

Massive

The Loved Ones

Give me your heart, give me your head...or I'll keep coming back

Give me your hair, give me your skin...or I'll keep coming back
I'll take your friends I'll take your kids...I'll keep coming back

I'll take away all your reasons to live...I'll keep coming back

What's the sense in praying when you already seen know the truth?

I'll keep on coming back

I've taken your legs, I've taken your spine...and I'll keep coming back

I've soaked up your blood, devoured your eyes...and I'll keep coming back

You think you've got years, you think you've got time?

I won't hesitate to take it away, no reason or rhyme...I'll keep coming back

What's the sense in praying when you already seen know the truth?

You're disintegrating...it's the heartbreaking proof that I'll keep on coming back

It keeps coming back, I guess we should fight...

We'll start fighting back

The irony is it can't take you alive...please start fighting back

I know you're scared, just take my hand

We'll start fighting back

It keeps coming back, can't take you alive

Just take my hand, we'll keep fighting back

My knees are cut from praying to a god I don't even know

My soul ain't worth saving but if you're there you won't let her go

We'll keep on fighting back