well you paint with the blood from your veins  
First time it shot, it shot like burning light  
Stars will recover your arms  
But now the pain goes on and on  
Now the pain goes on and on, yeah

Well you paint with your blood  
Coming out of your veins  
Yeah you paint with your blood  
Little pictures of saints  
A little more tomorrow  
Yeah, a little more tomorrow

Well, you paint with your blood  
Coming out of your veins  
Paint with your blood  
Paint with your blood  
Paint with your blood  
Yeah, you paint, yeah, you paint  
I said paint...