

## Blood Bubbles

The Orwells

I will not lie  
I'll wait all night  
I'll treat you right  
Don't take my life

It's been too long  
And you've left wrong  
Take me to the places  
I don't belong

She screamed out for help  
But nobody came  
So she picked up my gun  
And put it to her brain

She begged, she pleaded, she screamed  
Said, "God, give me help."  
Then she decided  
To do it herself

I made her a necklace of telephone cord  
Hanging from the ceiling, she opened the door  
Choking on my vomit, had blood in my eyes  
Smiled at my baby and said, "I won't survive."

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