





*you got us in deep
of that I've got
no doubt*



*We're torn up
covered in scars*



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CROWD?

I DON'T KNOW... IT'S WEIRD.

*I don't care I'll turn them all
to stars*

only one of us is getting out here
It'll be me, babe 'cause I don't fade



My voice is a blade



shredding like a blade

life





shoot it all down - tear it to the ground



My voice tearing holes in you



Knives
Knives
Knives

Baby only one of us survives



climbing out with only my shirt

RIO, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SHE WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME.



you still don't know what this is about

