

The Mourning After/Private Bleeding

Overkill

What you say... hey...!
Comin' into somethin' that leave you empty, something so strong
.
What you play... hey...!
Comin' outta nothing that leave you bleedin' bleedin' so long.
Can you feel... my hand on your shoulder...?
Can you feel... yourself growin' cold... er?
Someting' outta nothing a private bleeding, bleeding gone wrong
.

Where you gone... man...
Everything or nothing the price to find out where you belong.
Did you feel... your light growing dimmer...?
Did you feel... your soul growing thin... ner?
Something outta nothing a private bleeding bleeding gone... wro
ng.
Something outta nothing.

I scream, through one sided conversation
As simplicity decends to dash the complicataion.
I explode!!! with self inflicted wounds,
I explode!!! a self inflicted fool!
And now...

I bleed through the mourning after...
I bleed so you will beleive.

I bleed...

Bleed through the mourning after...
You know I'd take you with me if I could.
If I could...