

We Must Bleed

The Germs

It's Sunday and the streets aren't clear
The traffic's screaming
but we can't hear
The sounds...the metals...
driving us mad...
The sounds...the metals...
driving us mad...
We must bleed, we must bleed,
we must bleed

The crash as the bottle breaks
Flashes it will through my veins
The pain...the colors...
making me sane...
The pain...the colors...
making me sane...
the pain...the colors...
making me sane...
We must bleed, we must bleed,
we must bleed

I'm not one I'm two, I'm not one
I'm two, I'm not one I'm two
I want out now, I want out now
I want out now now now now now
now now now...