

# Eight Fingers Down, Chocolate Covered Bullets

I'm dying

The taste of poison is coated with honey

Replacing

What flows through my veins with all this hatred

Hey look at my face

Don't turn your back back on me

I'll put you in your place

Stop trying

'Cause this time I will make it on my terms

Without you

My wounds will heal

Thanks here's your knife

Hey look at my face

Don't turn your back back on me

I'll put you in your place [x5]